WHY I NEARLY COMMITTED SUICIDE

BY PETER B. KYNE

MAR. 4,
1933

Liberty

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MARTHA SAWYERS

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Many women are taking risks today that are absolutely *unnecessary*. They are taking risks with their nerves, risks with their health, risks with their very happiness itself. Why do they do it? Why do they *continue* to do it? Simply because they are working with information of a generation ago. And of all subjects, what one is more *important* to these women than feminine hygiene? This is one subject about which you must be *sure*.

A safe rule—avoid the poisons

The whole worry about feminine hygiene goes back to your mother's generation. The only germicides in those days were the deadly poisons. Your mother feared them. Every woman feared them. Doctors warned against them, for they well understood the damage such poisons could cause in contact with sensitive tissues.

But new times are here, with new discoveries and new benefits to womankind. *Your* physician need not worry about poisonous antiseptics for feminine hygiene, because *Zonite* is now available to the medical profession. Zonite is the great non-poisonous antiseptic and germicide that is as safe as pure water and yet *far more powerful* than any dilution of *carbolic acid* that can be allowed on the human body.

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Read new booklet—
"Facts for Women"

Send for this booklet. Frank, authoritative, clears up doubts. It is already the subject of much feminine talk. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below. L 1-33

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

MARCH 4, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 9

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by MARTHA SAWYERS

THEY SAY THIS IS INFLATION, BUT—

Plans, thousands of them, have been recommended as certain cures for the depression. Many of them doubtless have merit.

But the one important requirement at this time is the reduction of the monumental load of debt under which this country is now struggling. Huge interest bills add to taxes, and business men everywhere are afraid to venture, with the possibility of staggering tax bills before them.

The plan herewith presented will be condemned in most scathing terms by the critics of inflation, but we should try and find some way of using this huge sum of frozen assets, if they might be so termed. With this thought in mind the plan herewith presented is at least interesting.

1. Settle the European debts to this government by securing non-interest-bearing bonds of the amount due us from each debtor nation, a total of approximately $15,000,000,000. Have these bonds of each nation mature annually at the rate of one one-hundredth, payable in gold, an aggregate of about $150,000,000 a year.

2. Against the $15,000,000,000 of these bonds, issue $10,000,000,000 in currency.

3. Use this $10,000,000,000 of new currency to retire an equal amount of high-interest-rate government bonds.

4. Issue in their stead $10,000,000,000 of 2½-per-cent United States government bonds, tax-exempt.

5. Loan the proceeds of these 2½-per-cent bonds to the members of the Federal Reserve System at 2¾ per cent, and authorize the reloaning of these proceeds at 3½ per cent to individuals coming under any one of the four following classifications:

a. Individuals desiring to refinance mortgages on their individual dwellings or on personally operated farms.

b. Individuals wishing to repair, remodel, or modernize their individually occupied homes.

c. Individuals desiring to purchase dwellings for their individual occupancy.

d. Individuals wishing to build homes for their individual occupancy.

6. Each loan to any of the individuals classified above is to be amortized over a reasonable period of years, and to be secured by reasonable safeguards intended to minimize the possibility of default of either principal or interest.

Doubtless our officials will maintain that each country should be dealt with separately in the settlement of foreign debt. Some countries might offer better terms; others not so good.

The critics of inflation are afraid that when once the printing presses begin to turn out money without something tangible and sure in the way of definite security, there will be no end to inflation. The proposal to issue $10,000,000,000 dollars in currency with a similar or greater amount of foreign bonds back of the issue might not be so stable a background as gold in the treasury, but the debts of most of these foreign countries will undoubtedly be paid sometime in the distant future.

If great numbers of people who could use money for operating farms, remodeling buildings, or purchasing homes could borrow money on such a reasonable basis, literally *millions* of workers would find jobs almost overnight.

Therefore, no matter how many faults may be found in this plan, it certainly has attractive *features*, and some way ought to be found to make them effective.

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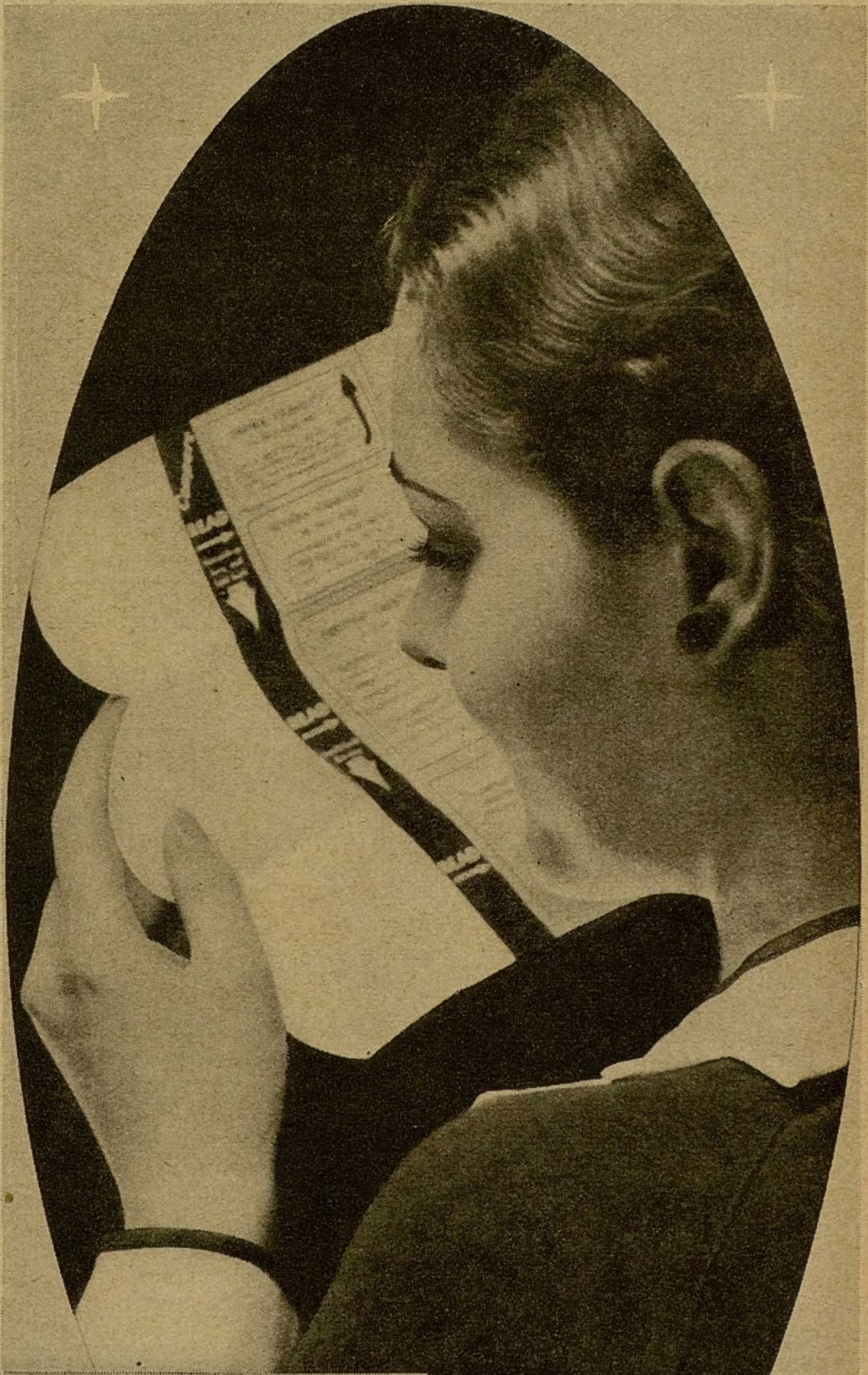

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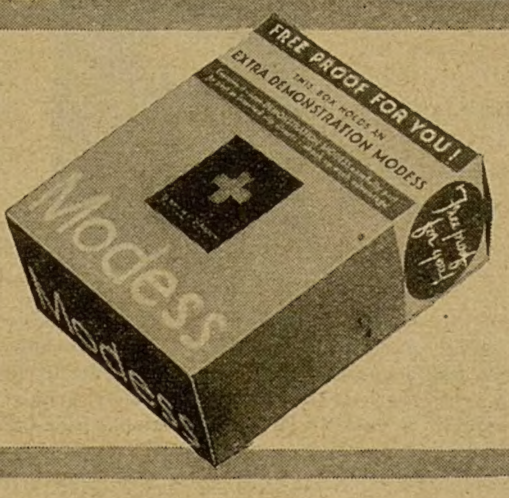


Why *I Nearly Committed* Suicide

Illustrated by
W. D. STEVENS

(*Reading time: 15 minutes 35 seconds.*)

SINCE that fatal 29th of October, 1929, more men who were neither psychopaths, neurotics, nor neurasthenics have committed suicide than at any time since the last financial panic. Not long ago a very dear friend of mine and one of the sanest men I have ever known—a man who enjoyed his life, his family, and his friends—committed suicide in his office. The week before, the most hedonistic friend I ever had, finding himself old and ill, decided that life had lost its taste and forthwith retired from the earthly scene. While the world depression lasts suicides among business men will show a very noticeable upward swing; and it is with the idea of carrying a message of hope and courage to those who, even now, are contemplating the delights of a damp malarial grave that I am moved to relate the story of a near suicide—that of myself!

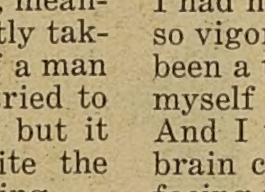
I made up my mind quite suddenly one day that life was a delusion and a snare, and that I would forthwith take my .32-caliber revolver and end all. I had been dallying with the idea for about forty-eight hours, meanwhile greeting my friends cheerfully and apparently taking in life the healthy interest one would expect of a man of twenty-seven years and sound health. I had tried to eradicate the disturbing thought from my mind, but it kept returning with devilish persistency, despite the feeble counterattacks of my early religious training.

Suddenly, at three o'clock one afternoon, the resolution to commit suicide took possession of me quite forcibly and definitely. I hadn't my pistol handy. It was at home. So I decided to go home, possess myself of it, and shoot myself through the heart. I knew the operation would be accompanied by far less mental and physical anguish if I blew my brains out, but I desired to look sweet and serene in my coffin.

I was about to commit suicide for the most stupid reason imaginable. I had a little retail furnishing-goods business. For a year, due to circumstances over which I had no control, it had been dying on the vine, as it were. I owed about forty-six hundred dollars, all due and overdue, and I couldn't pay it unless I committed suicide and satisfied my creditors with the proceeds of a five-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy.

It did not occur to me that in committing suicide I would be swindling the life-insurance company. I considered only my creditors, who had extended me credit beyond my deserts. I didn't owe any of them a sum they would have worried about and I should have known that. But then, when a boy has been raised by parents who have preached to him a doctrine of fierce independence and a horror of debt, he is apt to take his debts very seriously. And I was that sort. Moreover, I just couldn't bear to face my creditors and shatter their faith in me. I was not hard-boiled in those halcyon days.

The real trouble, though, was insomnia. I had lain awake so many nights worrying over my pitiful little bills that finally I couldn't get to sleep at all. Once it occurred to me that I could escape it all by petitioning in voluntary bankruptcy—but in our family that would have been regarded as equivalent to robbing a bank.



PETER B. KYNE has been for twenty years one of America's most widely read fiction writers. He was born in San Francisco in 1880, had a business education, and got his first job in a general store, as clerk. He has been a lumber broker and a newspaper man, and is a veteran of the Spanish-American War, the Philippine insurrection, and the World War. Among his famous books are Cappy Ricks, The Go-Getter, and The Understanding Heart.

The longer I went without sleep the jumpier I got. What little sleep I managed to get during the dreadful three weeks that preceded my crisis of morbidity was a sort of doze during which my mind was never at rest. My heart palpitated and my stomach quivered and I wanted to cry out in my despair. Each morning, when I dragged my weary body down to my place of business, I had to force myself to enter it. I feared to meet a creditor or a bill collector there.

Of course, if I had had any intelligence I would have got very drunk; but while I have never been a teetotaler I had had total abstinence preached to me by my parents so vigorously that some of it stuck and all my life I have been a temperate man. It never occurred to me to drink myself unconscious for the sake of the sleep I needed. And I was afraid of sedatives. Up until the hour my brain cracked I entertained a fierce masculine pride in facing my troubles with no outside assistance.

WELL, my resolution once made, I did not falter. I was in such a hurry to get home and have the job over with that I did not ride on the street car. I hired an automobile—and in those days automobiles cost five dollars an hour.

At the time I was living with three sisters, one of whom, the eldest, was employed in a downtown office, while the other two attended high school. Consequently the little house was deserted when I reached it. Upstairs I went, found my pistol, flipped it open and saw that it was loaded. I contemplated it a while, thinking of the little Filipino officer from whose body I had taken it in a forgotten fight in Luzon nine years before.

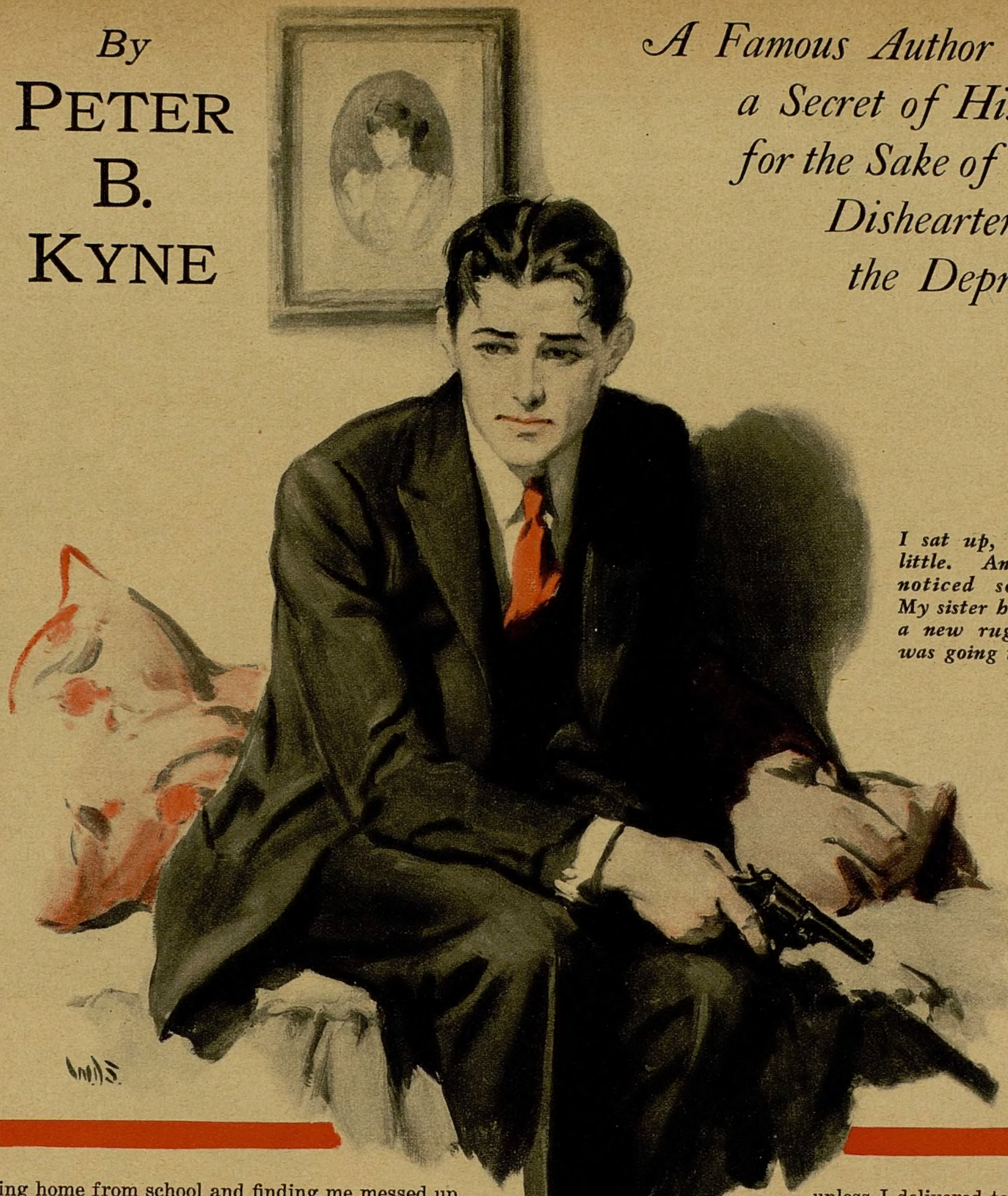
I went downstairs and wrote a farewell note to my eldest sister. As nearly as I can remember I said: "I'm broke and tired and sick and I can't sleep. My insurance policy will square me with the world. Good-by!"

There was a couch in the living room, and I lay down on it, felt for the fifth rib, located the thump, cocked the pistol, thrust the barrel to the spot my exploratory index finger had just occupied—and pulled the trigger. Click! *A defective cartridge.* I broke the gun and there it was. I should have known. I hadn't fired the wretched weapon since the day I had helped myself to it.

I sat up, shaking a little. That was what I still call a dirty surprise. It woke me up, set my brain again to semiorderly thinking. And then I noticed something. My sister had bought a new rug for the living room—and if I shot myself I was going to spoil it. Then I had a mental picture of the youngsters com-

By
PETER
B.
KYNE

A Famous Author Bares a Secret of His Past for the Sake of Those Disheartened by the Depression



I sat up, shaking a little. And then I noticed something. My sister had bought a new rug — and I was going to spoil it.

ing home from school and finding me messed up and defunct.

“That,” said I to myself resolutely, “would be a needless barbarity. Those youngsters might be a long time recovering from the shock, and of course the family would have to move. And I wouldn't be doing the landlord any good, either. No; I will put this business off until tomorrow, when I will hire a room in a third-class hotel, plug the keyhole and window cracks, and turn on the gas.”

So I tore up my note, put the pistol back, lay down and tried to sleep. I got no sleep that night, however, and in the morning my resolution to die had strengthened considerably. However, in order to hire the room I had to have more money, so I went down to my place of business to get it. I felt certain there would have been a few sales made by my manager, and I planned to rob the cash register.

From force of habit I opened my mail, included in which was a registered and special-delivery letter from one of my creditors. The member of the firm I had never met had written that letter. His partner was the one who called on me to secure orders. I was informed that unless I delivered to this firm the sum of $59.60 by noon the sheriff would be around that afternoon “to put a plaster” on me.

That letter caused my woe to vanish before a burst of intense irritation. I dashed off a note in reply, telling this individual (who was only trying to frighten me in an ancient way jobbers have) that I was insolvent, that I had no $59.60 for him, and to come with his sheriff instanter and put the plaster on me. I then called a messenger boy and sent the note up by him. Before I had finished reading the remainder of my mail, in popped the other partner, my friend.

“DON'T pay any attention to that letter, Peter,” he half shouted, and ran up and put his arm around me. “We're not going to plaster you for $59.60. You'll pay when you get it. Now please don't feel badly about it. And are you really insolvent?”

With the calmness of the condemned murderer who eats a hearty breakfast before the march to the scaffold, I said, with an extraordinary sense of relief: “Sam, I'm busted higher than Gilderoy's kite." And I told him why.

He knew I wasn't lying, nor was it any news to him. He merely desired confirmation of his own keen judgment.

"Well," he decided, "I see I've got to do something for you, Peter. I don't know what the devil you're doing in this business, anyhow. Get out of it!"

"How?" I pleaded.

"Let me try to sell your business to somebody who knows how to run it. Maybe we can get enough to enable you to make a decent settlement. How much do you owe?"

He whistled when I told him. "Still, you've got a pretty good stock on your shelves," he said, gazing about him.

"Sam," I confessed, "all those boxes on the three top shelves are phonies. Empty as a vacuum. Lately I have been buying from day to day."

"That's nice of you," said Sam. "As a rule men in your fix load up to the limit before going broke. You do not play the game according to the common practice, which is another reason why you should get out. Come with me."

He had a horse and buggy outside, and we got in and spent the day prowling all over San Francisco trying to interest various people Sam knew in the purchase of my tottering little business. For three days he gave up his time to me. How could I kill myself when every night, at parting, Sam made an engagement to meet me again next morning? Hope sustained me!

On the third day Sam gave it up and advised me to go to my principal creditor and make an assignment to the latter for the benefit of all of my creditors. So I went to a firm to which I owed sixteen hundred dollars, met the senior member, and told him what I desired to do.

"So you're busted!" he cried merrily. "Why, we've known that six months! But you've hung on nobly and you were very conservative in your buying after you knew you were in trouble. So we wouldn't close you out. And you haven't stuck us very deeply."

"Sixteen hundred dollars' worth," I murmured miserably.

"Sixteen hundred dollars!" he jeered. "Why, what's sixteen hundred dollars? It's the hundred- and two-hundred-thousand-dollar failures that break our hearts."

HE gave the stenographer an order and she handed me a printed form and a pen and bade me sign on the dotted line. I signed. And then he slapped me heartily on the back and said: "All right, boy, you're free."

I was puzzled. "What do you mean, free?"

"I mean you don't owe a dollar. Your creditors will not bother you. You do not owe anybody enough money to make them vindictive. All your accounts will be charged off to profit and loss after your assets have been sold and the proceeds divided among your creditors."

I found it pretty hard to speak, but I managed to say: "But—I'll pay a hundred cents on the dollar—sometime."

"I know you will," he assured me.

He put his hand on my shoulder and he smiled, and I choked up.

"Son," he said, "I have a suspicion you could do with a whole lot of sleep."

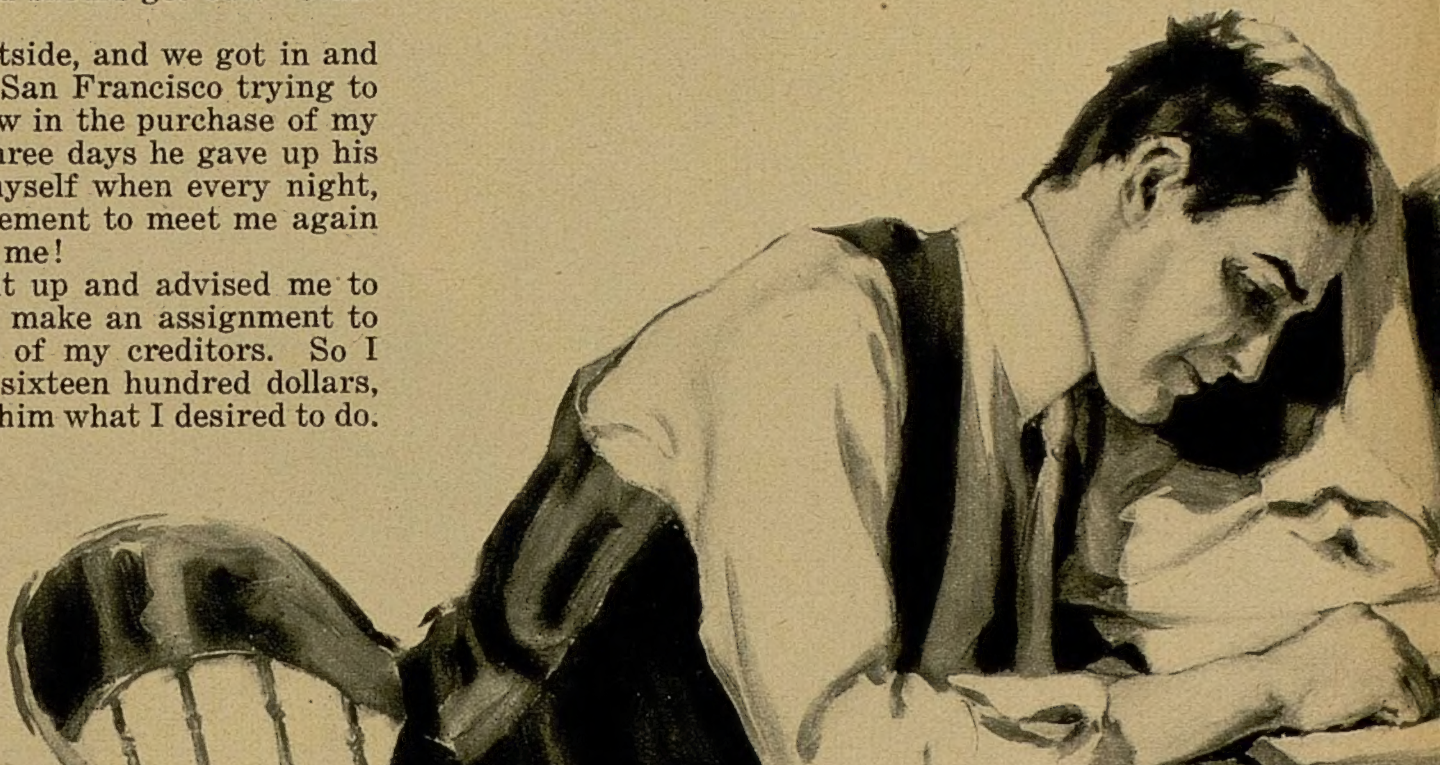
"I've had insomnia for more than three weeks," I quavered. "I'm half crazy."

"Worrying over nothing! All the money in the world isn't worth what you've been through. You do the best you can, and if you fail and fail honestly, nobody with any common sense will blame you. Run along now and sleep."

I trudged back to the store and looked in the cash register. There was about seventy dollars there and I took all of it but five dollars, which I left for seed for the agent of the Board of Trade. He came presently. The first thing he did was to empty the cash register. "Business *is* pretty rotten," he murmured. Then he pasted a notice on the show window, locked the door, and commenced taking an inventory. I watched him for a while; then my manager and I went out to luncheon and had several drinks and blew in five dollars on a grand meal. Why not? I was free!

And then I went home—but not in an automobile at five dollars an hour. I was going home to live now, so I spent a nickel and rode the trolley.

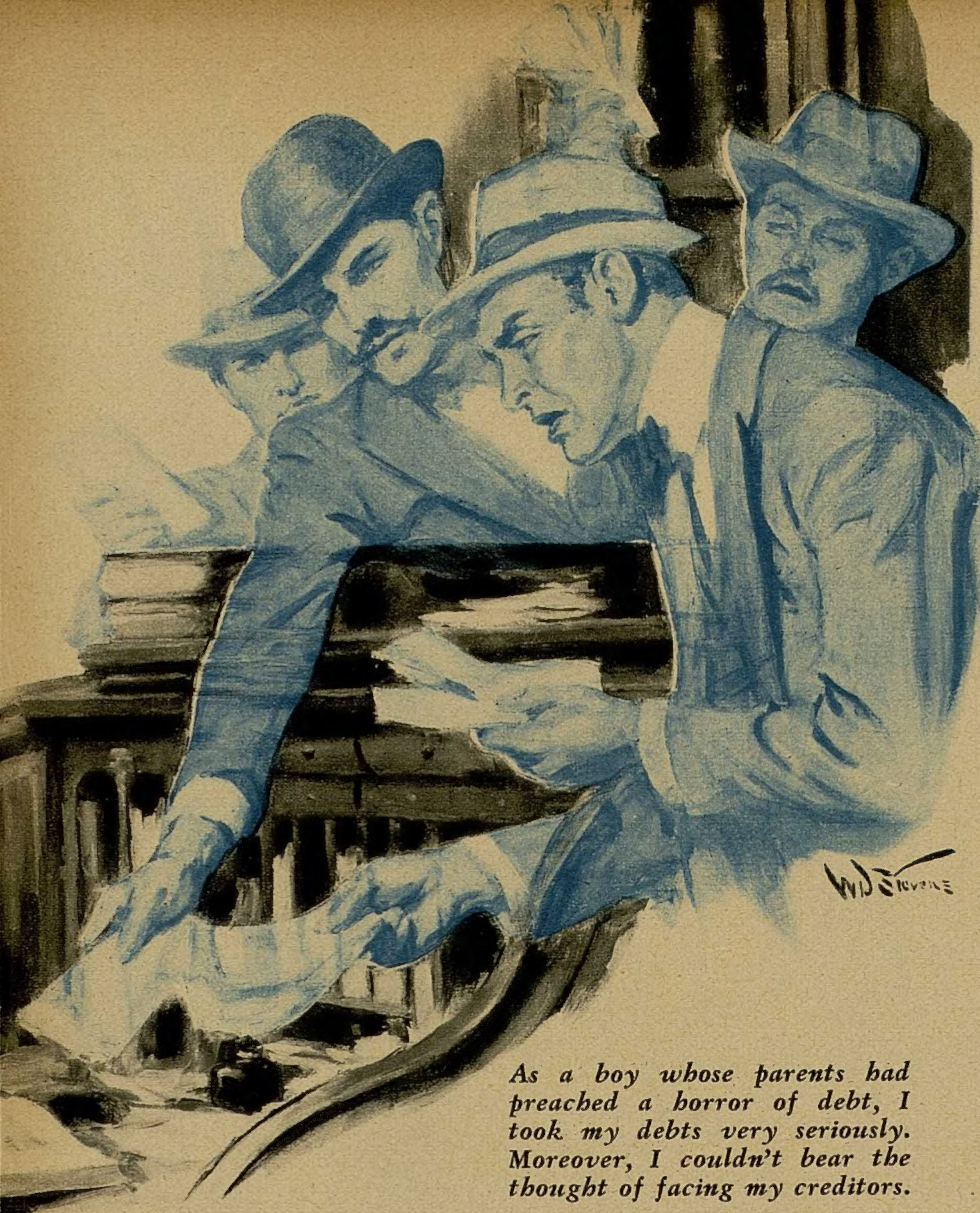
The house was deserted when I reached it, so I left a note on the dining-room table instructing my sisters not to call me for dinner. Then I turned in. Prelates may paint glowing word pictures of heaven and hell, but I take no stock in that. I've been to heaven and hell. And how I slept!



I had an unpleasant minute next morning when in the paper I read about forty words anent my failure. But by noon I didn't care, for I wasn't jumpy any more. The sun was shining, and I was only twenty-seven years old, and some men I had thought of as mere business acquaintances had demonstrated that they were my real friends.

And away in the back of my head an old thought began to buzz again—the thought that some day I might be freed from the chains of business life and might sell my dreams for pieces of eight. And I took that little pistol out in the hills and tried the next cartridge—and it exploded and the bullet kicked up the dirt a hundred yards away—and I laughed at myself. And though I've made and lost a snug fortune since, I am quite convinced I shall make another.

But I don't care about that. I shall make enough to maintain me and those I love in comfort. I do not crave to leave an estate, other than a home and a sheaf of



As a boy whose parents had preached a horror of debt, I took my debts very seriously. Moreover, I couldn't bear the thought of facing my creditors.

life-insurance policies. I am no longer young and, due to the present economic conditions, my income has been greatly curtailed. But I have a little ranch, and if all the magazines and book publishers in the country go out of business, I can go down there and live in a humble little house such as I was raised in; I can have a cow and some hogs fattening in a pen; I can raise my own fruits, vegetables, poultry, produce my own eggs, butter, milk and cream. I have lived to learn that the finest brand of courage is to face life when life is most difficult to face, and that time cures everything.

I HAVE confessed to robbing the cash register after I had made an assignment to my creditors and before their representative took charge. That sounds like dishonesty. But I was not dishonest. An hour after my manager and I had lunched on my last five dollars I was broke in truth and in fact, for I took $59.60 of the loot up to the man who had saved my life. I made him a preferred creditor, for I was grateful. And in the fullness of time I wrote myself out of debt to the other creditors.

Men defeat themselves. Once I had some friends in my office and the telephone rang. When I hung up I knew I was broke. I turned to one of the friends and blurted out: " Good Lord, Tom, I'm bankrupt! "

" I do not doubt it," he answered. " And what's more, you'll be bankrupt for the next five minutes! "

And he was right. I wasn't bankrupt at all. I had merely thought I was. I had a head and two hands, some white paper, some stamps, and a typewriter left!

I maintain that the majority of our new suicide trade derives from a distorted sense of values. I have a friend who is a terrible grouch over business when business is good. He is always seeing ghosts. Disaster waits to pop out at him from every corner. Throughout 1930 and 1931 I did not see him; then one day I found him in his office—and he was so cheerful he shocked me.

" How is business? " I asked him.

" There isn't any," he replied. " I'm the only man in this organization who's working."

" Have you discharged all your salesmen? "

" Of course not. Haven't I raised them all from pups? They're having a vacation on pay."

" What are you doing? "

" Just battling, not to make any money but to minimize losses."

" Are you doing it? "

" You bet."

" For some unaccountable reason you seem happy."

" Got to be. If I let myself go in times like the present I'd probably blow my brains out. I've decided to enjoy life even if I have to strip down to the running gear."

TO those who prefer death to facing their creditors, I have this to say: A creditor is a human being. While he will dislike losing money, he will not dislike the man he loses it to unless that man makes a failure without honor. Call the boys in the minute you know you're up Salt Creek without a paddle, and tell them all about it. Tell them you're going to do the best you can about their case. Then walk out with a high head and say to yourself: " I'll *not* worry. I'll concentrate on a new start and I'll fight to a finish, winner take all."

In normal times the average person who commits suicide is no loss to this world. His suicide is a last reproach to somebody, the last dramatic gesture of a neurotic, always clever at putting upon others the burden of his own indefinite woes.

But in times like these, when gallant fighting men, strong men, dependable men, take the short cut to eternity, it is because they have worried to the point where they just aren't responsible for their actions.

Once, to please a man who needed a little financial help, I joined with him in the breeding and raising of English bulldogs. He had one, a bitch, that was a champion.

Well, she had six puppies, and my humble associate telephoned me the joyous news at 7.30 A. M. I congratulated him. At eight o'clock he telephoned to report the death of two pups. " Well, we have four left," I comforted him. At eight thirty he discovered one had no palate and had to be destroyed. Did we not have three left? At nine he reported that Midgie had rolled on one and smothered it. At nine thirty he reported that one of the remaining pups had a butterfly nose, one brown eye, and one china-blue eye. At ten he reported the other pup had too long a body and dickey legs. I said that was much too bad, and I meant it; for I knew what high hopes this simple man had built on that litter of pups.

There was a silence; then in a quavering voice he said: " I'm sorry, Mr. Kyne. I've failed. Good-by, and thank you. You'll never see me again! "

Incredible as it may seem, he was evidently going to commit suicide! I broke all the local speed laws and got down to his house, to find his wife weeping and hell popping. But he was still alive, and when I looked at him I saw he was about to come down with jaundice!

So it wasn't the dead pups but jaundice! I fled to an adjacent drug store, returned with some of the good old army C. C. pills of blessed memory, and saved an excellent creature to his wife and his trade. Subsequently Midgie gave us another litter out of which we got some pups that came home from the dog show with ribbons.

Hearken, all ye weary and heavy-laden. Wait for another litter of pups!

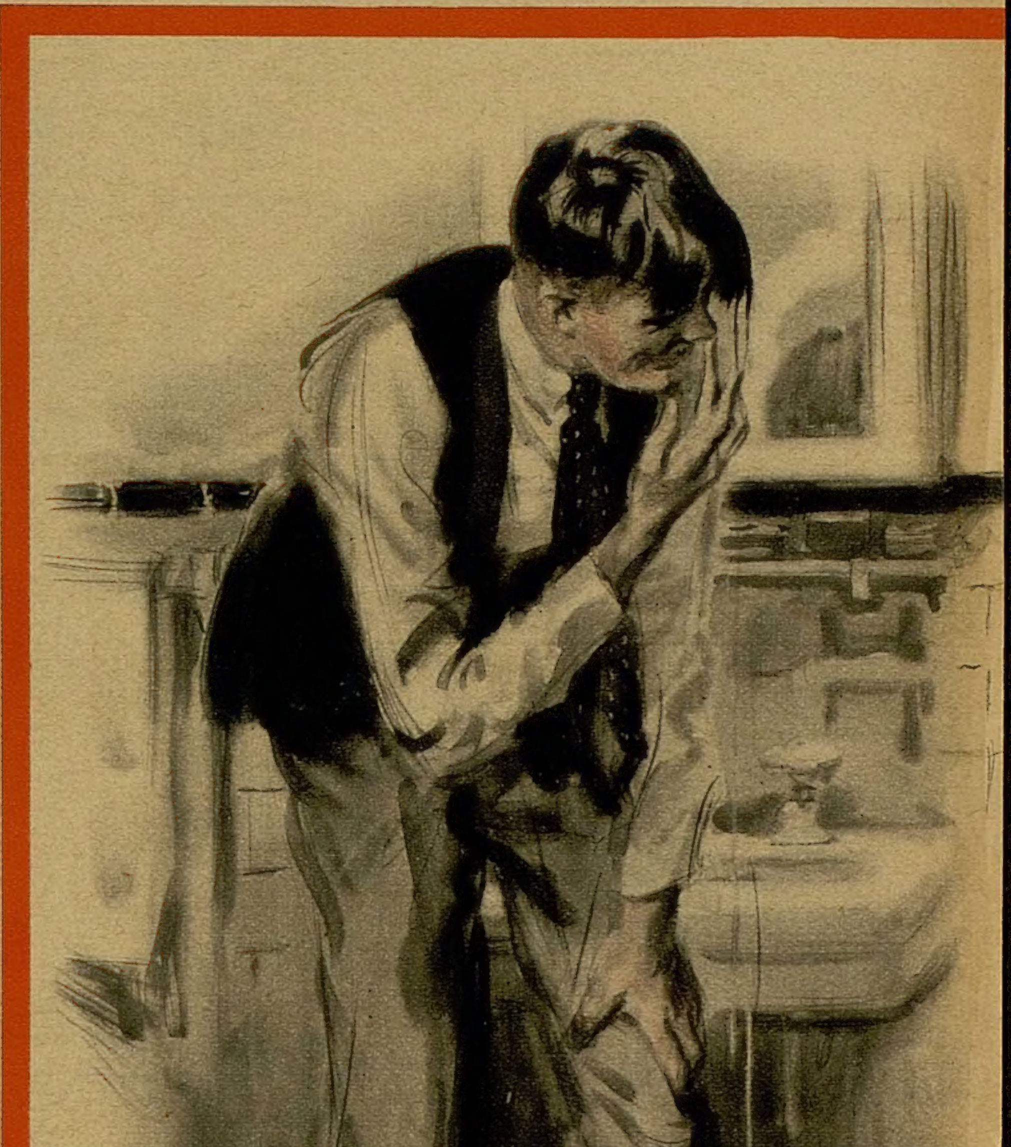
THE END

A Household

The Story of a Playful Pair Who Almost Enjoyed a Vacation

By

FRANCIS M. COCKRELL *III*



Her make-up streaked, standing there

(Reading time: 30 minutes 40 seconds.)

SUMMER had been hotter than a jazz band; but this day had that slight, brisk coolness which always made Dab feel like two men, either of them better than any three ordinary guys. It was like a hooker of Scotch on an empty stomach. Well, Dab thought, he had the stomach.

He turned off into Forty-fifth Street, and while Jack was wrapping up a bottle so it would look like a bottle wrapped up, Dab dallied with a Scotch and soda.

Mr. Fitzgerald was on his way home to Mrs. Fitzgerald, and it was Saturday noon, and his vacation had started.

Dab got out of the elevator on the fourth floor and took eighteen steps down the hall and tried the door, which was locked. He poked the bell, and presently the door opened a crack and Flo's nose appeared, followed by one eye.

"You remember me," Dab said, coming in. "I was here with Joe."

"Look, Herman." Flo addressed the dog in the corner. "It's little Nell, our problem child come back to us. What have you got there, gorgeous?" She turned to Dab.

"Rum," Dab said, "old demon rum." He unwrapped the Scotch and set it on the table among the ash trays, old bills, golf balls, shoe polish, and such. Herman—a large dog of jumbled origin, who combined the more awkward attributes of a great Dane pup and a cow hand trying to do ballet—at sight of the bottle had beat his tail against the floor in an eager way. "Rum for rummies," Dab finished, "and here you are, pal."

"Oh!" Flo wailed, wincing visibly at this remark. "You haven't changed at all."

"Out with the ice and glasses, trollop," Dab said sternly, "and let's have no more of your disrespectful levity."

"What's the meaning of all this?" Flo asked, chipping ice.

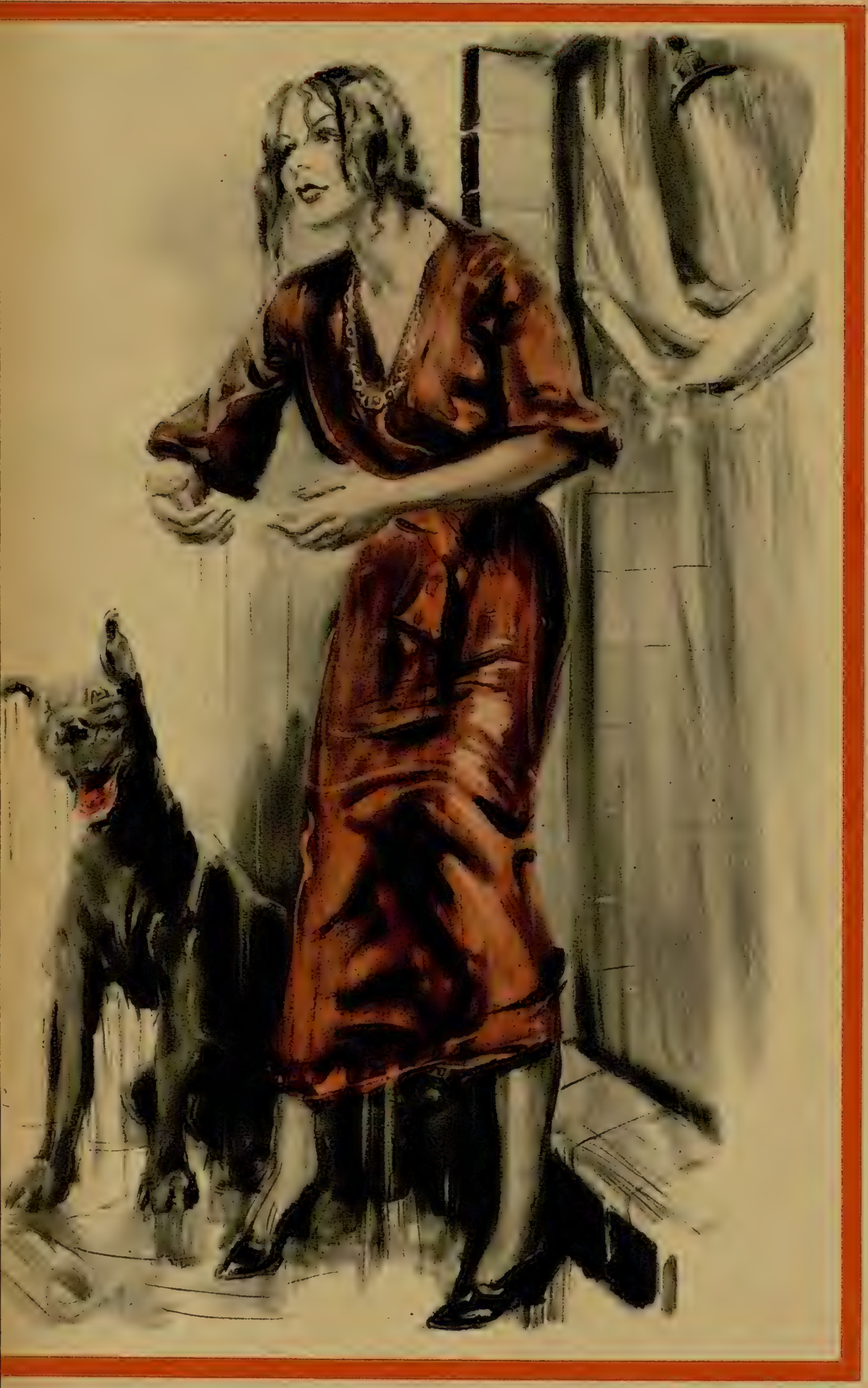
"I ran into Charley Downs this morning," Dab said, "and when he heard I had my vacation next week he invited us out. You know, out at Southampton. He's having a house party. So I brought this home so we could practice up a little, having had no spirits, lo, these several weeks. And I love you because you don't coo very much," he added connectedly.

"But, Dab," Flo said, "you didn't accept, did you?"

"Sure," Dab said. "Why not? Golf, good crowd, bridge, dancing, sophisticated conversation, hot and cold

Necessity

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg



wringing wet, the dog-gone girl was still a knockout.

running liquor, efficient service. Would you ask more, lady?"

"But I—oh, I don't know—I just thought, well, we'd sort of play around—together and—" Flo trailed off.

"Why, I thought you'd like it," Dab said apologetically. "I didn't know. You always seemed to have a good time before, out there week-ends."

"Week-ends are different," Flo said. "I won't get to see you thirty minutes the whole week. And you only get one vacation a year."

She went into the bathroom and Dab went on mixing the two drinks without putting his heart in it. Somehow he felt kind of odd.

Flo leaned out the bathroom door with a lipstick in her hand. "Who's going to be there?" she asked.

"I don't know," Dab said. "Pete Morris. You like him. Bob Frazier. Eddie and Anne Howard. Claire Livingston and some others."

Flo's head withdrew. "I *thought* Claire Livingston would be there," came out to him frigidly.

DAB grinned. That was better. She was razzing, and that was familiar ground. "Yah, yah," he called derisively. "You're jealous! I wondered what it was. And well you may be, too, for Claire Livingston is indeed a beautiful and fascinating woman. That's why you don't want to go. 'Fraid you'll lose me. Ah, well," he sighed, "I can understand that. For what woman wouldn't stand in mortal fear of losing such a prize as I'm?"

He stopped, trying to anticipate her comeback so he could have one of his own ready for it.

For a moment there was utter silence, not even broken by Herman's usual intermittent tail thumpings against the floor. Oh, Lord, Dab thought, she *hadn't* been joking! He slumped against the sink, staring at the floor.

Suddenly there was a muffled sound near the door, and before he could look up something moist and soggy hit him in the face and clung there. Then the wash rag fell down over the drink he was holding in his hand.

"Why, you"—he paused to wipe water from his eyes—"of all the— Say, what the—"

He stopped sputtering. She was hanging weakly to the door jamb.

"Oh, oh," she finally managed, "you were the *funniest*-looking—" She went off into another peal of laughter.

"Well, my pet," Dab said happily, "we'll just see how you look." And before Flo realized what he was about, the afternoon's second bull's-eye had been rung up and the battle was on.

Fast and enthusiastically did it rage, to Herman's great delight, expressed in bass barks, and ended only when Dab stuck her under the shower and turned it on;

at which point she caught him off balance and yanked him in after her.

They were so weak from laughter that it was several moments before they could get out from under the water, where, during their short stay, Herman had companionably joined them, having felt sort of left out.

Gee, Dab thought, bedraggled, her make-up streaked all over her face, standing there wringing wet, the doggone girl was still an utter knockout. The next moment they had merged in a clammy but wholly coöperative embrace, and Dab was muttering into her wet hair:

"I'm sorry, honey. Honest. We won't go. I'll get out of it. I just didn't know."

Flo snuggled her head against his chest. "You will not," she told him firmly. "We'll *go* to your darned old house party, and I *do* like Charley's house parties, and we'll have a *swell* time."

Herman looked at them injuredly. "Why, Dab," Flo said, "you forgot old graceful."

Dab poured Herman his two fingers into a saucer of milk, and Herman wagged his tail once with each gulp. In six wags the saucer was empty and Herman's ears began to stand up a little. His eyes took on an amused, tolerant look, and he moved from the room with an air of determined, dignified frivolity.

"THIS is Herman," Dab told Charley Downs, when they had rolled up the long Downs driveway and unloaded.

"He'll drink rye," Flo said, "but he likes Scotch a lot better."

"That's great," Charley said. "Ginger ale or seltzer?"

"He takes milk," Dab said.

"He takes milk," Charley repeated to his butler, Marble, who had just rolled down the steps to see to the luggage.

"Yes, sir; milk, sir," Marble agreed without flickering an eyelash.

"If you think you can make it in," Charley said, "you can have a tot. If you can't I'll have one brought out."

"That would take longer," Flo said. So they went on in. Marble, who by waving one hand had caused both their luggage and a footman to disappear, met them at the door with highballs.

Flo and Dab mingled with everyone Dab had said would be there, as well as numerous others. Herman regarded Marble rather belligerently at first; but when Marble beckoned to him and headed pantryward, he followed zestfully. Five minutes later he returned with a gratified look.

Two minutes after that he was sitting around in people's way, following Marble with approving eyes; Flo was raising Anne Howard to four hearts, hoping Anne would go a slam; Dab was leaving as a member of a foursome; Lee Bradford was doing card tricks; Lou Hunter wasn't watching him; Eddie Howard was playing the piano; Pete Morris was sitting on it; Jane Morris and Mike Downey were doing different dances together; some other people were doing some other things; and back in Manhattan, Brooklyn Bridge stayed right where it was, to no one's surprise. . . .

Flo was still playing bridge when Dab got back, so he went on up to their room. Flo came up about ten minutes later.

"Where's Herman?" Dab asked.

"I notice," Flo replied with her nose slightly elevated, "that you managed to leave with a foursome of men and come back with Claire Livingston."

"Pooh!" Dab belittled. "You ought to see me pull rabbits out of hats. We just ran on to Claire and Sara Bennet at the eighteenth, so naturally we split up, since there were six people and two roadsters. And you'd better not get fresh, young lady, because *I*," he finished, waving a sock impressively, "won forty-two dollars in American money. You should have seen—"

"I guess you think that's good," Flo said scornfully. "I won fifty-three at bridge and didn't even extend myself."

"Well, then, you may kiss me; you've been a good girl. It's nice to win, isn't it, when paying would be so troublesome if you lost very much?"

"Uh-huh," Flo muttered as he kissed her; "it's very convenient."

And no more was said about Claire Livingston—then.

According to the latest report it was Tuesday night about eleven, though no one was offering to bet on it.

Eddie Howard was banging out St. Louis Blues on the piano, in direct defiance of a sweetly drooling radio someone had carelessly switched on. Dab stood by the piano, encouraging him to do it louder.

Vague desires began to stir in Dab. It had been an awful long time since he had gone out and got a horse, he reflected. Probably that was just what he needed—a nice unusual horse. Maybe a brindle horse—or a zebra.

He bet Flo could handle a zebra. He bet zebras would vie with each other to eat from her hand. Anyone that could handle a white mule like Flo could, could handle zebras, he guessed.

He'd get her and they'd go round up a zebra. He inspected the immediate assembly carefully; and then went around and looked in a lot of other rooms. But Flo was not in evidence.

He heard a padding noise behind him and turned to see Herman following him.

"We can't find her," Dab said. "You can see that. We'll just have to go by ourselves, huh? Bring it back and surprise her. How's that?"

He turned and started down the hall, Herman following. Marble passed them, going the other way. Herman stopped. His eyes swung back and forth between Dab and Marble, who was continuing on toward the pantry.

He got up and swung around, and another caught him in the face. He emitted a little gurgling noise.

Then, with an apologetic glance at Dab, he turned and followed Marble.

"Why, you old sot," Dab said. "Well, Fitzgerald," he concluded resignedly to himself, "it looks as though you were delegated to perform this round-up by yourself. So be it, then." And he sauntered purposefully on through the front door.

Making contact with every step, he finally arrived at the bottom, and got up and went on around the house to the right, toward the garage. He was walking along a gravel path which had bushes and herbage and such on either side and, he discovered presently, a female in the middle. She was coming toward him. It was pretty dark. He didn't recognize her from her shape. Maybe it was someone he didn't know very well. He halted with a snappy salute.

"I'M the Rover Boys," he said, "looking for Chapter Nine. Furthermore, I've come for the rent and fancy seeing you here."

"Oh, Dab," came a sigh of relief. "I'm so glad it's you."

"Lordy-goodness-gracious-me-it's-Claire-Livingston-in-the-flesh," Dab muttered quickly, chiefly under his breath.

"What?"

"I said 'It's a small world after all,'" Dab replied, "or words to that effect."

This Livingston lass was a swell gal and all that, but just the same it made you feel kind of funny to have an old flame—well, make it "glow"—pop up out of the shrubbery in the dark, all unexpected and everything. Especially when she was Claire, and kind of receptive anyhow, even if you had got married.

"And what are you doing out here, circulating around unassisted? I mean, do you flee to or from, or should I inquire? Or merely or?"

"I was out—I mean I didn't like the way he— Oh, I don't know!" She paused and looked up at him. "Oh, let's go sit some place," she said then. "Do you mind? I—I want—I don't want to go in right now."

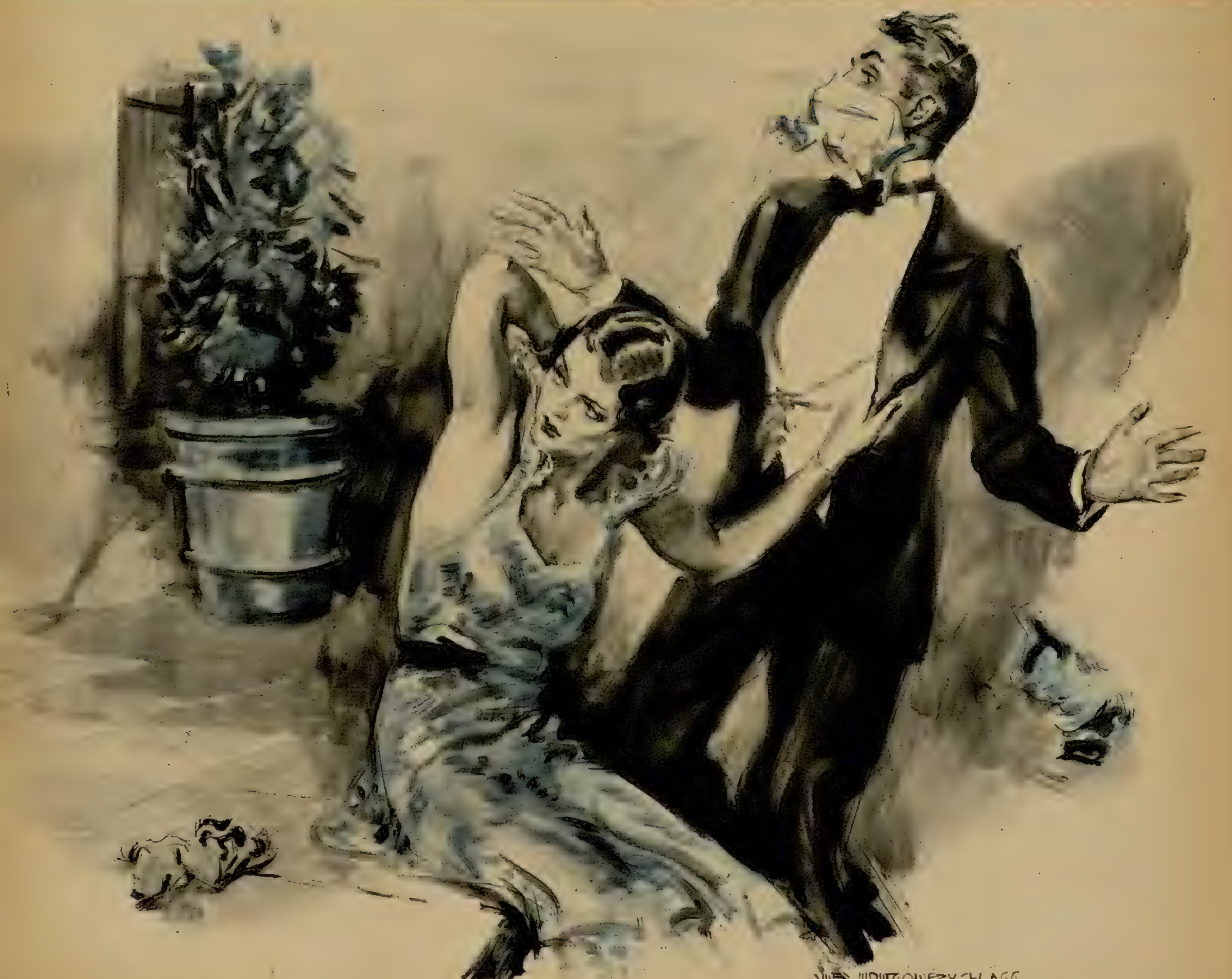
"Sure," Dab said, wondering idly if there might be anything else he could have said. The zebra would just have to wait, he guessed. They wandered back along the gravel to the porch, and found a right nice settee on it which they fitted snugly.

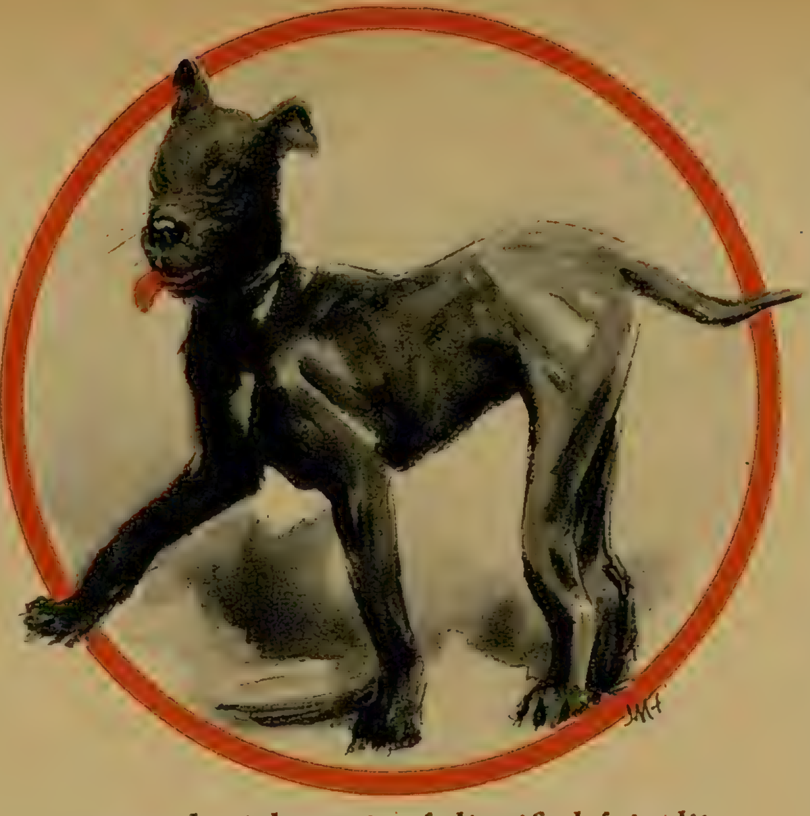
There was some illumination which came through drawn shades behind them, and it wasn't quite as intimate here as back on the path. Just the same, he reflected impersonally, if he leaned over to kiss her she wouldn't dodge or fend him off. Or he thought she wouldn't. His research did not go past assumption.

Claire sat silent, staring off into the dark, and nothing worth saying occurred to Dab. She was a good-looking girl, all right.

Then Flo came up the steps with Pete Morris. Dab grinned and started to call to her. But her glance swept casually across him and across Claire as though they were furniture—or, more nearly, a pair of servants.

And there was no pause or break in her vivacious words





He moved with an air of dignified frivolity.

to Pete as they went on through the door into the house.

Dab felt much as though he had turned to wood.

Claire turned to him. “She's remarkable,” Claire said. “If I were your wife I wouldn't be able to do that even if I wanted to—which isn't likely,” she finished in a sort of intimate whisper.

And now, Dab saw, not only could he kiss her without trouble, but if he didn't do something he wouldn't be able to avoid it, short of rudeness.

“Let's go in,” he said, getting up.

Claire rose. “Of course,” she said easily. “Dab, you're a dear to have sat out here with me. I feel better now. You're soothing.”

“Sure,” Dab passed it off. “They call him old Fitzgerald the Anodyne. And how's your dancing?” he finished, whirling her off before she had a chance to answer. Her dancing was all right; but better was the fact that Bob Frazier cut in before they had gone a dozen steps.

Dab looked around. There was Flo, over on the other side of the room, still talking to Pete Morris. Dab charted a course that headed that way. But, as he neared, Flo raised her arms to Pete and they danced off. Flo smiled and nodded to him; but Dab realized that smile was merely an arrangement of the features, not an expression at all.

He went out on the porch and stood there by himself. Let's see; he had been headed for a horse, hadn't he? Horses, or even zebras, now seemed unimportant, somehow.

Abruptly he wheeled, went in the door, down the hall, and, looking neither to right nor left, went up the stairs. He slacked his stride only long enough to get their door open.

Inside, he undressed meticulously, hanging his clothes carefully. He took the studs and links from his shirt and put them away in their box. He cleaned his teeth exhaustively. He turned down his bed. He paced the floor. He looked at his watch.

One o'clock. Flo wouldn't be up for some time. He got a book from the table by his bed and began it. He lay there in bed and read the first page six times, and then went on to sleep, the book dropping to his chest, the light still on.

DAB turned over and looked at his watch on the table by his bed. It was seven. His old curse: drinks at night, no sleep in the morning. Things began running through his mind.

He turned his head. Flo lay in her bed, sleeping quietly, her hands under her cheek, palms together, as she always slept. He knew he couldn't go back to sleep.

Quietly he slipped out of bed, dressed, and eased out of the door. Flo hadn't stirred.

He encountered Marble in the hall as he came to the foot of the stairs.

“Good morning sir. Some breakfast, sir?”

“I think not,” Dab said. And to Herman, who was at Marble's heels: “Want to shoot a few holes?”

Herman followed him to the door, and Dab got his clubs from among the others in the corner.

“A most remarkable animal, if I may say so, sir,” Marble offered. “A fine judge of whisky, sir.”

“I'm afraid you're winning him away from me, Marble,” Dab said. “Has he taken to drinking in the mornings yet?”

“No, sir. It's most astonishing, sir, but he won't touch a drop before noon. Then, however—” And Marble finished with a wave of the hands and a roll of the eyes which well conveyed his meaning.

“He's a tank all right,” Dab agreed. “Come on, tank.”

Herman came on out with him. Dab drove slowly over to the club. He got a sack of balls and went out to the first tee, sending his caddie on down the fairway. He stood there and socked perfect drives right down the middle for thirty minutes.

That was crazy, and just to prove it was nothing but luck, Dab started playing. He shot those first nine holes in a sort of uncanny inevitable way. He could do nothing wrong. He did the nine in five under par, and decided that he must be losing his mind or something, so he quit and drove on back to Charley's at a pace which would have made a snail impatient.

He went in and unenthusiastically let Marble feed him. There didn't seem to be much to do then. He tried the radio and meandered through the morning papers. He wondered why he was stalling around this way, putting off going upstairs. And he wondered why the idea of going upstairs and talking to Flo should make him uneasy.

He went on up. It was only ten, anyhow, and she likely wouldn't be awake. She was, though. She was awake and sitting by the window, staring out. She didn't turn when he opened the door.

HE said, “Ah, Mrs. Fitzgerald,” in what he hoped was a bright manner; but she didn't turn around then, either. He walked over and put a hand on her shoulder and the other under her chin and turned her face toward him. He felt funny—kind of out of breath. Her eyes looked a little red, he thought, but she tossed her head loose from his touch quickly, and turned away again before he could be sure.

“Honey,” he said, “what's the matter?”

She said nothing. “Aren't you having a good time?” he went on. “I looked for you last night. Wanted you to help me hunt zebras.”

Flo still didn't answer, and Dab stood there for a long time.

Finally: “I wish to hell you'd tell me what's the matter.”

Flo gave a convulsive little shrug. “Oh, nothing,” she sighed, “I guess. I don't know. I guess I'm just silly—for ever thinking you weren't like all these others. Though I can understand it, more, in them. They've nothing else to do; mixing amours is one escape from boredom. Silly for ever thinking you wouldn't find that necessary or amusing. Silly, I guess, for letting it matter. But I'm getting less silly.”

Dab had backed away a step. “Darling,” he said, “I am still interested in knowing what you're talking about.”

“Why do that, Dab? Why pretend? It just seems to make it a little cheaper. I—I might not have minded so much if it hadn't been pretty obvious that she didn't want you to kiss her.”

Dab had backed another step. “Do you mind naming a name?” he asked.

“Oh,” Flo said, “was there more than one? I don't know about the others. Only Claire Livingston.”

“I see,” Dab said. “Do you object to telling me how it happened?”

“I don't see what difference it makes. I was out with Pete, walking around. We weren't spying or anything, but we couldn't help seeing the heavy love scene in the arbor when we passed. And I couldn't help recognizing the fur on Claire's wrap, or her voice when she said ‘Oh!’ Any more than I could help recognizing you, Dab, when we came up on the porch a few moments later.”

Dab by this time had backed halfway across the room and stood leaning against the dresser.

" I assume," he said, doing all he could to keep his voice calm, " that you're perfectly sure I kissed Claire? "

She turned toward him then, and spread her hands helplessly. " What else, Dab? Even Pete knew, I guess, though he didn't mention it. I like him," she added. " He's the only man here who's had a chance to try to kiss me and hasn't tried. What else can I do, Dab, but face the facts? "

Dab turned and went through the door. " You might ask me about it," he said. But he didn't say this until he was halfway down the hall, and then it was no more than a whisper.

He went down the stairs and on out of the house without stopping or speaking to anyone. He got into the roadster and got out on the road and drove.

Vaguely Claire's muddled words when he had first run into her the night before came back to him. It was plain enough what had happened. Someone had kissed her with a few more trimmings than she cared for, and she had left him there in the arbor.

That, of course, had been just before *he* had run into her on the path. The fact that he *could* have kissed her later, and hadn't wanted to, gave the whole thing a sort of ironic tinge. Dab decided then and there that he didn't care a damn for irony. In fact, he'd rather have a good hot dog with horse-radish; so he stopped and got a good hot dog with horse-radish. Then he drove on more slowly—thinking, reliving things.

That night when Flo was riding the white mule, hell-for-leather, up and down the pasture out back of Dean Randolphe's house in the moonlight. . . . The wedding, and Flo kicking him surreptitiously on the shin when the word " obey " was left out. . . . That honeymoon—you couldn't tie that honeymoon. Just riding all over the country—stopping for golf here, for swimming there. Engaging strangers in batty conversations, and laughing later at the memory of their bewildered expressions. Sallying forth for a horse here and there—for which they got arrested now and then, and unarrested through the power of Flo's engaging ways, coupled with lucre. Flo practically as effective with minions of the law as with white mules. Than which there was no whicher. Staying in big ornate hotels, in tourist camps. Or driving all night. The day that Herman had calmly joined their entourage—in Illinois. . . .

Arriving in New York the same day his father and mother got back from abroad. . . . His father's cheerful announcement that the depression had overtaken them. That the town house, all their houses, were gone. Nothing left but a few government bonds, from which Dab got three thousand a year. In which abject penury he'd better find a job. . . . The job—with Atterbury, Newberry & Berry—where he archi-ed and tect-ed every day. . . .

And Flo—just giggling, thinking it all funny, and fun. Learning to cook. Finding their unspacious apartment on Lexington. Furnishing it with things sort of filched from the Fitzgerald residence before it went by the boards. Agreeing with him perfectly about paying thirty a month for storage, so they could keep the roadster, rather than having another room in the apartment. . . . Flo—swell—everything swell.

BUT now. Well, now—nothing.

She hadn't even asked him. Hadn't even considered any possibility other than the one she had assumed.

All right! Things could rest as they were. He was damned if he was going to her and explain a single thing. If she wanted to assume, let her.

He found he had come near the Downs layout again—he must have driven in a circle—and he slowed now and presently turned into the drive.

He would be perfectly natural with Flo. Wouldn't avoid her, wouldn't seek her out. Just treat her like anyone else at the party.

And, he decided suddenly, with a sort of painful vengeance, since he had already been strung up, be it for a sheep or a lamb, he might just as well have the darned animal. Flo was certain he had kissed Claire; he might as well do it, now. At least, it would pass the time.

Herman was lying by the door when Dab came in. " My boy," Dab addressed him, " I've often wondered just what your capacity was, and now's a good time to find out. Come on. I'll put you under the table. Tot for tot! "

Herman got thirstily to his feet and followed Dab down the hall. Dab finally located the kitchen, and matched drinks with Herman until he discovered that they had consumed an imperial quart of good Scotch whisky. Dab took a grip on the sink and eyed Herman for a moment. Herman was just standing there, looking expectantly at the saucer which he had already emptied countless times.

" Herman," Dab admitted, " you win. You've got an auxiliary stomach or something. You make me tired," he added.

Herman wagged his tail, highly complimented. Majestically he followed Dab from the kitchen and down the hall.

Herman lay down in a corner, and Dab circulated around, turning down four invitations to play golf, and then deciding that he did want to play golf after all.

" Want to shoot nine holes? " he asked, bending over Herman.

Herman opened one eye and regarded him unemotionally for a moment. The eye closed again.

" Haw, haw," Dab said. " Passed out. You had me fooled for a while. But I see it all now. You're out. I win, sissy! "

Herman merely sniffed disdainfully, without opening the eye this time. Dab looked up to see Claire Livingston coming down the stairs.

" I'LL shoot you some golf," Dab said, " for the honor of old Siwash."

" That seems reasonable," Claire admitted, getting her clubs from the corner by the door. " Come on. How did you know I wanted to play? "

His golf was lousy. At any rate, he thought, that was better than having it the way it had been in the morning. He could understand rotten golf; he was familiar with that. Besides, putting Herman the Sponge to sleep would cause any drive to slice.

He spent more time on Claire than he did on the golf. With more effect, too, for that matter. Claire was far from discouraging. Might be more fun if she wasn't, he reflected idly. More zing in it.

Dab danced a lot that evening. He danced with various people, but mostly with Claire. Claire was a swell dancer, which helped. Eventually they wandered out on to the porch. It was nicer out there. It was cool and there was no roof on the porch, which let the moonlight soak it pretty heavily. There was more room for dancing, and around on the side, where they were, you could hear the music as well as if you were inside.

They tired eventually, and Dab went in and got a pair of drinks and they sat on the edge of the porch for a long time. Gradually the noise inside died down. All the radio stations signed off. Bob Frazier played something very monotonous on the piano for a while, but stopped before he had driven them crazy. It was nice and quiet then. Dab felt kind of tired, a little sleepy. He glanced sidewise at Claire without turning his head. She was good-looking all right.

Oh, yes, he was going to kiss her. He moved a little closer, sliding an arm around her waist. She put her head on his shoulder.

" This is nice," she whispered. " Calm and quiet. I don't feel like I want anything."

" Nothing? " Dab said.

She looked up at him without taking her head from his shoulder; but she didn't answer. Dab drew her a little closer, and she lay quietly in his arms. He bent toward her lips. An arm slipped up around his neck, and her hand settled on the back of his head. And Dab realized that it was no use.

It was a nice kiss, and Claire was doing her part. But it was just a kiss. Just a meeting of lips. As far as he was concerned, anyhow.

It was no use. There had never been anyone but Flo; there wouldn't be. He didn't want to go to her and explain, plead innocence. But it was better than nothing. He would have to do it.

As these thoughts ran somewhat jumbledly through his mind, Dab became aware of a soft padding noise behind them. Then there was a low "Woof!" and cold chills ran up and down his back and he started to draw away from Claire; for he knew that was Herman's bark, and he knew that Herman *never* barked except as a sort of greeting to Flo!

But Claire didn't know this, or didn't care; for her hand didn't move from the back of his head, and it was at least a couple of seconds before he could terminate the kiss.

He looked up to see Flo and Pete Morris pass before them, not five feet away. They went on by, silent on the soft grass.

Dab just sat there. He didn't—couldn't—think for a moment. He simply sat there with the delights of stuffing Pete Morris into a concrete mixer, a little at a time, running through his mind. Oh, Pete was all right. He just led Flo around in the wrong place all the time.

Claire stirred. She might have snickered a little. "Of all the inopportune moments! It *does* seem they'd have the—"

Dab heard no more; for suddenly the whole situation had socked him in the pit of the stomach, leaving him weak and empty. He could explain himself blue in the face; but it wouldn't help now. Even if it would have worked before, she wouldn't believe him now, of course. She had passed three feet from him, and seen him kissing Claire.

So what difference did it make whether he convinced her he hadn't kissed Claire the night before or not? Answer: Not a damn' bit. What difference did anything make now? Answer: The same damn' bit.

He could get up and go in, or he could just sit there until he grew to the porch, or he could practice yodeling; but it all came to the same thing. Nothing. He was already sitting there, so he went on with it.

Next Week—

AMERICA GETS ITS BACK UP AT LAST

By

Jay Franklin

How the average citizen is putting the United States on its feet in spite of the failure of its leaders

Also stories and articles by
Beatrice Grimshaw—Alan Winslow—Elsie Janis—Alec Waugh—Edgar Franklin—Silas Bent—Eric Hatch

When he heard the swish, much later, Dab ducked instinctively; but he wasn't quick enough. It had caught them both, for Claire's head was still on his shoulder. He got up and swung around, and another caught him in the face. He plucked it off and emitted a little gurgling noise.

But there was no time for more than a gurgle; for, thick and fast, from the window which opened on to the porch, the bombardment poured forth. Golly, Dab thought, just like a machine gun! A regular fusillade.

Leaping here and there, Dab tried to catch a little ammunition to return fire; but the fact that he had no target other than the window was something of a handicap. He suppressed a chuckle, as unkind.

For poor Claire, except for the first two shots, had borne the whole brunt of the attack. "Ohs" and more "ohs" came from her in a voice of soggy and dismal incomprehension as she dodged this way and that, vainly trying to elude the devastating fire from that invisible but infallible marksman. Dab swept her into his arms and retreated around the corner of the house, out of range. He set her down.

"Oh," she said dazedly. "What was it? What hap—"

"Just some drunk with a misplaced sense of humor," Dab explained glibly. "Come on; we'll make it in the back door."

He snapped the kitchen light on. "Gee," he said, "you're wringing wet! You better get to bed before you catch cold."

Arming himself with a large wet dish towel in case of renewed hostilities, he ushered her down the hall and up the stairs.

"Good night," he told her at the top of the stairs.

Claire walked toward her room, puzzled at everything, and especially puzzled as to why Dab's eyes should have been shining with such a gleeful light as he bade her good night.

Dab eased into their room. Flo lay in her bed with an air of innocence thick enough to cut with a knife. Dab said nothing, but leered at her darkly as he began undressing. Presently he came out of the bathroom in his pyjamas, and climbed into his bed. He could no longer stay silent.

"You sure are a rotten shot," he derided. "You only got me twice."

"Oh, well," Flo yawned, "I don't want you to feel left out, so—" And she reached up and snapped out the lamp beside her bed, throwing the room into darkness.

There was a spitting noise under Dab's pillow and abruptly icy water shot down the bed, under his back. He leaped up, switching on his own bed lamp.

He jerked the hose from beneath his pillow and trained it on Flo. But it was too late, for even as his hands touched it the stream dwindled, and, as he aimed it, died.

"Aw," he said heartbrokenly.

"Uh-huh!" Flo said virtuously. She was shaking convulsively. "You see! I'll teach you to run around kissing other women just because I've been a fool and you're mad at me."

"How long did it take you to figure that out?" Dab said. "I knew it all the time," he added.

"I knew I was wrong," Flo said, "when you left this morning, looking so sort of mad and dignified and silly. Only, naturally, I didn't want to admit it."

"Well," Dab said, having changed to dry pyjamas, "maybe you aren't so bright, after all. Because you've just gone and fixed it so we both have to sleep in that single bed."

"You know," Flo said smugly, "I thought of that."

"What I can't figure," Dab said, "is where you *got* all those wash rags, and how you worked the hose and all."

"Marble," Flo said. "He got the wash rags, and worked the hose for me, down in the yard. Turned it on when the lights went out, and turned it off when he had counted ninety. Perfect servant, Marble."

"Yeah," Dab said, making a mental note to sound Marble out in the morning to see how he stood on the subject of introducing something disastrous into Mrs. Fitzgerald's coffee.

"And, Dab"—she slid her head up on to his shoulder—"you know, tonight when I saw you kissing her—it didn't make any difference. Anything! I mean, even if you'd had your heart in your work, even if I had still thought it was you kissing her last night—it wouldn't have made any difference. I'd have still thrown those wash rags at *her*. That's crazy, isn't it?"

"Naw," Dab said. "That's the attitude a dutiful wife should have."

Dab didn't follow her immediately to sleep. He lay there several minutes, just feeling good. Wives like Flo, love, and stuff like that—it was the backbone of the nation, that's what. Made the wheels go round.

And wash rags. There was a dandy article. Utilitarian. No home should be without them. Really shouldn't! He'd bet he could shoot a seventy-three in the morning. He'd bet he wouldn't give a whoop if he didn't. He'd bet—he was going to get Flo to autograph a wash rag for him and hang it in a prominent spot in the apartment. He wondered if he was getting a little silly. He didn't care. He went to sleep.

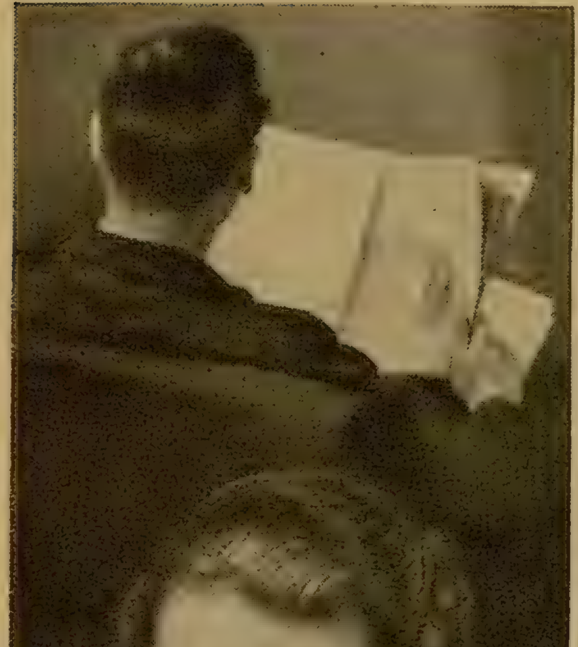
THE END

"Don't let love grow hum-drum"

warns HELEN TWELVETREES

"When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

Helen Twelvetrees



She knows her husband really loves her still, yet she is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown hum-drum, stale.

She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.

Again she knows the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now life is glamorous, gay!

"DON'T let love grow hum-drum!" This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

"When a man begins to take you for granted," she says, "look out!"

And then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning—and *holding*—adoration. "Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the screen stars do. Men are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the great film studios.

Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Let the Beauty Soap of the Stars make your skin Glamorous

No Parachutes

(Reading time: 26 minutes 40 seconds.)

ALAN WINSLOW was the first officer of the U. S. Air Service to shoot down an enemy plane. He won this enviable victory in April, 1918, at Toul, France, and was following it up worthily as a member of the original Ninety-fourth (Hat-in-the-Ring) Squadron when, at the end of July, he was himself shot down in combat near Château-Thierry. During the remaining months of the war he was a prisoner in German hospitals. Altogether a remarkable World War experience, of which No Parachutes is his own story, long withheld from the public.

Introducing No Parachutes in Liberty last week, General William Mitchell pronounced Alan Winslow " one of the splendid group of young Americans who answered the first call of service, and of the air, imbued with the spirit of ' Do or Die ' "; and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker said: " No one can more thoroughly understand the daring of this young man in his early twenties than those of us who were associated with him in the famous Ninety-fourth Squadron. . . . In peacetime as in wartime he has proved to be a true ' knight of the air.' "

He was born in Chicago, October 2, 1895, and was educated in Chicago private schools, at Munich, Germany, and at Yale, where he was an undergraduate when the United States entered the war. As he told in the opening installment of No Parachutes, he and others from the Yale campus joined the Aviation Section of the New York State Naval Militia. The flying instruction they hoped for was slow in coming, so he resigned and, with a few friends, sailed for France to join the Lafayette Flying Corps. Together with Tommy Hitchcock and other future combat pilots, he was trained at Avord, east of Paris. From there he was sent to Pau, at the foot of the Pyrenees, to master the fast single-seat plane. Meanwhile, at Avord, in Paris, and at Oxford, England, during a leave, he had an up-and-coming twenty-two-year-old's share of skylarking adventures and horseplay.

His orders to go to the front came on Christmas Eve. He was assigned to a French squadron at Corcieux, in the Vosges, and a day or two later his commanding officer ordered his first patrol. The impatient young American was to get a taste of action at last.

PART TWO—BEGINNER'S LUCK

IT was zero weather on the ground and many degrees below at an altitude of two miles in the air. The field was covered with crusted snow. In my nervous excitement, I recall, the only thing I feared at the prospect of this first patrol was my ability to rise safely out of this small, skiddy, ice-covered mountain-hedged airdrome. Once aloft, I was confident all would go well. My mechanic was warming up my motor. As I climbed into my fur-lined flying suit, putting on my helmet, goggles, silk gloves, then fur-lined gloves and fur-lined overshoes, our commanding officer gave me my instructions.

To my amazement, I was to be left alone once we got over the lines. We were to start off together and then, separating at a point 15,000 feet above the northwest corner of Lac Gérardmer, he was to patrol the lines to the north and I was to patrol to the south, left to my own devices of self-protection, with instructions to attack and destroy any enemy aircraft that I should encounter.

We were to meet again at the same rendezvous at a given time, and return to the airdrome together.

Somewhat tremblingly I climbed into my plane.

" *Coupe!* "

" Contact! "

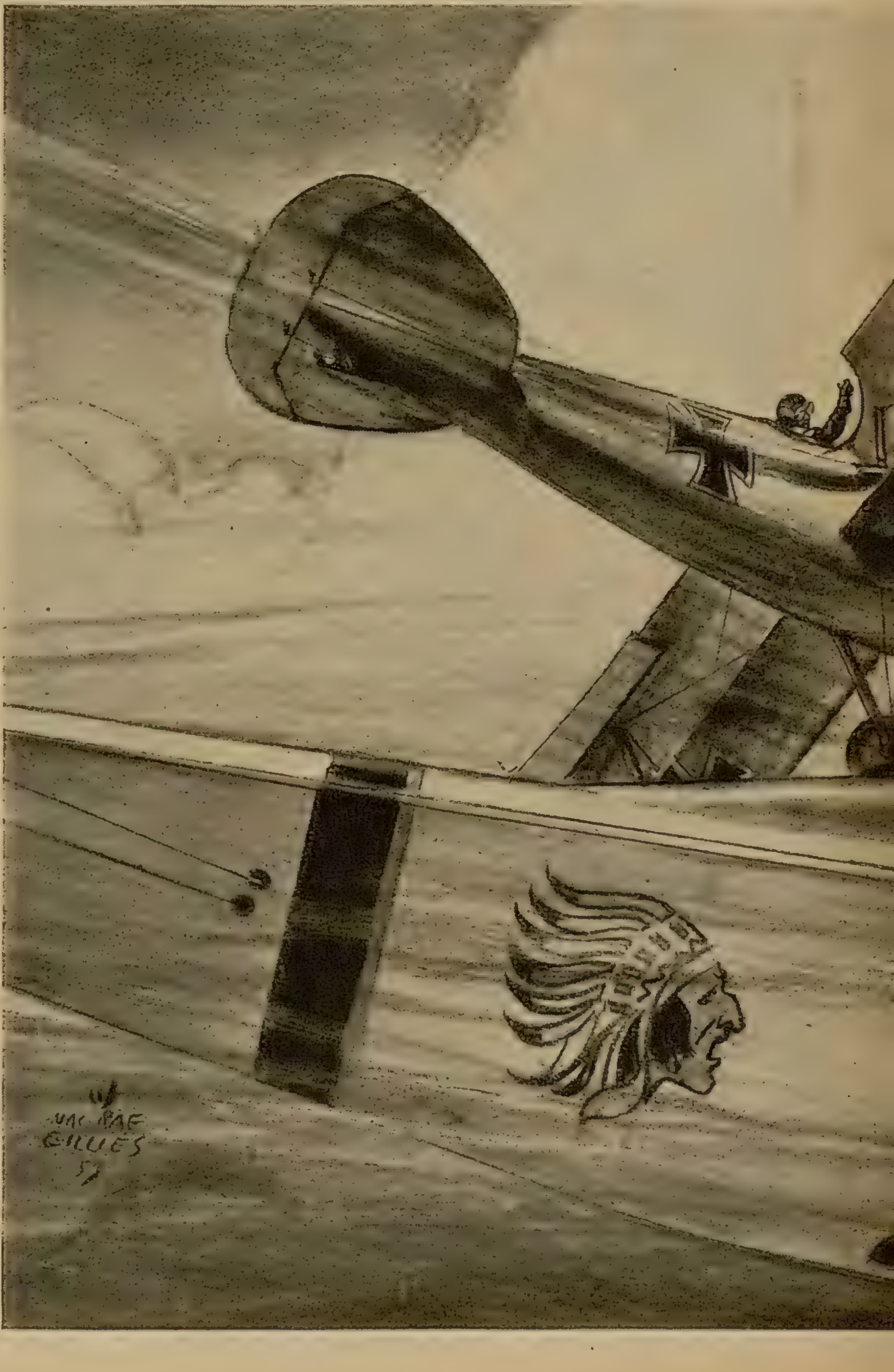
The motor was running sweetly.

I signaled to the mechanics and the blocks were pulled from under my wheels.

I opened the motor wide and in a moment was roaring down the glistening crusty ice-covered surface of the field.

It was full of ruts. It threw me dangerously to left and right, but I soon had my flying speed and managed to clear the telegraph wires and trees ahead of me. That was over.

Once in the air my nervousness seemed to disappear and I relaxed comfortably while circling the field, waiting



I saw the German plane flash alongside, only a few feet away. As the crosses on his wings gleamed in the sun, the pilot waved a friendly farewell and disappeared toward Germany.

Baptism of Fire—A Jam and a Blunder—The First All-American Air Squadron—Surprised by Enemy Raiders—A Double Victory

By

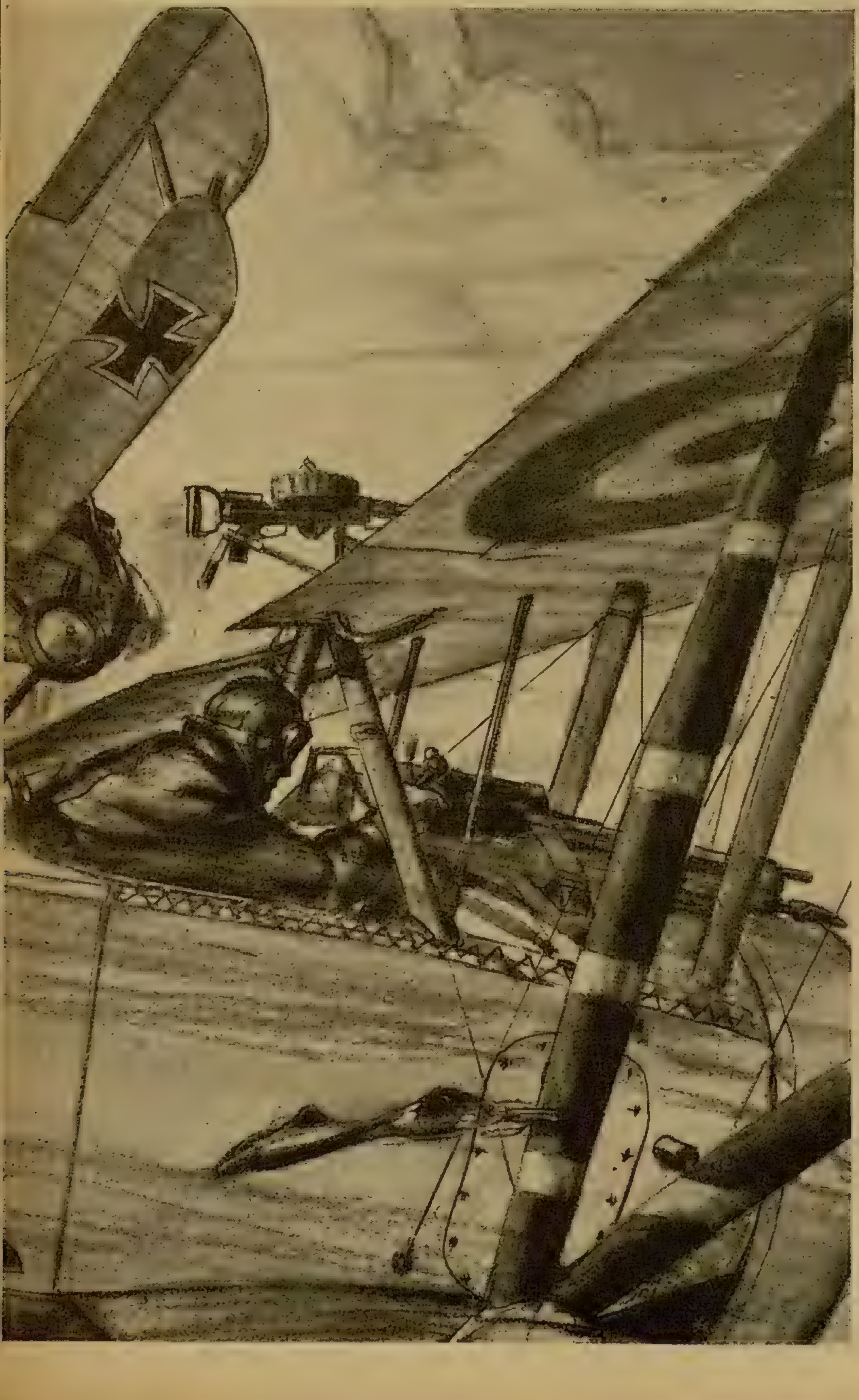
ALAN WINSLOW

Illustrations by W. MacRae Gillies

for the squadron commander to take off and join me. In a few moments he was beside me, and wing to wing we climbed to 15,000 feet, flew to the appointed spot above Lac Gérardmer, waved to each other, and then separated.

I studied the mountainous panorama which stretched out two miles below me. There was Lac Gérardmer directly below, there was Luxeuil, the railroad, and spires of Belfort in the distance. Then I discerned the trenches—great, black, ragged scars in the slopes of the snow-covered foothills. In the distance were the Alps, and along my course was the long flat valley of the Rhine, with its ribbon of silver winding in and out of fields of white.

Lucky devils, those Germans, I thought; there they could safely land in their own territory almost anywhere if their motors failed; while for us, unless in that entire sector we were within gliding distance of the little field at Corcieux, motor failure meant a fatal crash in the mountains.



For half an hour I flew above the trenches, constantly turning my head to peer above, below, and on all sides of me. Nowhere was a German plane in sight.

There seemed nothing terrifying about this little war!

In the hope of stirring up trouble, therefore, I crossed over into German territory for the first time, and took a course to the south about three miles inside the enemy lines. As I looked down, it amused me to think that I was practically invisible to those poor devils freezing and suffering in the trenches two miles beneath me. But it was the stupid thought of the ostrich that buries its head in the sand. For at that moment there was an explosion like a clap of thunder directly beneath me.

My plane lurched, then reeled, and when I had straightened out I was flying through a small black cloud.

In a moment there was a similar explosion to my right, then to the left, then ahead, each explosion marking its detonation by a cloud of menacing black smoke. It was my introduction to Archie—enemy antiaircraft artillery.

It wasn't pleasant, for the shots seemed to be getting dangerously near, and I wasn't at all sure that some fragments of shrapnel might not have damaged my plane. There seemed to be a little war on after all.

THEN I realized I was being bracketed by the firing. I veered a minute to the right, then to the left, dived a few hundred feet, then climbed again. Thus altering my course rapidly from time to time, I found that these threatening black bursts exploded farther and farther from my plane.

I began to laugh and soon realized that, though terrifying in the first encounter, Archie is the least of an aviator's worries.

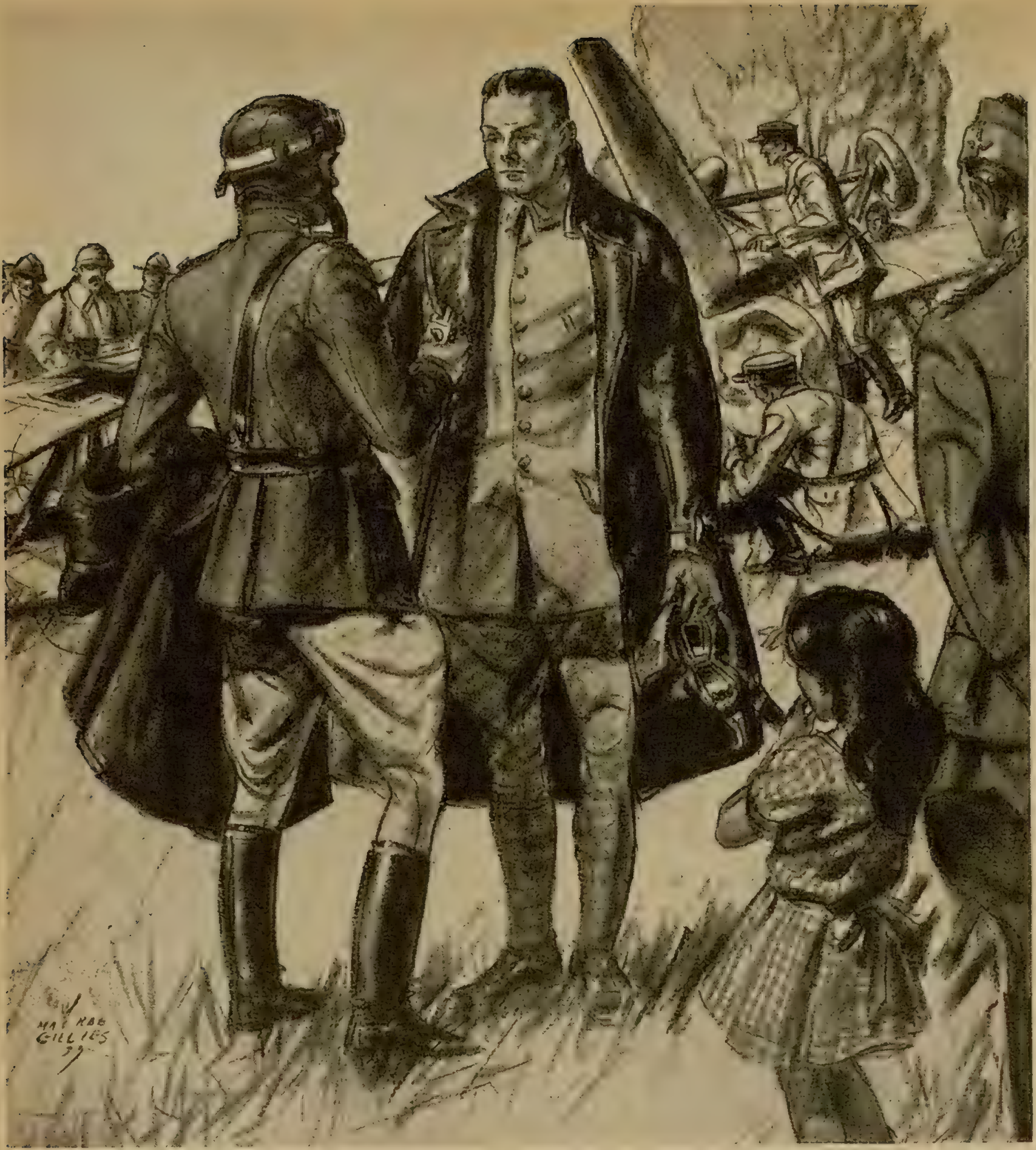
I continued my zigzagging course to the south, and I hoped the black bursts would be seen by some German plane and would bring about a combat. But no planes appeared.

It was time to return to Lac Gérardmer to meet our commanding officer, and therefore I crossed back to French territory. As I approached our place of meeting, still somewhat excited from my first encounter with Archie, yet disappointed that I had seen no German planes, there, ahead of me, somewhat in the distance, at the designated spot, was the plane of my squadron commander. And in spite of my disappointment at having found no quarry, I confessed to a sense of relief on seeing a friend of the air.

He was flying at a slight angle toward me and I was probably difficult for him to see, as my approach was directly from the sun. I flew very close to dip my wings in friendly salute.

As I did so, my blood ran cold and my brain reeled.

There, on the wings of the neighboring plane, instead of the red-white-and-blue *cocarde* [cockade] of the



It was curious to be face to face with the man with whom I had been having a duel in the air but a few minutes before.

French Air Service was the German insignia—two large black Maltese crosses!

What a novice I was! What an unalert fool! From shock, more than from fear, I veered off so quickly that I inadvertently put my Nieuport into a spin and fell several hundred feet before I regained control of my plane and senses.

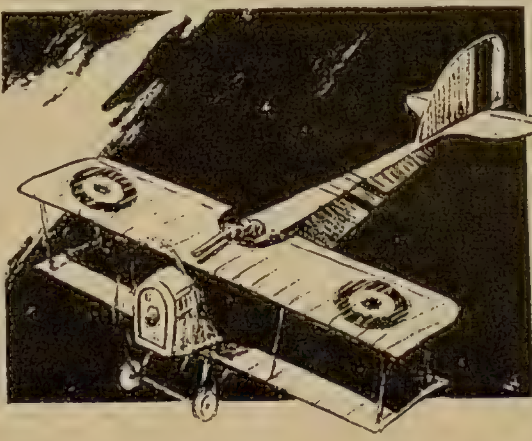
I had lost an unbelievable advantage and opportunity.

Cursing to myself and at myself, I righted the plane and looked for the German. Instead of being above me and swooping down with a burst of machine-gun fire, there he was, righting his plane a few hundred yards below me!

I LAUGHED mirthlessly. I must have surprised him as much as he had me, for he had obviously fallen out of control even as I. Probably it was his first encounter with the enemy too!

I dived with full motor directly toward his cockpit, pulled the machine-gun trigger on my joy stick and sent forth my first volley of rattling bullets which, from the luminous tracers, I could see went wide of the mark.

With full motor, I pulled up high above him to hold the advantage of altitude and prepared for a second attack. But as I straightened out he was climbing up underneath me with incredible speed, and he sent forth a burst of lead which screamed through my left wing as holes were ripped in the fabric.



He veered away and so did I. For possibly five or ten minutes we sparred for position, occasionally rushing into conflict with a burst of machine-gun fire that went nervously astray.

He could handle his ship well; it was faster and seemed more maneuverable than mine. But I felt confident that if I once got close on his tail, I could shoot well enough to hit the mark.

We were still sparring, and in several of my angle attacks I could see that my tracer bullets entered his wings and fuselage. So was my plane being riddled, although nothing vital in either plane had yet been touched. Then, following one of my bursts of fire, my blood ran cold for the second time that day.

Both my machine guns had jammed.

A MORE experienced pilot would have attempted to get away. But this was my first patrol, my first fight. Anger and pride were at the moment stronger than prudence. My one thought was to fix those guns and continue to the end.

As I look back on my decision, it was pure folly, almost suicide. Instead of faking a fall and then scuttling for our airdrome, I took the little hammer which I carried in my cockpit for that purpose, half stood up in the plane as I flew along at full speed, and, leaning forward over the cowling, pounded on the locks of the two guns in a desperate effort to clear the jam.

The guns would not clear.

As I worked feverishly, my body covered with cold sweat, the German had swung about and was coming up on my tail. I was now easy prey. At any instant I expected a blast of lead in my spine.

I glanced back. He was coming directly at me.

Then—still half standing in my cockpit, stupidly, stubbornly, doggedly making a frantic effort to clear my guns and determined not to run—instead of receiving the burst of bullets which I expected, I saw the German plane flash alongside only a few feet away, and then veer off.

As the crosses on his wings gleamed in the sun, the pilot, beneath helmet and goggles, visibly grinned at me. He waved a friendly farewell with his hand and disappeared toward Germany.

That night I had much to think of, much to be thankful for—thoughts that allowed me little sleep.

Our commanding officer had not met me on my return to Lac Gérardmer, as he had had motor trouble early in his patrol and had returned to Corcieux long before I arrived. When I made my report to him of my first combat, I was soundly criticized for having been stupid enough to stick with the fight after my guns had hopelessly jammed. Dowd and I shared a bottle of champagne and I drank a silent toast to that great sportsman, my unknown adversary.

. . . . .

Fog, high winds, sleet, and snow deprived us of frequent flights in these white-blanketed Vosges Mountains during January and February, 1918. To relieve the strain of waiting for better weather, we would occasionally take a motor lorry to Luxeuil or Belfort. Here we would forget the bad weather and the thundering of the guns. Here were good food, good wines, and comfortable beds.

When the weather did permit flying, we usually went up with more enthusiasm than prudence. That happened to me on January 15, when I had an encounter which resulted disastrously to my pride and judgment.

I was awakened at dawn by the roar of our early three-plane patrol, up at sunrise in search of trouble. My flight was scheduled for noon. I lay in bed listening to the others roar off, imagining aërial battles for them as the hum of their motors died away in the distance.

My imagination bore the fruit of reality. Two hours later three jubilant young Frenchmen returned to report the destruction of a two-seated German plane.

This victory and the clear crisp weather of the cold day made the three of us scheduled for the noon flight all the more eager to take off. But we were disappointed by our last-minute orders. We were not sent off on a free-lance patrol. Instead, we were to meet a two-seated French photographic plane above a given German town at 10,000 feet, and to remain with this plane on protection duty. This meant that we could only fight if the two-seater were attacked.

We arrived above the German town where we were to meet the two-seater. We could not find it.

AT the end of an hour our patrol leader apparently became convinced that it was useless to wait any longer. He started off to the south, well inside the German lines, in quest of such quarry as he might find. The two of us followed closely, one on either flank.

Soon the leader of our formation signaled by a movement of his wings that he had sighted a German plane. It was a pursuit plane, presumably an Albatros, about a mile to the south and somewhat below us.

We gave chase; but no sooner had we started than I suddenly made out another black speck far to the north, surrounded by white bursts of French aërial artillery.

I did not feel that I had to remain with my two companions. Obviously they had the favorable odds of two to one, and therefore I turned abruptly and left them to seek combat with the other German.

I climbed rapidly to get between my German opponent and the sun. He was going west into France. I was going northwest to meet him. Gradually our lines of flight converged.

As we were now well back in French territory, no telltale Archie shells burst about me. I was still able to dive down within firing distance without being seen.

At the first sign of sore throat—*Listerine*

When your throat feels tight, "itchy," or sore, gargle with full strength Listerine every two hours.

You will be delighted to find how often such pleasant treatment brings relief.

Listerine cleanses the inflamed tissues and kills germs clinging to them.

Harsh mouth washes, so powerful they may irritate tissue, should be avoided in the treatment of throat trouble, since they aggravate the condition rather than improve it.

Simple sore throat is often one of the symptoms of a cold. It is Nature's warning that the germs that cause or accompany a cold have entered through the mouth and lodged in the throat prior to traveling upward to the nose and head passages.

Gargle twice a day for Colds

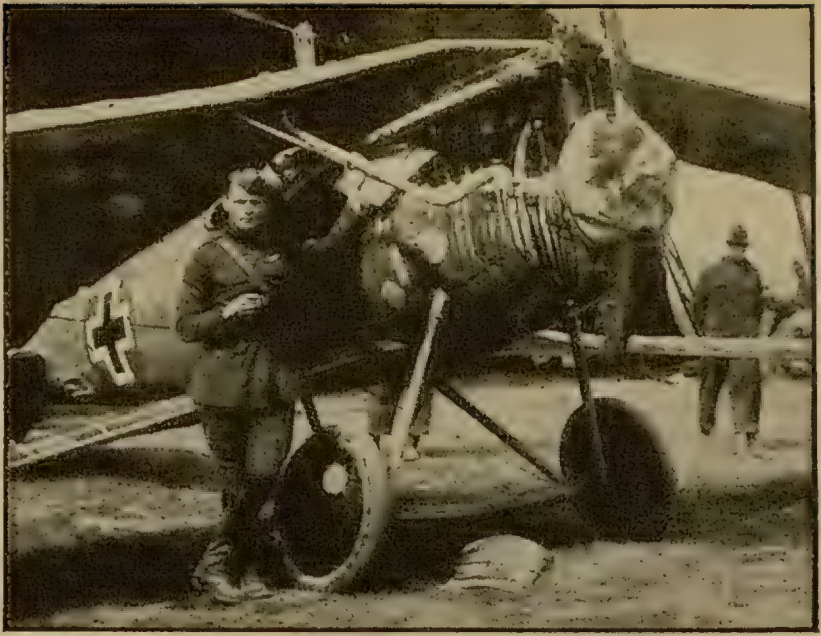
If you would fight colds, gargle with full strength Listerine twice a day. As you know, many colds are caused by germs multiplying by millions in the mouth and throat. When Listerine comes in contact with such germs, it kills them outright. A reduction of bacteria ranging up to 99% has been shown by tests.

Scientifically conducted experiments have shown that those who gargled with full strength Listerine twice a day did not catch cold as frequently as those who did not gargle with it. Such findings are corroborated by the experience of tens of thousands of men, women, and children.

Moreover, Listerine, used at two-hour intervals, will often check a cold and keep it from becoming serious. Such results are due to the fact that, while Listerine kills germs, it does not irritate tissue. Remember that factor of safety when purchasing a mouth wash. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

EFFECTIVE and SAFE

germicidal, yet non-irritating



Alan Winslow standing beside the Albatros he shot down at Toul, April 14, 1918. It was the first German airplane destroyed by an officer of the regular air forces of the U. S. Army.

In the last minute my goggles became oil-spattered and I had to strain my eyes to distinguish the details of his plane. It was a two-man machine, a two-strutter. It was camouflaged with great splotches of green, brown, and black.

Still closer I flew. Still he didn't see me. My attack was a surprise.

I dived my Nieuport below him with full motor and pulled up sharply to send my first volley at his blind spot—that spot which is in line with the undersurface of the tail plane and the machine gunner in the rear cockpit.

My fingers pressed nervously but lightly about the gun trigger on my joy stick. I strained my eyes through oil-smeared goggles to take aim. I was very close. A fraction of a second, a further squeeze of my fingers, and that first burst should have been enough.

Yet in that last fraction of a second my mind, suddenly and peculiarly affected, lost its hold. I was struck with the horrible idea that the plane I was about to destroy was the French photographic plane we had originally been sent out to protect.

My fingers sprang from the triggers. My guns remained silent.

As I frantically veered off from my proposed point of attack, I was so close to the other plane that I could clearly see the expression on the machine gunner's face, an expression of complete amazement and ghastly fright. God knows what expression he beheld on my face.

As I dashed by at terrific speed, the silvery undersides of his wings came clearly to view for the first time. There, glaring at me, were two large black German crosses!

With a mingling of shame and anger, I brought my plane about and climbed almost vertically to finish the work that a hallucination had interrupted. It was too late.

Unwilling to risk an encounter, the enemy plane was already well on its way back across the lines and the bursts of my machine-gun fire fell far short of the mark. In a straight race the German proved the faster. I was soon hopelessly outdistanced.

I had few consoling thoughts that night to help me sleep.

What a hell of an aviator I was! I had been sent to the front to destroy enemy planes, not to frighten them.

THE aviator is no exception to the general truth that war breeds superstition in the soldier. There were all types of superstitions, and some became obsessions. One aviator I knew, for no apparent good reason insisted on always removing his right boot first when he went to bed at night. When he dressed in the morning it was always his left boot which he carefully put on first. If at any time he absent-mindedly dressed or undressed in the reverse manner, he would feverishly dress again in the correct order as soon as he discovered his mistake.

Many pilots apparently believed that the spoils of a fortunate adventure in Paris would carry good fortune along into the air. Innumerable French dolls, successfully kidnaped from many a perfumed boudoir, went into battle fastened to the wings of airplanes. Lace handkerchiefs, brilliantly colored garters, filmy lingerie and brassières, whipping from the wings of Nieuports or Spads, saw gallant service over the lines.

The most popular mascot of this type was a woman's silk stocking. The pilots who acquired these would knot them at the knee and wear them as a skullcap under the air helmet. And thus the spoils from low adventure became the superstitious hope of high adventure.

When I sailed for France to join the Lafayette Flying Corps somebody knitted a pair of socks for me. After a few days at sea I sent my clothes to the ship's laundry. When the wash came back one of the socks was missing, so I threw the useless odd sock into the wastebasket of my stateroom. A few days later I noticed that this same odd sock was back in my bureau drawer.

AGAIN I threw it away. Upon my arrival in Paris, when I unpacked my suitcase, there on the top of the clothes again reposed this single woolen sock.

I threw it into the wastebasket in my hotel room, but when I reported at Avord for my initial training, this same sock mysteriously appeared among my belongings. I couldn't get rid of it. It turned up again at the aviation schools at Juvisy, at Pau, and at Plessis-Belleville. So finally, when I reported at the front and the sock was still with me, I gave serious consideration to the matter.

Suddenly I became absurdly superstitious. If this sock was so faithful to me, perhaps it would pay me to be faithful to it. I tied it to the strut of my airplane when I started on my first patrol over the line. In the fight which followed my life was miraculously spared. Naturally I kept that sock fastened to my plane during my entire service with the French Air Force. When I transferred to the American army, and was sent to the front with Eddie Rickenbacker's Hat-in-the-Ring squadron, of course I took my woolen mascot with me.

Whenever my machine was being repaired I took care to transfer the sock to whatever plane was temporarily assigned to me. In a crash, if my plane was washed out, the sock was the first thing I salvaged.

Then one day, when in command of sixteen Spads of the Ninety-fourth Squadron at an altitude of over two miles in the air, we engaged eighteen Fokkers. My left arm was shattered by the machine-gun fire of an enemy plane. My engine dead and my machine guns useless, I reeled semideliriously through space. Somehow I landed among shell holes and barbed wire between the German second- and third-line trenches, with France only a few hundred yards away. As a result, I spent the remaining five months of the war in prison hospitals.

The day that I was shot down was the only time I did not have my woolen mascot with me.

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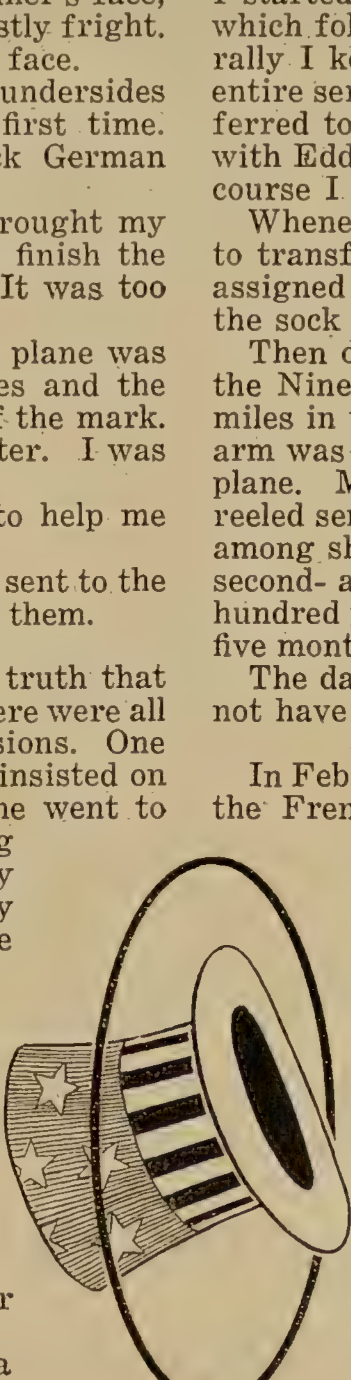


In February, 1918, all the American pilots serving with the French Air Service—namely, all members of the Lafayette Flying Corps—were given the opportunity to transfer to the United States Air Service as officers. A few Lafayette pilots, their sensibilities jarred by the fact that they considered the army commissions offered them as of lower rank than their experience deserved, transferred as ensigns in the United States Naval Air Service; and a few others, feeling a loyalty to the colors under which they had trained and fought, remained in the French forces. For the purpose of effecting the transfer it was necessary to spend several weeks at Issoudun, the newly created American training school. Here the famous Ninety-fourth (Hat-in-the-Ring) Squadron of the First Pursuit Group of the American Air Service was organized, and in its original roster of pilots were included the following former members of the Lafayette Flying Corps: Major Jean Huffer—its first commanding officer, who was later succeeded by Eddie Rickenbacker; Major Raoul Lufbery—then the leading American ace, who would have received a command had he not preferred the activity of a free-lance pilot; Captain James Norman Hall, Captain Kenneth Marr, Captain David McKelvy Peterson, First Lieutenant William Loomis, Second Lieutenants Charles W. Chapman, A. L. Cunningham, Philip Washburn Davis, and myself.

Among its original members who had been trained as American cadets were Eddie Rickenbacker, Reed Chambers, Douglas Campbell, Thorne Taylor, Jimmie Meissner, John Wentworth, Walter Smythe, and Eddie Green.

The squadron, thus formed, proceeded as a unit to a field thirty miles behind the lines, where we waited until the second week of April for the completion of organization details. Then we moved to the front and were located at an airdrome a mile to the north of Toul with the St. Mihiel-Pont-à-Mousson sector as our area of operations.

SOMEWHAT to our disappointment we were given Nieuports, type 28, and not the coveted Spads. This plane was a new French design which as yet had not seen service at the front, was powered with an air-cooled rotary motor and equipped with two machine guns, and its ailerons were placed on the lower wings.

Its one fault lay in the structural weakness of its upper wing. When diving vertically with motor wide open, the fabric covering the upper wing occasionally gave way at the entering edge and ripped off in great streamers, leaving the inner wing structure exposed.

This happened once to Rickenbacker and twice to Meissner. It was a curious sight to watch them as they miraculously and safely flew back from the front with their lower wings alone supporting them, their upper wings a skeleton of cross wires and ribs from which streamed long ribbons and rags of torn fabric.

But aside from this weakness the planes were satisfactory. I found them superior in every way to the Nieuports, type 27, which I had flown in the Vosges—speedier, more maneuverable, and more sensitive to control.

I have heard it said unfairly that General William Mitchell, then chief of the American Air Service in France, had accepted these planes, aware of this weakness in the upper wing. I now know the statement to be wholly untrue. Every effort had been made to obtain Spads at the time, but production in the factories lagged. They were not available until three months later, in July.

If General Mitchell had waited until then before organizing and equipping the first American pursuit

$1,000 couldn't have bought it—
FILM GOT IT FREE!

Most tooth troubles start in film

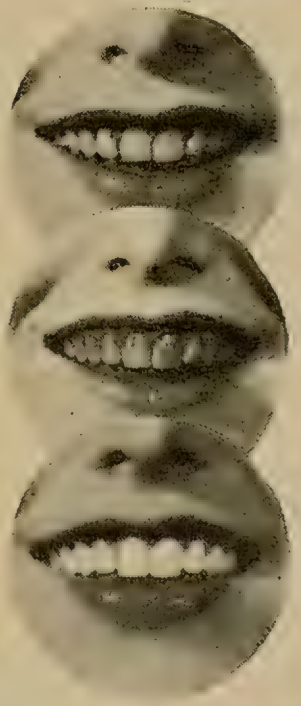
WHAT is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material; not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has gained wide recognition. Remember, the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent—twice every day and to see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth



These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

squadrons at the front, not only would the morale of scores of fully trained American pilots, impatient to see active service, have been seriously undermined, but the essential support of an American air service would have been withheld from the Allies for a critical period of three more months.

The Ninety-fourth Squadron reported for duty at Toul at six o'clock on the morning of April 14; the first squadron at the front under American command entirely comprised of American pilots, mechanics, and personnel. It was to start off its career with a bang.

Douglas Campbell and I were detailed that first morning on emergency patrol duty from 6 A. M. until 9 A. M. We and our planes were to be ready to take the air at a moment's notice in case the artillery or infantry observation posts should report enemy planes over French territory. Eddie Rickenbacker and Reed Chambers were already off on an early flight over the lines—"to scare up," as they jokingly said later, "a couple of Germans for Campbell and Winslow to shoot down."

DOUG and I were sitting in a small tent at the edge of the field playing Russian bank. Our machines were ready for any emergency flight. At 8:45 A. M. our game was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone, and the squadron information officer told me that two German planes were reported at 3,000 feet, many miles inside French territory, above a near-by town. In a moment we were in our machines, the motors running.

I was in charge of the flight and I shouted to Doug to meet me at fifteen hundred feet above the northeast corner of the field, where I would join him. Then we were to climb together to the spot where the German planes had been reported.

An early-morning mist was still hanging over the airdrome and a blanket of gray clouds shut out the sky at an altitude of about 2,000 feet.

I gave Doug a few seconds' start, then took off myself. I had scarcely zoomed up over the tree tops, and was about to join him at our appointed rendezvous, when there, not more than a few hundred feet away and only slightly above me, was a German pursuit plane rushing directly at me.

It was incredible! On the first morning we were at the front a German machine was diving out of the mist directly above our airdrome!

This unbelievable situation so surprised and angered me that without seeking any first advantage of position, I swore, clenched my fingers about the machine-gun triggers, and veered toward the speeding enemy plane until I could see my line of tracer bullets entering its fuselage.

The German slipped off on one wing to avoid my fire and then came roaring down on me, his guns barking with a volley of lead that screamed by, dangerously near.

I pulled up my Nieuport sharply in a vertical climb, kicked over my right rudder, and went plunging down on his tail, spraying his wings and fuselage with a long, rattling burst of fire.

In another instant he dashed toward earth in an uncontrolled dive. His last-minute effort to regain control of his machine was futile. I had shot away his rudder controls! With wide-open motor I dived after him.

HIS plane crashed, somersaulting over on its back in a field just west of our airdrome. Victoriously I swooped over him, only six feet above the ground.

Then I zoomed up to see if Doug needed any assistance. During my rapid encounter I had caught a glimpse of him fighting another German. But as I came within firing distance of the second enemy plane, I saw a burst of tracer bullets from Doug's guns enter the fuselage of his opponent. The German machine burst into flames and crashed in a field just east of the airdrome.

In another minute we had both landed and had taxied our planes to the hangars. The field and barracks were empty. Pilots and mechanics were dashing to where the Germans had fallen. The whole town of Toul was pouring out, hurrying on foot, on bicycles, on motorcycles, and in automobiles—men, women, and children, soldiers and officers, both French and American. In ten minutes several thousand people had gathered.

Only one individual remained on the field—my chief mechanic, Sergeant Beerbower. Always highly respectful in the past, always a model of discipline, ever saluting with a "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," he was now jumping up and down in his grease-covered uniform, waving his hat in the air, pounding each of us on the back and shouting, over and over again:

"Dammit, that's the stuff, old kid, that's the stuff!"

Doug and I slapped each other on the back and then ran to examine the planes we had destroyed.

As I pushed my way through the crowd that had gathered I heard some poilu cry out in French:

"There he is! Now will you believe that he is an American?"

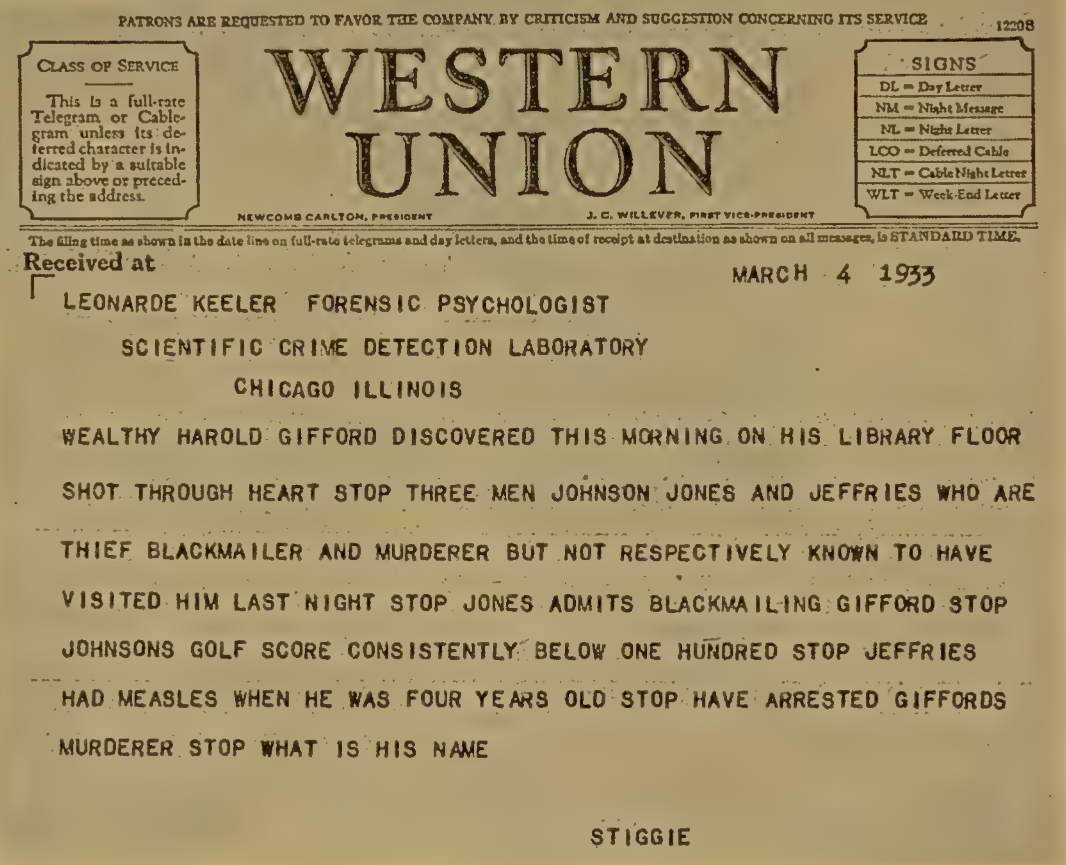
I then found myself facing the pilot of the plane I had just shot down. It seemed that he had been unwilling to believe that American aviators were actually at the front.

He was badly shaken, but was perhaps not less nervous

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley



PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO FAVOR THE COMPANY BY CRITICISM AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE 12208

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable sign above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

SIGNS
DL = Day Letter
NM = Night Message
NL = Night Letter
LCO = Deferred Cable
NLT = Cable Night Letter
WLT = Week-End Letter

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT J. C. WILLEVER, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is STANDARD TIME.

Received at MARCH 4 1933

LEONARDE KEELER FORENSIC PSYCHOLOGIST
SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION LABORATORY
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

WEALTHY HAROLD GIFFORD DISCOVERED THIS MORNING ON HIS LIBRARY FLOOR SHOT THROUGH HEART STOP THREE MEN JOHNSON JONES AND JEFFRIES WHO ARE THIEF BLACKMAILER AND MURDERER BUT NOT RESPECTIVELY KNOWN TO HAVE VISITED HIM LAST NIGHT STOP JONES ADMITS BLACKMAILING GIFFORD STOP JOHNSONS GOLF SCORE CONSISTENTLY BELOW ONE HUNDRED STOP JEFFRIES HAD MEASLES WHEN HE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD STOP HAVE ARRESTED GIFFORDS MURDERER STOP WHAT IS HIS NAME

STIGGIE

It Is One of the Three. Which One?

The solution will appear in next week's issue.

than I. It was a curious sensation to be face to face with the man with whom I had been having a machine-gun duel in the air but a few minutes before.

The crowd became silent; I felt awkward. I asked in German if he were wounded. Replying in perfect French he said that he had only been bruised in the crash, that the rudder controls of his plane—an Albatross D5—had been shot away and his engine put out of commission, but that fortunately my bullets had spared him.

I offered him a cigarette, then asked in French why he had been flying directly above our airdrome, so far inside the French lines. His answer was that he and his companion had been lost in the fog.

I noticed he was a noncommissioned officer; I had understood that all pilots of German pursuit planes held at least the rank of second lieutenant. Generally this was true, he said. He had been a pursuit pilot for over two years, but had not yet received his commission.

"*Pourquoi?*"

Bitterly he replied:

"Because I am a Pole."

He was then led away. As he left he raised his hands in a gesture indicating his relief at being alive, and remarked:

"That's all, then. This war is over, as far as I'm concerned!"

Whether it is true, as he later stated, that he and his unfortunate companion had lost their way, no one will ever know. The fact that the two planes were so unusually far inside French territory on the morning that the first American pursuit squadron was to begin operations, however, is significant. It would seem not unlikely that they had been sent out to destroy our entire fleet of Nieuports by setting fire to the canvas-covered hangars. It would have been a decidedly discouraging baptism for the American Air Service. The cartridge belts of their machine guns contained only tracer and incendiary bullets.

The pilot of the plane shot down by Doug was much worse off. He was in ghastly agony. An ambulance rushed him to a near-by hospital, where he died shortly afterward. His plane, a Pfaltz, resembled the charred sacrifice of some huge animal.

An even more spectacular and breath-taking combat is staged by Alan Winslow in next week's installment of No Parachutes, in which he also tells how young war birds on leave eased their nerves amid the gayety of Paris, and discusses the fascinating question whether Lindbergh would have made a great pilot in wartime.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Are there more persons in the United States employed in manufacturing or in agriculture?

2—Does a fig tree have blossoms?

3—What state has at various times been under six flags?

4—Did Emperor Nero really play a fiddle while Rome burned?

5—Who invented the air brake?

6—Where was the process of sending photographs by wire invented?

7—What church is said to contain the bones of 11,000 girls?

8—What are four birds whose wings are too small for flight?

9—What is the earliest known manuscript of any portion of the Bible?

10—Why is the butcher bird so called?

11—From what does the name Wednesday come?

12—What is a nosographer?

13—What is a monolith?

14—What navy rank is equal to that of colonel in the army?

15—What is the approximate difference in length between shoe sizes?

16—What is an anodyne?

17—Of what is celluloid made?

18—Are icebergs fresh or saline?

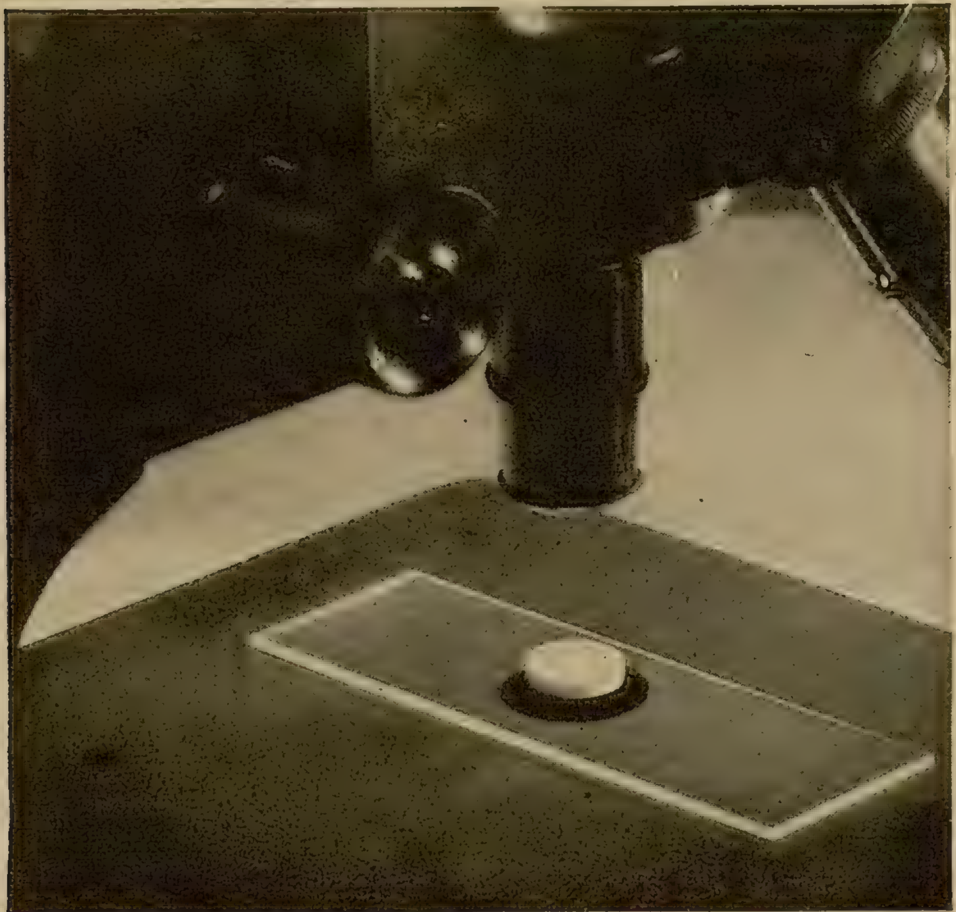
19—Is there a wood lighter than cork?

20—Who invented italic type?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

Why was the House of Squibb founded?
(see page 45 for the answer)

Look for these Qualities in the Aspirin You take . . .



Here are four essential qualities to look for in an aspirin tablet: purity, refinement of ingredients, exactness of dosage, ready disintegration. Add these up and the sum total spells prompt *Effectiveness.*

Squibb Aspirin tablets embody all these properties. Your assurance of this is the name of the maker—the House of Squibb—which for three-quarters of a century has stood behind a constantly increasing number of world-standard products serving the medical profession and the public.

Squibb Aspirin usually costs you less, too, than other nationally-advertised brands, because of manufacturing economies. All true-service drug stores sell Squibb Aspirin—in both handy metal boxes and family-size bottles.

The next time you buy Aspirin, try Squibb Aspirin. Prove its Effectiveness for yourself. Just say to your druggist, "Squibb Aspirin, please!" *Look for the name before you buy.*

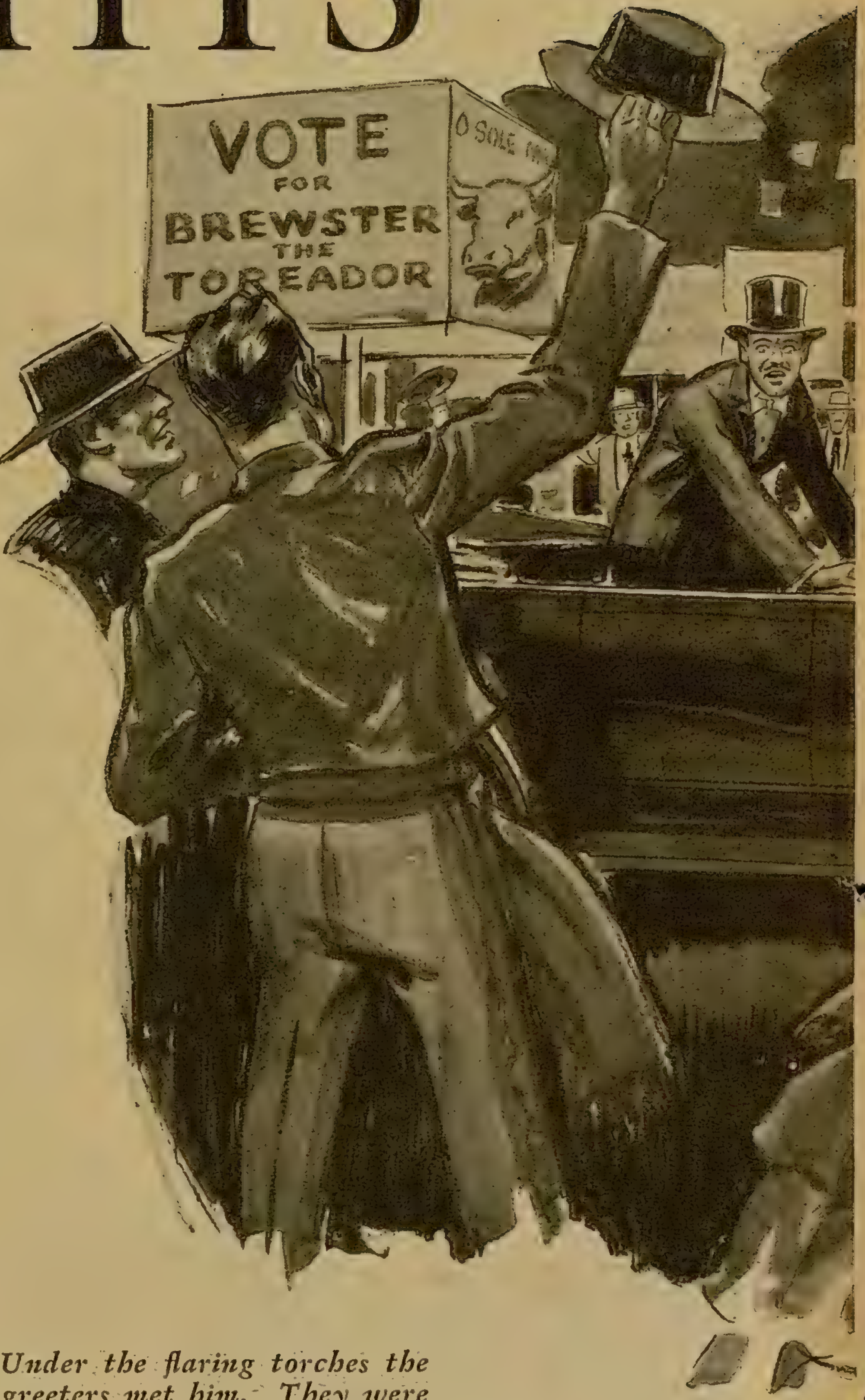
E·R·SQUIBB & SONS *Manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858*

SQUIBB ASPIRIN

- Pure
- Effective
- Safe

Sheriffs Wired for Sound

Two Showmen Go into Politics and a Romance Hangs in the Balance



Under the flaring torches the greeters met him. They were garbed in boleros and sashes.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 27 seconds.)

THE battered car pulled up at the curb, and Swastika Ginsberg turned off the motor and slowly put his leg over the side and climbed out. Mr. Joe Lutz sat in the front seat and gave no indication of moving. Mr. Ginsberg looked up and down the street.

"Pikeville, Kansas. You could knock me over with a five-ton truck."

"It took us a whole year gettin' across Texas," Mr. Lutz reminded him.

Mr. Ginsberg looked at Mr. Lutz and for a moment it seemed that tears were about to come.

"Boy," he said, "wasn't that the life? I wonder where at the old Sterling Bent Repertoire Company is now?"

"In Fort Smith, Arkansas," said Mr. Lutz. "I seen the route in Billboard."

Mr. Ginsberg went into reverie.

"Under tent in Texas. Boy, that was the life. Old Sterling Bent actin' all around the stage and you makin' all them noises behind the scenes. I don't guess there ever was a better noise man than you, Joe."

"Oh, I don't know," said Joe modestly.

"I guess maybe I made a mistake leavin' that old Sterling Bent, Joe."

"You didn't leave," said Joe. "You got fired. I left."

"Irregardless," said Mr. Ginsberg, "we're in Pikeville, Kansas, and with the gas we got in this tank the best we can do is get half a mile out of town and walk back. You see them signs up around here? It's election time. If we stick around long enough we can get a job."

"What kinda job?"

"Votin'," said Mr. Ginsberg.

That same afternoon Mr. Arthur Tuttle, chairman of the Jacob Miller for Sheriff Club of Pike County, sat in his office idly watching a man tearing down an old car on the lot outside. Mr. Tuttle was despondent. It was a month before election and he had just been reading the reports of his lieutenants, and it was plain that Mr. Jacob Miller was not going to be sheriff.

Mr. Tuttle's secretary came in.

"There's a man out here wants to see you."

"Who is it?"

"A man named Ginsberg. He's never been around here before."

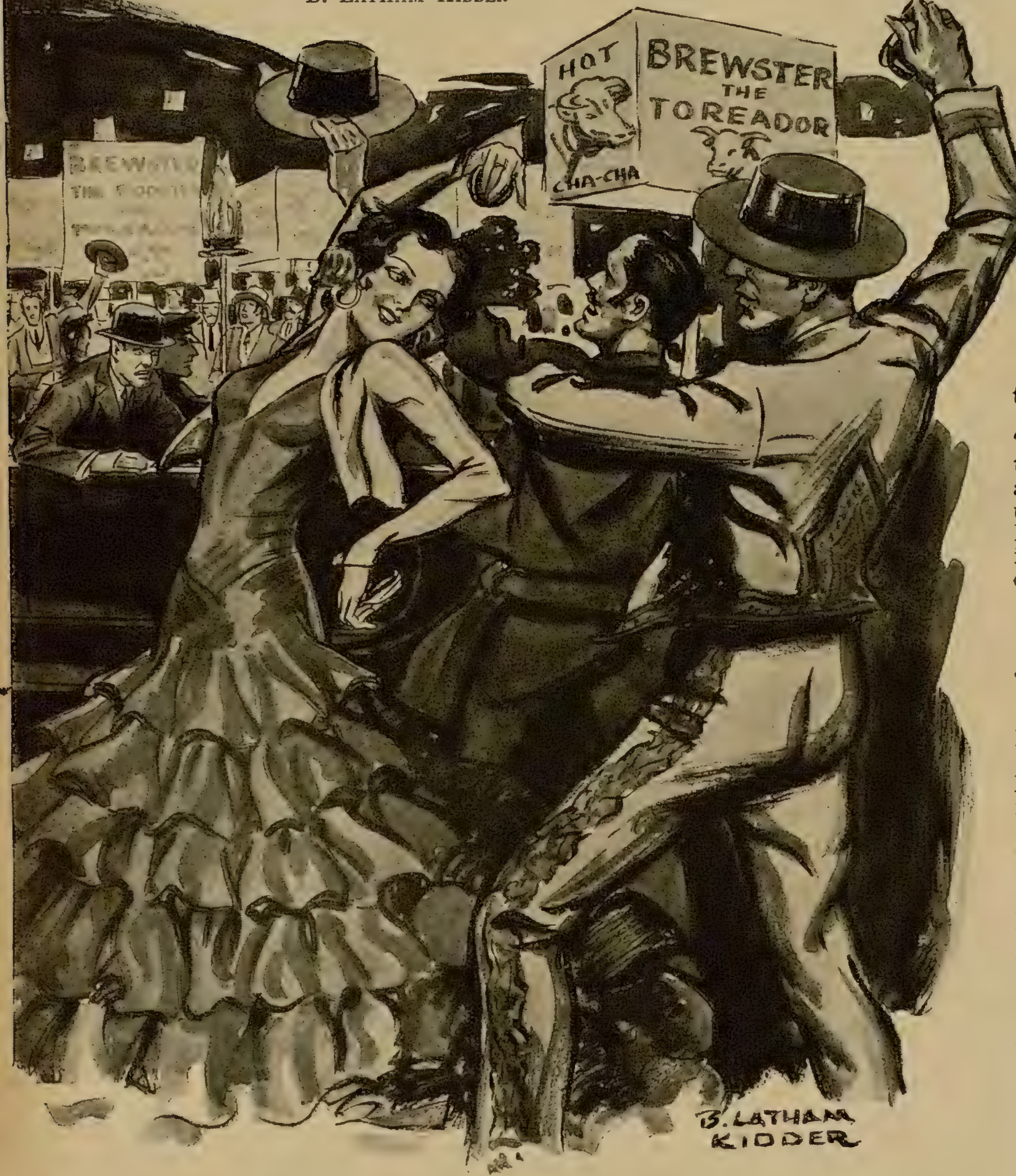
"Tell him I'm busy. Tell him I'm in conference. Tell him I'll be in conference till Christmas."

The young lady started out.

"No," said Mr. Tuttle. "Don't lie to him. That's why we got into this Miller mess. If we hadn't lied to ourselves we'd have known Jake didn't have a chance. Tell this stranger that I'm here and I'm awful sore and for him to go on away before I come out and throw him down the elevator shaft."

By KYLE S. CRICHTON

Illustrated by
B. LATHAM KIDDER



The secretary turned and started out and was suddenly passed by a figure coming in. It was Mr. Swastika Ginsberg in person. He went straight to the desk of Mr. Tuttle.

"I got an idea," said Mr. Ginsberg without preliminaries.

"A what?"

"An idea."

"Well, at that," said Mr. Tuttle, "you're one up on me. What's the idea about?"

"You want to elect Jacob Miller sheriff, don't you?"

"What is this?" asked Mr. Tuttle. "Some kind of a game? Anagrams or something? What do you think I'm here, weeping down my shirt front, for if I don't want to elect Jake Miller sheriff?"

"That fellow Worthington Brewster who's runnin' against Jacob Miller on the reform ticket," said Mr. Ginsberg, "that fellow's an awful fellow."

"He's a terrible fellow," agreed Mr. Tuttle. "He's so terrible that if the election was held today, he'd beat Jake Miller about five to one."

"I couldn't ever like a fellow named Worthington," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"Maybe not," said Mr. Tuttle, "but I don't just follow you."

"We was just goin' through, and when I saw this sign about this Worthington something, I just thought we'd better stop."

"Worthington will appreciate that," said Mr. Tuttle.

"I guess me and Joe'd better do a little work for you on that thing," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"All right," said Mr. Tuttle. "I follow you that far. You and this Joe fellow are out of work and you wouldn't be all broken up if somebody offered you a job. I get that, but what interests me is what I'm going to get out of it."

"The idea."

"What idea?"

"The idea that's goin' to elect Jacob Miller sheriff."

"What is the idea?"

"If I told you the idea," said Mr. Ginsberg, "it wouldn't be no idea any more. Everybody'd know it and then it wouldn't be no good."

MR. TUTTLE sat and looked at Mr. Ginsberg and then he swung around in his chair and looked out at the man tearing down the car and then he turned back again.

"Personally," said Mr. Tuttle, "I think you're crazy, but at that you're not any crazier than I am, backing this Jake Milier. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll furnish room and board for this Joe and you until election day. If you have any idea that will put Jake Miller across I'll know it by that time and I'll make it right with you. I'll fix you up at Ma Hannigan's boarding house and you can eat till you founder. How're you so sure you can trust me?"

"You own the bank," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"And you just got in this morning," said Mr. Tuttle. "Well, let it pass. What you'd better do is go down to my office in the bank and handle the thing out of there. You can keep your idea secret that way. You ask for Miss Beaumont down there. She'll look after you. I'll phone her you're coming."

Mr. Ginsberg got up to go.

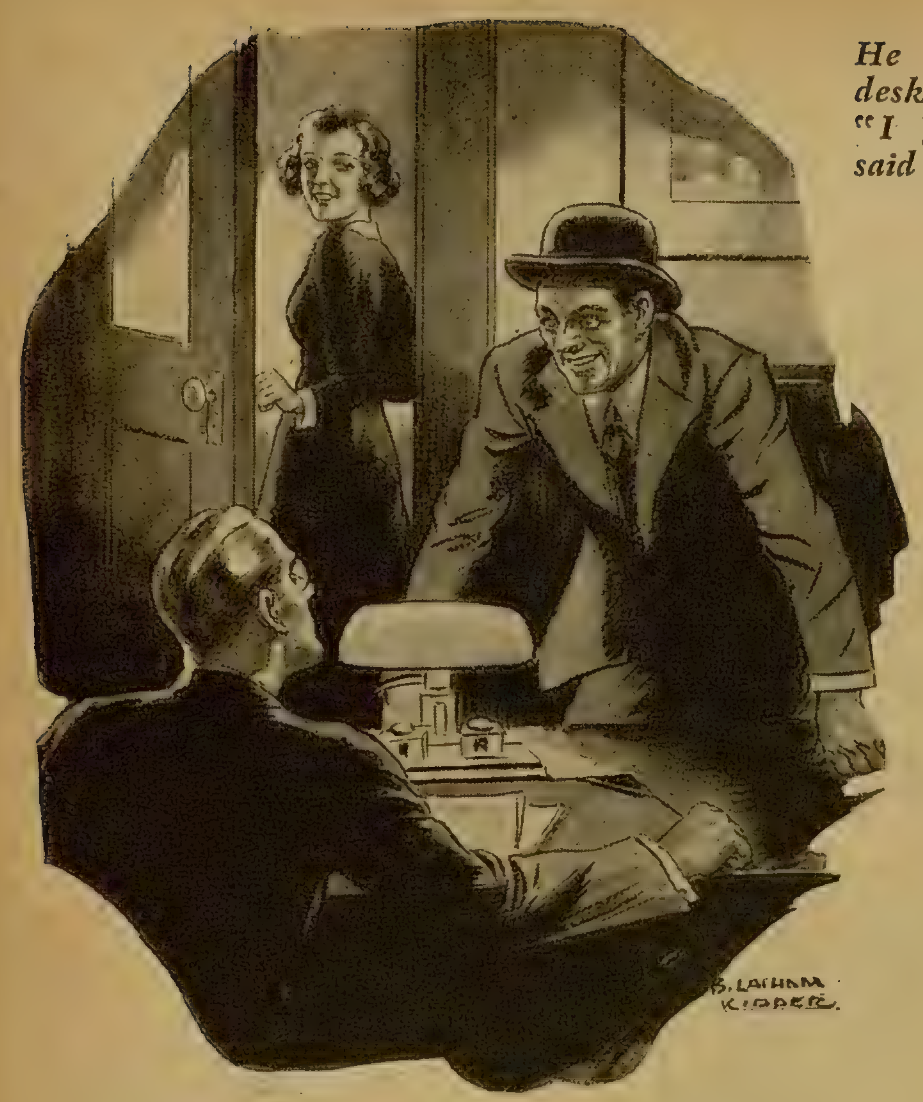
"You'll find Miss Beaumont pretty satisfactory to work with," said Mr. Tuttle.

"I never have no trouble with the ladies," said Mr. Ginsberg modestly.

"This is a little different," went on Mr. Tuttle. "This is different because a young man named Howell is manager of the Brewster campaign."

"And then what?" asked Mr. Ginsberg.

"Well, Miss Beaumont used to be pretty sweet on this Howell fellow, and then they had a bust-up and



He went to the desk of Mr. Tuttle. "I got an idea," said Mr. Ginsberg.

now she'd work all night to put one over on him."

"I don't never have no trouble with the ladies," reiterated Mr. Ginsberg.

Miss Beaumont turned out to be somebody you see in the Follies. Mr. Ginsberg looked once and looked again and used all his will power to get down to the business on hand.

"Who's running this Brewster campaign?" asked Mr. Ginsberg.

"Running it?"

"Yeh, the manager."

"A man named Howell. I don't think you'd know him."

Mr. Ginsberg thought of that for a moment.

"Would this Howell be at the Worthington Brewster headquarters I just passed on my way down?"

"I think so."

"And it's on the main floor of that building, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind doing me a favor?" asked Mr. Ginsberg. "Would you mind getting on your hat and coat and taking a walk with me? It's all for the good of the Jacob Miller campaign."

MISS BEAUMONT got her hat and coat and they went out. They strolled down toward the Worthington Brewster headquarters. When they got right by it, Mr. Ginsberg said:

"I guess you'd better take my arm."

They walked slowly by, Miss Beaumont clinging to Mr. Ginsberg.

"Would that be the famous Mr. Howell there at the desk, looking out?" asked Mr. Ginsberg.

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Miss Beaumont, not looking in.

"He's lookin' awful mad at something," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"That's fine," said Miss Beaumont, holding her head high and walking straight ahead.

A week later Mr. Ginsberg was in his room at Ma Hannigan's when Joe Lutz came in.

"You're the guy I been wantin' to see," said Joe. "Where'd they ever find this Jake Miller guy?"

"Don't ask me."

"Well, last night I was down to this place where he was a-speakin' and he got up and said, 'I ain't much on education and I ain't much on makin' speeches, folks, but all I gotta say is when I'm sheriff there ain't gonta be no better sheriff than what I am,' and then he sat down, and that was his speech. I sat there and gave them that old bump-bump of mine, the one that knocks the seats loose in the opry house, and in about a second I looked around and everybody else had stopped clappin', and that was the end of the meetin'! What's the use of wastin' steam on a feller like that?"

"Next time you better turn the whole works on 'em," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"I wisht," mused Mr. Lutz—"sometimes I wisht I was back with the old Sterling Bent—"

"Would you go on outside," said Mr. Ginsberg.

WITH the election only two weeks off, Mr. Tuttle sat in his office and looked again at the reports of his agents. They were worse than ever.

Mr. Ginsberg came in.

"You're the man I want to see, Ginsberg," said Mr. Tuttle. "I'll admit you pulled a slick one on me. The only thing we're getting out of all this food is that racket by your partner. That's all right, but it's too much money for that amount of noise. We've tried everything, and Jake Miller is licked and I'm willing to forget it. I wish you wouldn't come around any more to remind me what a fool I was to fall for you. That was the last straw."

"Last night over in Brandenville," said Mr. Ginsberg, "Worthington Brewster made a speech. He made a speech to the section hands at the roundhouse. The workers over there are Spanish."

"Worthington went to Harvard."

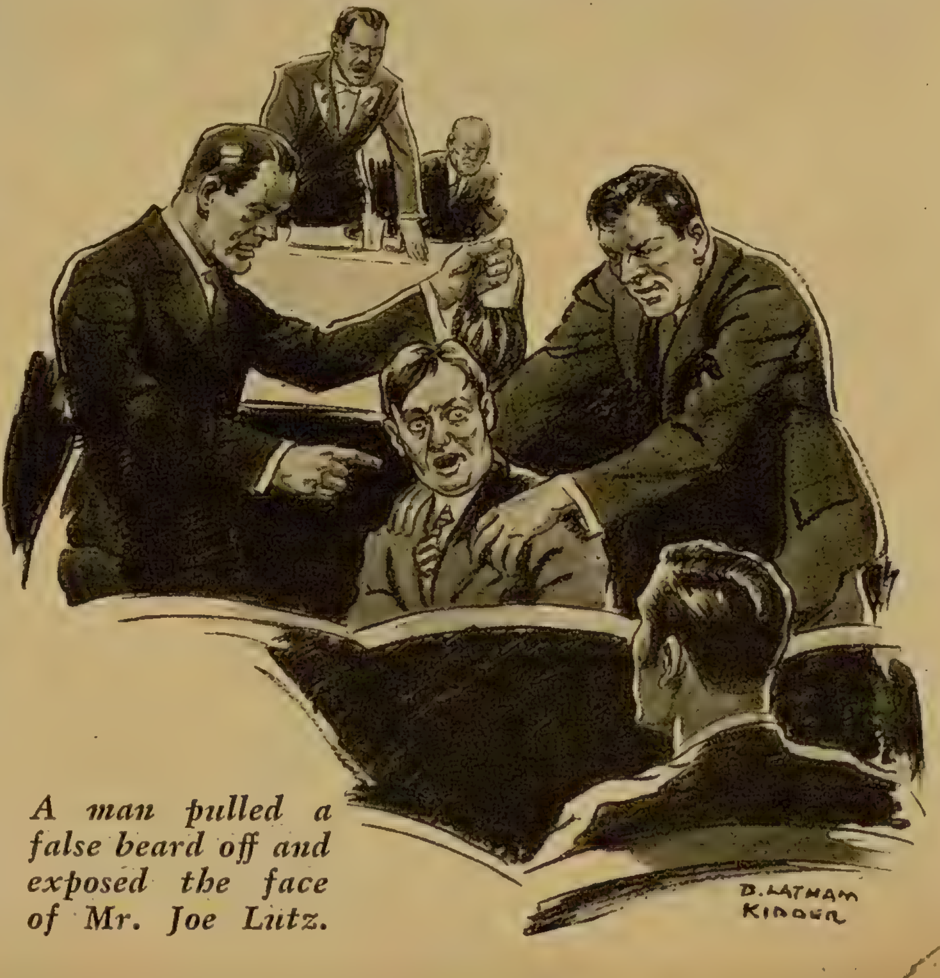
"Worthington Brewster made that speech in Spanish!" cried Mr. Ginsberg. "Is this America or ain't this America?"

Mr. Tuttle took his feet down off the desk and looked at Mr. Ginsberg contemplatively.

"Here's a letter I wrote to put in the paper," went on Ginsberg:

"EDITOR, Advocate,
"Pikeville, Pike County, Kansas.
"Sir:

"Where does this Worthington Brewster get the big idea—talking to the Spanish at Brandenville in their own language? Is this America or ain't this America? I suppose next he will be making speeches in Italian, Finnish, Swedish, and Esperanto. If he don't like America, why don't he go somewheres else? He'd make a pretty sheriff of Pike County, he would. If anybody wanted to talk to him, they'd have to learn wop or something. (Signed) HIRAM SIMPKINS."



A man pulled a false beard off and exposed the face of Mr. Joe Lutz.

The letter was printed in the Advocate Thursday morning. On Thursday night there was a big Worthington Brewster rally in the armory. When Mr. Worthington Brewster stood up to address his enthusiastic admirers, they almost tore the roof off. He had just got well into his speech and the rafters were ringing with applause when suddenly from the middle of the gathering a man arose.

"Hey, mistair! What you call, hey, spich. You mak' spich, hey, in Eye-talian? We doan onnerstand thees Ainglees. You mak' spich, hey?"

Another burly gentleman got up in front of the auditorium.

"I ban tank it gut thing you mad' spich in Svedish."

There was a roar from the crowd and strong-armed men began rushing down the aisle to get at the interrupters, who were hurled forthwith into the night. . . .

The drive after the speech from Pikeville to Washington Center was one long remembered by Mr. Howell, manager of the Worthington Brewster campaign. Mr. Brewster was not pleased.

"You'll simply have to see that such people don't attend our meetings."

"Oh, sure," said Mr. Howell. "That's easy enough. All we do is announce the meeting and then run around and lock the doors before anybody can get in."

THERE was much more in the same strain and they were still in the midst of it when they reached Washington Center and registered at the American House.

"What's this!" demanded Mr. Howell, looking intently at the clerk. In his lapel the clerk was wearing a campaign button. It had on it the picture of a bull. The caption was:

For Sheriff
BREWSTER
The Toreador

"These came down from your headquarters today," beamed the clerk. "We have distributed them to our employees. We want Mr. Brewster to know how strongly we all are behind him."

At Washington Center the next night Mr. Brewster was in fine voice, there were no interruptions, and he sat down at the close amid tumultuous applause.

The chairman was banging his gavel and holding up his hand for silence.

"I am informed," he shouted, "that we are about to hear the first rendition of the new Brewster Victory Ballad. Written especially for this campaign, it will now be sung by our male quartet!"

The quartet then sang the following:

"O Sole Mio and Hot Cha-cha,
My Country, 'tis of Thee, mama,
Also La Paloma and a tinkling guitah,
Three cheers for Brewster! Rah! Rah!
Rah!

"Who of his country was papa,
Saved the Armenians and helped the
Czah,
Built the barn and cranked the cah?
Three cheers for Brewster! Rah!
Rah! Rah!

"The hogs talk Latin, the cows talk
Greek,
Culchah is strong and Nature is weak,
God save the King and also the meek,
Three cheers for Brewster! Tweet!
Tweet! Tweet!"

Mr. Brewster made a spectacle of himself by charging about the platform in a rage, attempting assault on the first tenor of the Hortontown Male Quartet. Fights had broken out all over the hall, and whole rows of the theater seats had been torn up. Above the turmoil were the shouts:

"Tie the bull outside!"
"Oh, how he could Spanish!"
"Brewster the toreador!"
"O Sole Mio and Hot Cha-cha!"
"Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!"

MR. GINSBERG was sitting in the office of Mr. Tuttle with his feet on the desk, smoking a cigar. He was thinking. Mr. Tuttle came in while he was still thinking.

"I have to hand it to you," said the chairman. "If the election was held today, Worthington Brewster would only beat our Jake by three to one. Did you hear what Brewster did last night in Madison? Slapped a woman

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Never Fails to Use Lipstick...
Neglects Her Teeth and Gums
...... and she has

"Pink tooth brush"!

IT HAS never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth—or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are *your* teeth dull—or bright? Are your gums firm—or flabby?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. It is a threat to the good looks of your teeth.

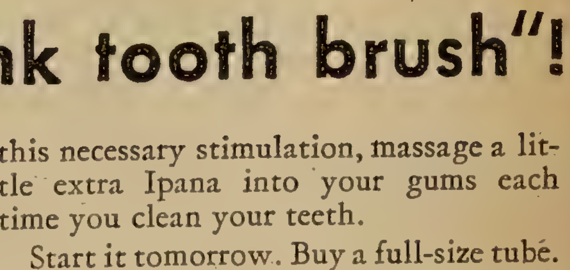
Try the Ipana method of keeping your teeth sparkling, and your gums healthy.

Soft modern foods rob your gums of the stimulation they need. To give them this necessary stimulation, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer..."Pink tooth brush" will depart.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-331, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.

IPANA



MRS. JONES: My husband's throat is dreadfully sore. What can I give him?

DRUGGIST: Musterole! Rub it on his throat at once. It's a "counter-irritant."

MRS. JONES: "Counter-irritant," what's that mean?

DRUGGIST: Ma'am, a "counter-irritant" is something that draws soreness to the surface, stirs up circulation.

SORE THROAT?

Here's relief . . . quick, sure, safe!

● Sore throats, chest colds or muscular rheumatic pains—all these ailments quickly yield to Musterole. It's just like a mustard plaster, only lots better, because it won't blister, and isn't messy to use. This pure, white ointment gets results—bringing ease in 5 minutes, relief in 5 hours—because it's NOT just a salve. *It's a counter-irritant*—a famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other valuable ingredients. Easy to rub on—penetrates, draws out pain and infection. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. All druggists'.

Now, Extra Strong MUSTEROLE—IN TUBE PACKAGES ONLY. Made especially for more severe or stubborn chest colds and acute muscular rheumatic aches and pains.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG U S PAT OFF

in the hotel lobby because she was humming La Golondrina."

"I'm afraid he ain't no gentleman."

"That Joe Lutz of yours called up this morning from Madison and said the dame was there and somebody had promised her five bucks for singin' and twenty-five if she got a smack on the nose—"

"In Kansas?"

"—and fifty bucks if she was a lady and didn't sock him back."

"We have to uphold Kansas womanhood," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"The reports I have," said Mr. Tuttle, "are that she acted with restraint; just cried a little in a refined way. What's this I hear about you wanting the car tonight?"

"I thought mebbe that I'd take Miss Beaumont over to Wichita to a show." . . .

Mr. Howell came to see Mr. Tuttle.

"Arthur," he said, "I can't say I admire your tactics—at least the tactics of this fellow you have here."

"A great fellow, Ginsberg," said Mr. Tuttle. "A great American."

"I always thought you were above things like that, Arthur," said Mr. Howell in a pained voice. "I know you're a real sportsman and I have a proposition for you. I am going to have Brewster challenge Jake to a debate. Then we can settle this election on its merits. As it is now—"

Just then Mr. Ginsberg came in.

"Mr. Howell, Mr. Ginsberg," said Mr. Tuttle.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Howell coldly.

"H'ye?" waved Mr. Ginsberg.

"Mr. Howell has just made an interesting proposition, Ginsberg. He wants to arrange a debate between Brewster and our Jake."

"Sure," said Mr. Ginsberg. "That's all right. Name your date. I'll have Miss Beaumont make the arrangements."

Mr. Howell drew himself up stiffly.

"I would thank you to keep Miss Beaumont's name out of this!"

"Would next Tuesday be all right?" asked Mr. Ginsberg. . . .

THE debate was held in the opera house at Dietztown. When Candidate Brewster walked down the aisle to the stage, the crowd went wild.

As soon as he was seated, Candidate Jake Miller began his march down the same aisle. As he came up the steps leading to the stage, he tripped on something and fell back down the stairs. Amid the turmoil Mr. Miller raised himself feebly on his one good leg and shouted: "I live and die an American!" and then collapsed.

Mr. Lutz, sitting in the box by the side of the steps leading up to the stage, leaped over the railing and grasped the string which had been the means of obstructing Candidate Miller's progress and held it aloft.

"What dastardly creature committed this deed to our brave candidate?" he cried, and put the string in his pocket and got out of the place.

That was the end of the debate between Mr. Worthington Brewster and Mr. Jacob Miller, candidates for sheriff of Pike County. . . .

After that the Brewster campaign party stayed in the southern part of Pike County until a week before election, but they couldn't evade the Iberian influence. The Brewster campaign buttons featuring the picture of the bull were everywhere. The Brewster Victory Ballad was sung in every crossroads grocery store. Men with the most innocent visages arose in the midst of a Brewster meeting and implored Mr. Worthington Brewster in piteous tones to say a few words to them in the Yugoslavian tongue.

There was still one chance for Brewster—the grand rally at the Pikeville opera house the night before election. The motorcade bearing the candidate was scheduled to drive into Pikeville at seven o'clock, to be met with a parade of Brewster enthusiasts.

AS the cars headed into town it was evident that not only the Brewster followers but all Pikeville was in attendance. Mr. Brewster beamed. He beamed until he saw the first row of howling welcomers. Then his heart sank into his shoes. Under the flaring torches the greeters met him. They were garbed in boleros and flowing sashes. They looked like gigolos prepared for the tango.

"Brewster, the rooster, the toreador!" they howled.

In their hands they held castanets, which they proceeded to operate in a rattle which resembled the rat-a-tat of machine-gun fire.

"Oh, how he could Spanish!"

"O Sole Mio and Hot Cha-cha!"

Up and down both sides of the street the hilarious welcomers did the fandango, clanking their heels and snapping the castanets. A bullfight was going on in the square. Mike Petty was the front legs and Googs Lynn the hind legs of the bull.

The opera house was jammed to the eaves, and the bolder patrons were clinging to the fire escapes and hurling harsh words at the police who had closed the doors. Mr. Brewster started bravely despite the din and got in five minutes of oratory before there came from the front seats this stirring phrase:

"Lithuania for the Litvaks!"

The bouncers descended upon a foreign-looking gentleman who protested violently:

"I didn't say nothin'. You got the wrong man."

They threw him into the alley.

Another stentorian voice bellowed:

"Long live New South Wales!"

The bouncers pounced upon another victim, who also protested strenuously.

"It wasn't me! I never opened my mouth!"

They hurled him into darkness.

Another wild voice arose:

"Hooray for Czechoslovakia!"

The strong-arm squad came down

upon another victim, who howled in dismay.

"I didn't do it! You're all wrong!"

He landed on the sidewalk with a bang.

It was then that there was one more large roar, followed by a great shout when a man pulled a false beard off a gentleman well down in front and exposed to the palpitant world the face of Mr. Joe Lutz.

"This is the fellow's been doing it. He's a ventriloquist or something!"

Mr. Lutz was buried under an avalanche.

From the body of the auditorium castanets began to rattle and the mob broke into song:

"O Sole Mio and Hot Cha-cha,
My Country, 'tis of Thee, mama, ..."

It was then that Mr. Worthington Brewster literally upset dozens of his admirers who sought to restrain him. He forced his way bodily off the platform and out of the opera house.

He went home and went to bed and a doctor was called. He was still not in sufficient health to go to the polls next day.

THE first returns on election night showed how things were going.

"It's all over but the shouting," said Mr. Tuttle. "Listen to these returns from Worthington Brewster's own precinct: Miller, 323; Brewster, 128; Mussolini, 7; King Alfonso, 2."

Mr. Ginsberg only nodded.

"Buck up," said Mr. Tuttle. "Nothing's happened to that Lutz fellow. He'll show up all right. He's probably out celebrating with some friends."

"I don't know," said Mr. Ginsberg sadly. "I looked everywhere for him. He wasn't home last night. I asked at the telegraph office, and he hadn't been there. He hadn't been at the railroad station or bus station, and the car is where we left it."

"He'll show up all right. You'll see."

Mr. Tuttle went back to the pleasureful task of reading the new returns of the Jake Miller landslide. After a minute or two of puffing his cigar, Mr. Ginsberg got up and started out.

"I think I oughta see a fellow," he said.

He went down to the Brewster headquarters and asked to see Mr. Howell, who came right out at the name.

"What's the idea?" asked Mr. Howell. "Trying to rub it in?"

"You never had a chance," said Mr. Ginsberg.

"I knew it a week ago Wednesday," answered Mr. Howell. "I just went along for the ride after that."

They were strolling down the street and Mr. Howell suddenly discovered that they were turning into a yard and going up the steps of a house.

"Why, what do you—"

The door opened and Miss Beaumont came out on the porch.

"Why, George—" she began, confused.

"OH BOY! I COULD EAT NAILS NOW— NOTHING DISAGREES WITH ME!"

"Here's How I Eat Everything I Like *Without Acid Indigestion!*"

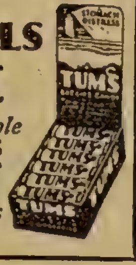
HERE'S my secret and I want the world to know it! Once indigestion used to ruin every meal for me. The very foods I really liked best always brought on a burning sourness and a nauseating, gassy fullness. Hasty lunches invariably upset my stomach. Why, it got so I couldn't accept dinner invitations because I had to pick and choose everything I ate.

But things are different now—since I've learned how to avoid distressing after-effects. Today I eat everything that's good to eat—nothing disagrees with me. Even hurried lunches don't bother me now. And you don't catch me turning down any more dinners, either! Here's my secret: I simply munch three or four TUMS after meals, that's all. These delightful candy-like antacid mints do the rest. And I enjoy smoking a lot more, too, thanks to TUMS.

Almost everybody (about 7 out of 10 Americans) frequently suffers from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas. Hasty meals, wrong food combinations, nervous strain, excessive smoking, etc., are common causes. For quick, pleasant relief simply eat three or four TUMS after meals—often one is enough. You'll like TUMS —they are so agreeable, safe and handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying TUMS in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.



FREE Package of Nature Flower Garden Seeds—also samples of NR and TUMS—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 12-J, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS
FOR THE TUMMY
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS 10¢
STOMACH DISTRESS
EAT LIKE CANDY
ONLY 10¢

P.S. Sweeten the Stomach and You Sweeten the Breath

hurricane!

You just feel like tearing into your work a mile a minute when your digestion is good. The trouble is many people have a little indigestion, yet don't know what is bothering them.

It's nice to know that Beeman's Gum is often a real help in indigestion. Dr. Beeman knew what he was doing when he originated Beeman's Pepsin Gum. You'll like the Beeman's flavor. Chew it frequently.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTIC
ESPECIALLY MADE
TO AID DIGESTION

"Mr. Howell wanted to come up and tell you he ain't no campaign manager no more," said Mr. Ginsberg. "He never was a campaign manager. He couldn't win an election even if he had me doing all the voting."

"Louise, don't think I—"

"You were right when you gave him the gate," said Mr. Ginsberg. "Anybody who'd give up a good law practice to fool with politics deserves to lose his best gal. Pretty soon he wouldn't have any law practice at all."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Howell sadly. "Rub it in. I'm not much good at anything."

"You're wonderful!" cried Miss Beaumont.

Mr. Ginsberg was handing something to Mr. Howell, who looked at it a moment and then broke out excitedly:

"No! No, I wouldn't think of it! You arranged to take Loui—Miss Beaumont. It wouldn't be fair. No, sir. I won't do it. Louise, it's the tickets to the midnight show in Wichita. You have to go."

"Of course I'll go! Why, Mr. Ginsberg, you promised me!"

"I'm all tied up. Some things I got to do downtown," said Mr. Ginsberg, and went off down the walk.

THE night was clear and starry and from downtown came the toot of horns and the muffled cries of election night. As Mr. Ginsberg came nearer to Main Street, the noise became louder. Suddenly above it all was heard the roar of a lion, the scream of a tiger, the cackling of a hen, the neigh of a horse, the barking of a dog.

Mr. Ginsberg took one look about him and started to run in the direction of the sound. He found it came from the top story of Pikeville's largest structure, four floors above the street.

He ran around to the back of the building and let loose the yell which has long been the battle cry of those living under tent against the barbarians of the home:

"Hey, Rube!"

From aloft came the answering cry, and leaning out of the darkness of a fourth-story window was the form of Mr. Joe Lutz.

"They been holdin' me up here!" yelled Mr. Lutz.

Five minutes later Mr. Lutz was on the street again, free and safe.

"They took me right up there after that opry-house meetin'," explained Mr. Lutz. "It was all right. They fed me. But they mighta forgot all about me. That's why I let out them yells."

They kept going down the street.

"I was just goin' down to the telegraph office when I heard you," said Mr. Ginsberg. "I wired Sterling Bent, thinkin' maybe he knew where you was. There might be an answer by now."

There was an answer and Mr. Ginsberg tore it open and read it:

MR. SWASTIKA GINSBERG
PIKEVILLE KANSAS
HAVE HAD NO WORD FROM LUTZ BUT WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE HIM BACK WITH SHOW STOP DONT WANT YOU UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES
STERLING BENT

"Well?" asked Mr. Ginsberg.

"We-ell," said Mr. Lutz doubtfully.

Mr. Ginsberg was bringing something from his pocket. Mr. Lutz examined it and then made motions of swooning.

"One thousand smackers and signed by Tuttle! One grand!"

"Signed by Tuttle," agreed Mr. Ginsberg.

"You know what I think?" asked Joe.

"No."

"I think Sterling Bent's a lousy actor."

"Yeh?"

"And you know what else?" asked Mr. Lutz.

"No."

"I think we ought to see what's on the other side of Kansas."

"Where did you park the Ford when you had it last?" asked Mr. Ginsberg.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Nobody Home

THE doorbell had been ringing all morning and Mrs. Smith—upstairs making beds—decided not to answer the next ring. When it came she held her finger warningly to her lips and said: "Sh-h! All be quiet."

All was serene for a minute or two until Mickey, aged two, shouted helpfully: "Nobody home! Nobody home!" —A. D. Luginbill, 462 Michigan Avenue, Monroe, Mich.

All Puffed Up

A NEIGHBOR'S little girl came over to see my new kitten. As I was leaving on an errand, I said: "The kitten's over there in that basket. Pick it up if you want to."

When I returned I asked: "Did you see the kitty?"

"Yes," came the answer, "but when I went to pick it up the old cat puffed at me, so I didn't touch it."—Aylo Thorpe, Hopkinton, Iowa.

YOU CAN WIN $50 BY WRITING AN EIGHT-WORD RHYME

IN THE

$250 CASH PRIZE DINKY CONTEST

SIXTY-FOUR WORTH-WHILE CASH AWARDS THIS WEEK

CHALLENGE YOUR SKILL!

THIS prize offer is at once a challenge to your skill at rhyming and to your ability to get busy. Of course you can write a Dinky. But can you write one that will win a prize? And if you are confident you can write a winner, WILL you write it? That puts the situation right up to you.

If you have read previous announcements of this contest you already know what a Dinky is. If you have not, here is the story: A Dinky is a four-line verse, two words to the line, and the second and last lines rhyme. Naturally it must recount a story or an episode. It may be humorous, cynical, or what have you, so long as it complies with the foregoing requirements. This example illustrates the idea in general:

Broken table.
Wily Greek.
Gimlet—wormholes—
" Rare antique."

Could you make room for the $50 First Prize money in some corner of your budget? Could you find space for $25, $15, or $10? Could you manage to spend an extra $5? An extra-budget $2? Then by all means get into this interesting game and file your personal claim to a share of the money. Someone must win every prize listed. Why shouldn't you get in on the distribution? Write a Dinky right now. Get the other members of the family to try their skill. Before sending in your entry read the brief rules below and make sure that you have the address correctly. We're expecting your entry.

DINKY CONTEST RULES

Each Dinky must consist of four lines of two words each. The second and fourth lines must rhyme.

Each Dinky must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The Dinky which most entertainingly condenses the most complete story within its eight words and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as described above, will be adjudged the best.

For the best entry submitted each week, until further notice, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for the third best, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5; and for the next fifty, $2 each will be paid.

Address all entries to DINKY CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This week's contest closes Monday, March 6. Mail your entry in good season.

HERE IS THE CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

JAN. 21 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

LEWIS R. SMITH,
Los Angeles, Calif.

TEN $10 PRIZES

Mrs. James Bridgewater, Bredenbury, Sask.; Mrs. R. P. Hunt, Newark, Calif.; Everett Jones, Mena, Ark.; Martin Klee, Binghamton, N. Y.; H. H. Kuphal, Missoula, Mont.; Edith D. Marsden, Ancram, N. Y.; Lloyd P. Phillips, New York, N. Y.; Laura W. Porter, Palo Alto, Calif.; Philip Serda, Oakland, Calif.; R. W. Tolman, New Bedford, Mass.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Gerald Alter, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Kendall Banning, Washington, D. C.; Ira T. Bronson, Sedalia, Mo.; Mary D. Boss, Fairton, N. J.; Bernard J. Cassidy, Honolulu, T. H.; Mrs. L. D. Crain, Jr., Burlingame, Calif.; Ira M. Carroll, Houston, Tex.; Dr. J. R. Cooper, Ashland, Ky.; Lisette De Valmont, New York, N. Y.; L. De S. Dibert, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marsden Edmunds, Shamokin, Pa.; Julius Festner, Chandler, Ariz.; Anna Lee Fortner, Berea, Ky.; Charles V. Gustafson, Garwood, N. J.

Robert Hanesworth, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Mrs. A. G. Heinel, New Castle, Del.; D. L. Harrington, Denver, Colo.; Mary C. Henderson, Atlanta, Ga.; H. R. Johnson, Baltimore, Ohio; Richard D. Gilbert, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. M. I. Kitley, Paris, Ill.; Robert Kiehl, Leonia, N. J.; S. Kooyman, Clarksdale, Miss.; Agnes Linse, Erie, Pa.; George A. Larkin, Yellowstone Park, Wyo.; Dr. W. H. Lawrence, Bryan, Tex.; H. G. Millican, Bronx, N. Y.; G. McCormick, Seattle, Wash.

Wilson Nemhaf, Bellwood, Pa.; Howard R. Porter, Palo Alto, Calif.; H. S. Pearson, Waldwick, N. J.; Arthur F. Phillipsen, Delpiedra, Calif.; Mrs. L. D. Passano, Princeton, N. J.; L. M. Repking, St. Louis, Mo.; David Schwartz, Portland, Ore.; Robert D. Shields, Columbus, Ohio; W. J. Smith, Montreal, Que.; G. D. Sweet, Minneapolis, Minn.; Dr. H. M. Takahashi, San Francisco, Calif.; W. Tythe, Regina, Sask.

WHEN YOU SEND *in* THIS WEEK'S ENTRY MAKE *a* NOTE *to* WATCH *for* NEXT WEEK'S CONTEST

Ripping, Roman, *and* RUM

A Fine Broadway Picture; Another DeMille Epic; Mae West Entertainment; and Science vs. Superstition

By ROB WAGNER

(Reading time: 9 min. 5 sec.)

THE great triumph of the silent picture was its conquest of time and space. The world was its stage.

The moment that talkies arrived, pictures went over body and breeches to the stage. With sound and dialogue they could do plays and musical comedies! It sounded swell, but why throw away the world and be confined to the narrow boundaries of a theater? It took a lot of flops to learn this lesson. 42nd Street is a fine certificate of graduation.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ 42ND STREET

CAST

Julian Marsh, Warner Baxter; Dorothy Brock, Bebe Daniels; Pat Denning, George Brent; Lorraine Fleming, Una Merkel; Peggy, Ruby Keeler; Abner Dillon, Guy Kibbee; Barry, Ned Sparks; Billy Lawler, Dick Powell; Waring, Lyle Talbot; Ann, Ginger Rogers; Mac Elroy, Allen Jenkins; The Actor, Henry B. Walthall; Terry, Edward J. Nugent; Jerry, Harry Akst; Leading Man, Clarence Nordstrom; Jones, Robert McWade; Andy Lee, George E. Stone; As Themselves, Al Dubin and Harry Warren.

Directed by Lloyd Bacon.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

This is the story of the making of a musical comedy, the action taking place not only in the theater but all over town.

Guy Kibbee is an angel mashed on Bebe Daniels. He puts up the money to star her in a musical comedy. Warner Baxter, nervous, hard-driving artist, is the director. Ruby Keeler is an ambitious newcomer to the stage. Una Merkel and Ginger Rogers, veteran show girls. Una is slangy and amusing. Ginger has a heart full of hard-boiled love and a tummy full of gin. Bebe and George Brent are an old vaude team in love with each other, but they mustn't let Guy Kibbee know.

It's the same old plot—Bebe breaks her ankle the night of the opening, and Ruby Keeler doubles for her and riots the town.

It's a picture hard to describe because it is a fast-moving kaleidoscope of singing, dancing, big production numbers, fun, pathos, and heart interest. Beautiful, tuneful, and hilariously funny.

Warner Baxter does the finest job of a long and honorable screen career. Guy Kibbee is excellent as usual. Bebe Daniels is glamorous and spirited. Una and Ginger furnish superb comedy.

It's Ruby Keeler's first picture, and she scores triumphantly. Beauty, a fine repression, and such dancing!

★ ★ ★ THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

CAST

Marcus Superbus, Fredric March; Mercia, Elissa Landi; Poppæa, Claudette Colbert; Nero, Charles Laughton; Tigellinus, Ian Keith; Dacia, Vivian Tobin; Favius, Harry Beresford; Glabrio, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Titus, Arthur Hohl; Ancaria, Joyzelle Joyner; Stephanus, Tommy Conlon; Strabo, Nat Pendleton; Servilius, Clarence Burton; Licinius, William V. Mong; Tyros, Harold Healy; Viturius, Richard Alexander; Philodemus, Robert Manning; The Mute Giant, Joe Bonomo.

Directed by Cecil B. De Mille.
Produced by Paramount.

If you are still interested in the early Christian martyrs, you'll get quite a kick out of this Cecil B. De Mille comeback picture. For it is Big Production stuff—lotsa people, lotsa huge sets, and lotsa money spent.

In this picture, Rome is *rebuilt* between the first and second sequences, and not so much as a charred ruin to show how it burned plumb to the ground.

The triangle — Fredric Marchus Superbus (and darned superbus at that!), Elissa Landi, beautiful Christian gal, and Empress Claudette Colbertus. Claudette is glamorous and wicked, Elissa is pure and virginal. Fredric as Police Maximus saves Elissa from the mob and falls in love

Cary Grant and the resplendent Mae West in the exciting picture She Done Him Wrong.

Claudette Colbert being a little luring and vampish for Fredric March in one of the scenes from The Sign of the Cross.

Bebe Daniels, George Brent, and Ruby Keeler do much to inject pleasure into the fast-moving and kaleidoscopic film 42nd Street.

Voodoo, tom-toms, and wild animals form the background for Nagana. The photograph shows Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell.

with her. Claudette is peeved, and gets Charles Laughtonius Nero, her fat sissy husband, to order Elissa killed. Because the hymn-singing Christians annoy the Romans, they are seized and billed for a number on the jolly sports program in the Colosseum. Gladiators fight to the death; boxers fight with spiked gloves; amazon ladies combat pygmies; and finally lions eat up the psalm-singing Christians. In the end Fredricus goes Christian and sets forth with Elissa to be et up by the lions!

Nor does C. B. pass up his onyx bathtubs. Claudettus bathes in goat's milk, and if you think the milk is merely whitened water, cats prove its authenticity by lapping it up deliciously.

Charles Laughton does the best work, and Elissa Landi would tempt any man into an arena full of lions.

★ ★ ★ She Done Him Wrong

CAST

Lady Lou, Mae West; Captain Cummings, Cary Grant; Gus Jordan, Noah Beery, Sr.; Dan Flynn, David Landau; Chick Clark, Owen Moore; Russian Rosie, Rafaela Ottiano; Serge Stanieff, Gilbert Roland; Spider Kane, Dewey Robinson; Sally, Rochelle Hudson; Chuck Connors, Tammany Young; Rag Time Kelly; Fuzzy Knight; Doheney, Robert E. Homans; Frances, Grace La Rue; Pearl, Louise Beavers; Pete, James C. Eagle; Big Bill, Tom Kennedy; Steak McGarry, Harry Wallace; Mike, Tom McGuire; Pal, Wade Boteler.

Directed by Lowell Sherman.
Produced by Paramount.

Back again to the Gay '90s—horse cars, big hats, and five-cent beer! Lady Lou (Mae West) is the toast of the East Side, strutting her amusing stuff in a rough music hall on the Bowery. Lady Lou is really no lady. She is living with Noah Beery, proprietor of the dump. Owen Moore, a former sweetie, is in jail; she is on the make for Gilbert Roland, a handsome crook; she is desired by David Laudau, Noah's enemy; and is finally won by Cary Grant, secret service fellow masquerading as a Salvation Army captain. Behind the drinking and bawdy entertainment of the joint lurk counterfeiting, white-slaving, and burglary.

Mae West wrote the story, and it fits her hilarious talents like the tights on a sausage. Though her rôle is outrageously unmoral, so delightful is her personality and so exquisite her happy humor that she disarms all but the hardest-boiled censors. Lowell Sherman shows his finesse in *not* burlesquing the amusing hokum of the day.

★ ★ Nagana

CAST

Countess Sandra Lubeska, Tala Birell; Dr. Walter Radnor, Melvyn Douglas; Dr. Kabayochi, Miki Morita; Dr. Roy Stark, Onslow Stevens; Nogu, Everett Brown; The King, Dr. Billie McClain; Mukovo, William H. Dunn; Ivory Trader, Frank Lackteen; Head Boatman.

Directed by Ernst L. Frank.
Produced by Universal.

Melvyn Douglas and Miki Morita go to Africa to study sleeping sickness. Negro tribes in horrific make-up dance voodoo stuff; witch doctors; tom-toms. Science vs. superstition. Science also gummed up by the arrival of Tala Birell (Garbo No. 32) who wants to be loved by Melvyn. The Japanese researcher experiments on himself and dies a martyr to science. Everett Brown, head of the tribe, orders Melvyn killed. Mel inoculates the prince and himself with the disease and then tries his serum. It works! All are saved, including the synthetic Garbo.

Big punch: Mel has collected a mess of jungle animals to experiment on; they get loose, and lions eat leopards, tigers eat panthers, and they all eat actors. Looks cruel as heck, but perhaps I'm just sentimental.

Melvyn Douglas is good; Miss Birell is beautiful (as Garbos go) but uninspired. Everett Brown is chosen for his size rather than his acting. Best of all is Miki Morita.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★— Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement.

★★★—Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year.

The BOODLE *Partners in*

How the Gangster, Corrupt Policeman, Crooked Politician, and Unscrupulous Business Man Complete the Vicious Circle That Is Looting America of Billions

(Reading time: 24 minutes 45 seconds.)

N this series, Mr. Bent arraigns organized corruption and crime as they afflict the United States today, with special attention to the boodle rings that are misgoverning and plundering so many of our cities. Beginning his arraignment in Liberty last week, he cited some spectacular indications of the extent to which a partnership including the underworld, corrupt police and federal agents, crooked officeholders, pork-dispensing legislators, conniving judges, and unscrupulous business men had fastened upon an easy-going public. Among these indications were Al Capone's career in Chicago; the Lindbergh tragedy; the prohibition fiasco and the number and variety of those who have been profiting by it; and the sinister participation of big business in corruption, from Grant's Presidency down to this hour.

PART TWO—THE SPOILS

TWO young ruffians with drawn automatics invaded a New York restaurant just off Fifth Avenue, while a third stood guard outside.

This restaurant was (and is) also a speakeasy. It occupied the ground floor of a remodeled brownstone-front house, and the long entrance hall served also as the manager's office. The raid took place last April in the late afternoon, when business was slack. One of the intruders stood near the front door. The other advanced upon the manager, who sat at his desk near the cash register. The hat girl was in her booth. The door of the bar, opening from the rear of the hall, was closed, as was the door of the restaurant to one side. Except for the gunmen, the manager and the hat girl were the only persons in the hall.

"Stick 'em up!" the gunman commanded, with an obscene oath, as he thrust his automatic against the manager's ribs.

"Stick 'em up yourself!" the manager retorted, and matched the oath.

White with terror but silent, the hat girl looked on. The weapon of the gangster at the door was leveled at her.

"Open this cash register or I'll let daylight through you!" said the gunman threatening the manager.

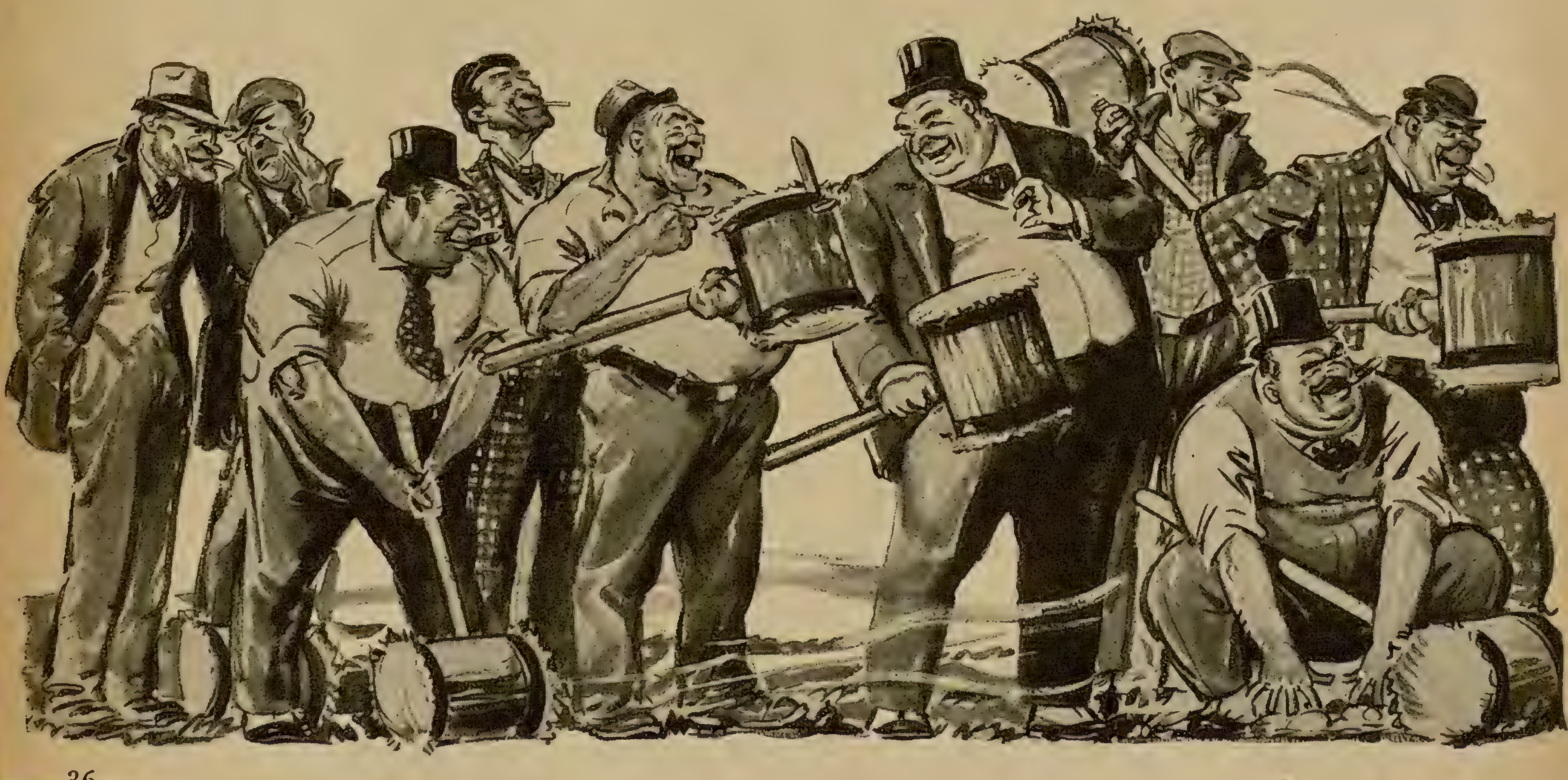
"Open it yourself!" said the manager. "You don't dare shoot me."

The gangster turned toward the register, and the manager pulled open a drawer of his desk in which he kept not a weapon but a policeman's whistle. He did not blow the whistle, but dropped it into a side pocket. Reassured and fortified, he sprang at the gunman.

Brave gangsters, these! At the onset of the unarmed manager both of them fled incontinently, and took their lookout with them. The manager pursued, blowing his shrill whistle. A patrolman caught the two, and subsequently the lookout was arrested.

All the names in this case are of court record; for one of the gangsters was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary, the second to ten years, the lookout to seven years.

The three gunmen were members of a recognized and



RINGS of '33 CRIME

By SILAS BENT

usually protected gang. How did it happen, then, that they were sent to the penitentiary?

Because they "turned yellow" on the job. They knew that if a shot were fired men would run into the hall from the bar and from the restaurant. They depended on the manager to be a greater coward than either of them. When he exhibited courage, they fled.

As for the manager, he knew their type. He himself was in the business of violating the law and buying police protection, as well as immunity from revenue agents. It was a case of Greek meet Greek—although no man of that nationality was involved.

The manager could talk cold turkey to prosecuting officials; the gunmen, because they had shown the white feather, could get no help from the gang chief or from the politicians who usually helped the gang out of its difficulties.

THESE three gangsters were cogs in a spoils system. Their gang was useful to politicians, and profited from the protection usually accorded to members of the gang; but in this case the cogs in the machine failed to work, and the gunmen were allowed to go to "stir" because they did not have the guts required for their job.

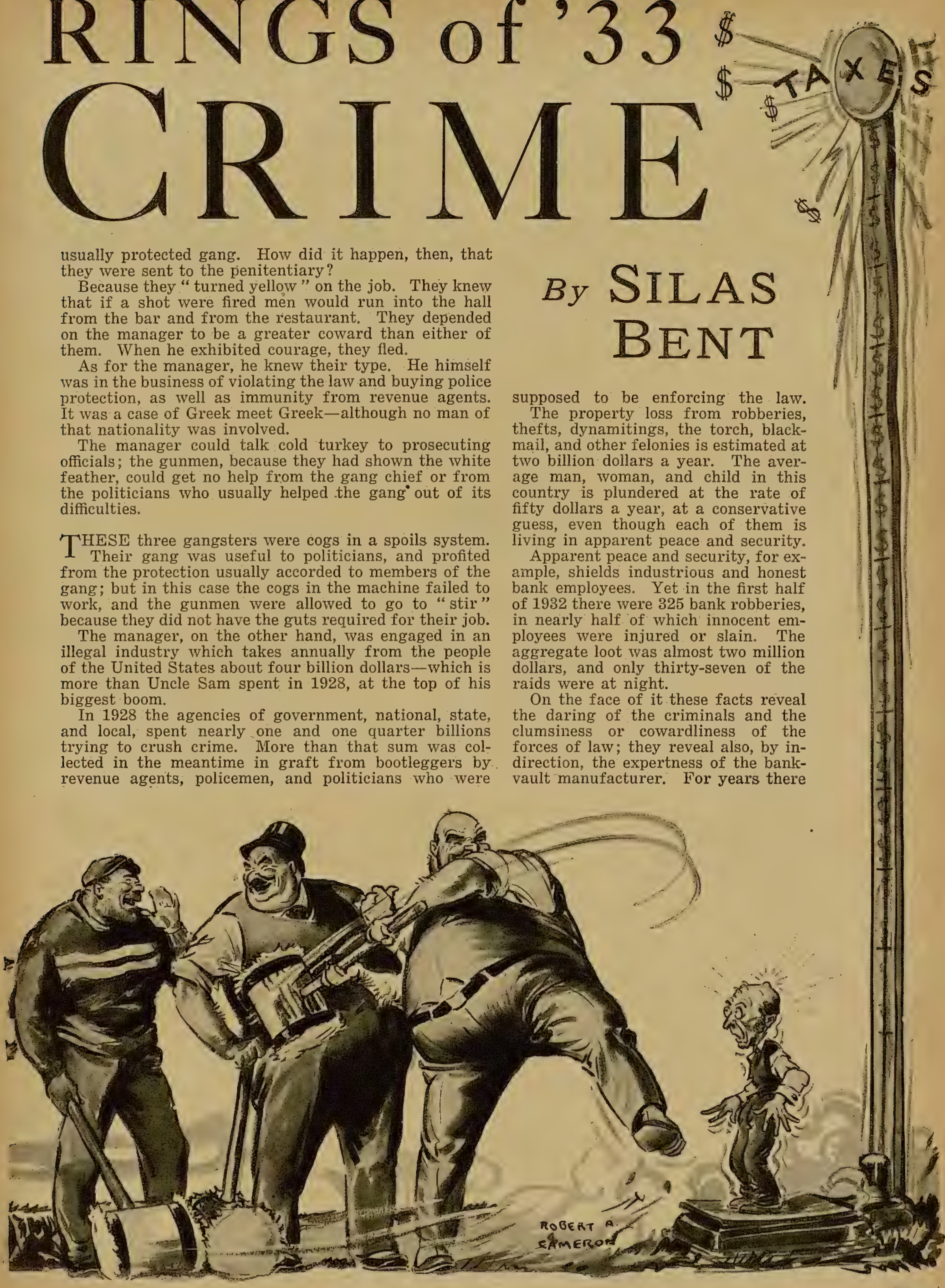
The manager, on the other hand, was engaged in an illegal industry which takes annually from the people of the United States about four billion dollars—which is more than Uncle Sam spent in 1928, at the top of his biggest boom.

In 1928 the agencies of government, national, state, and local, spent nearly one and one quarter billions trying to crush crime. More than that sum was collected in the meantime in graft from bootleggers by revenue agents, policemen, and politicians who were supposed to be enforcing the law.

The property loss from robberies, thefts, dynamitings, the torch, blackmail, and other felonies is estimated at two billion dollars a year. The average man, woman, and child in this country is plundered at the rate of fifty dollars a year, at a conservative guess, even though each of them is living in apparent peace and security.

Apparent peace and security, for example, shields industrious and honest bank employees. Yet in the first half of 1932 there were 325 bank robberies, in nearly half of which innocent employees were injured or slain. The aggregate loot was almost two million dollars, and only thirty-seven of the raids were at night.

On the face of it these facts reveal the daring of the criminals and the clumsiness or cowardliness of the forces of law; they reveal also, by indirection, the expertness of the bank-vault manufacturer. For years there



was a race between the safe-blower and the men who made safes. When finally the acetylene torch and nitroglycerin proved impotent against modern invention, the bank robber resorted to daylight pillaging.

Although bank robberies yield spoils which are insignificant in comparison with the spoils of prohibition, these crimes are more defiant and spectacular. In Fort Scott, Kansas, a mob of five which got $30,000 clubbed an assistant cashier and teller into insensibility, forced a woman customer and a girl clerk to accompany them as shields when they made their escape, and went on their way rejoicing. This was a typical job, and took place last June.

One Chicago gunman is wanted by the federal government for robbing two national banks in the Midwest, in both of which employees were wounded, and he is wanted in Louisville, Kentucky, for shooting a cashier in a robbery there. Toledo wants him for killing one policeman and wounding another in a holdup; Cadillac, Michigan, for robbing a bank of $60,000; and Peru, Indiana, for robbing another bank of $93,000. He led a mob which got $350,000 from a bank in Jefferson, Wisconsin.

Nearly always the Chicago police know where this man is. But he is dangerous, for one thing; and then, he uses his loot freely in paying, when need be, for protection.

During the last five years the average loss from robberies of banks has run past $1,800,000; thefts of jewels have run annually during that period to two millions; and thefts from freight cars ("prowling the rattlers," as it is called in the argot of the underworld) well past a million.

As a matter of routine the principal American cities spend annually one fourth of a billion dollars trying to suppress crime and administer justice. This outgo is for policemen, many of whom are corrupt; for criminal courts, many of which are tainted; and for penal institutions, with a small item for probationary agencies. It takes no account of prohibition, of the money spent on private detectives and private police forces, nor of more than ten millions spent yearly for burglar alarms and similar devices. On routine "criminal justice" the United States government spends considerably more than fifty millions a year, without taking into account the ridiculous pretense of enforcing the prohibition laws.

In Manhattan and Brooklyn, two of the five New York City boroughs, there were in 1930 a total of 4,460 indictments for homicide, felonious assault, burglary, robbery, grand larceny, forgery, arson, and rape. (There were 380 indictments for rape alone.)

These were indictments, remember, and took no account of cases which the forces of law could not or would not solve. The total number of convictions in those cases was 2,929. (Only 141 of the indicted rapists were convicted.)

IN the whole city there were 377 homicides that year, 13,350 arrests for other felonies, and more than eleven thousand arrests for drunkenness, about seventy per cent of which did not proceed so far as indictment. The city, however, spent more than sixty millions in the effort to preserve a semblance of law and order. In fairness it should be said that nearly all of those arrested for intoxication were convicted.

While New York City was spending that sixty millions, federal agents, policemen, and politicians were collecting about the same amount in graft.

James J. Forrester, who was research expert for the Wickersham Commission, estimates the number of speakeasies in the United States as three times as great as the number of saloons prior to the Eighteenth Amendment. "From the wide disregard of the law," he says, "and the ease with which liquor is obtained, it would appear that in general only those are not drinking who do not wish to drink."

The average speakeasy uses five barrels of beer and three cases of whisky a week. The average price of beer, which costs the wholesaler $7 a barrel to make, is $55; moonshine alcohol costs about $1 a gallon, and retails from $9 a gallon—for "white mule"—to $90 for a case of twenty-four fifths of a gallon—the short quart. Here is a table of how Chicago criminals garner more than six millions a week, as compiled authoritatively by Edward Dean Sullivan in Chicago Surrenders:

Booze, beer, and alcohol	$3,250,000
Gambling houses and handbooks	1,500,000
Hotel resorts and disreputable houses	1,000,000
Labor rackets, blackmail, and so on	500,000
TOTAL	$6,250,000

Chicago has a bad reputation; but so far as bootlegging is concerned the figure may be accurately proportioned to population nearly anywhere in the United States.

TO the victors belong the spoils.

This cynical political aphorism was first enounced on the floor of the United States Senate by William L. Marcy of New York just a century ago. It had been put into effect before that by Tammany Hall and other local organizations, and six years later Tammany collected $600,000 annually from dives, gambling houses, women of the streets, and prisoners. It is an old game.

On a national scale the policy that to the victors belong the spoils was first put into effect by a man of unquestioned personal integrity, Andrew Jackson. He and his "kitchen Cabinet" originated the modern system of giving federal jobs as rewards for party service. It is a mere extension of that method to reward thugs and gangsters for their services.

Obviously there are two sorts of spoils: The first was the kind Andrew Jackson had in mind, and consisted in giving postmasterships and other positions to political henchmen, and, later, in passing tariff rates which repaid lavish contributors to campaign funds. Such spoils are nominally within the law.

The other sort of spoils is illegal. It consists of fat contracts for "insiders," unearned "fees" for faithful servitors, and protection for criminals.

Bribery by means of the tariff is so well established that almost no one thinks ill of it. Bribery of another sort was once described by Judge Henry S. Priest of the St. Louis bar, when he was defending a political boodler, as "a conventional offense." What he meant, probably, was that it was not contrary to the Ten Commandments. The sort of bribery which consists in holding out the promise of jobs and favors in case of victory is indeed a conventional offense, and the bribery of hoodlums to frighten and assault honest voters is fast becoming a recognized convention.

No one thought the worse of Calvin Coolidge because he made sure his nomination for the Presidency, after the death of Warren G. Harding, by promising a higher tariff on sugar to interested business men and campaign contributors. This affords a good example, because Mr. Coolidge, like Andrew Jackson, was a man of unquestioned personal honesty, and because sugar is one of the few commodities on which we can get accurate figures of foreign and domestic production. The Federal Tariff Commission urged Mr. Coolidge to reduce the high rate on sugar, in the Fordney-McCumber act, by at least thirty per cent. He pocketed the recommendation, and his action cost the people of this country $200,000 a day which went mostly into the pockets of his political supporters. There was nothing legally dishonest in that.

It was a sugar-coated convention which nominated Mr. Coolidge to the White House honor. It was beet-sugar-coated. (Only one sixth of the sugar we use is from beets, but the tariff is for the benefit of those manufacturers.) Anyone may verify this statement about the convention for himself by going through the list of the delegates and noting how many big beet-sugar manufacturers and associates, attorneys, or lobbyists of the industry were among them.

I am not citing these facts as any more unsavory than we are likely to find in any national convention, Republican or Democratic, but as illustrating the manner in which big business profits from the legalized garnering of the spoils of victory.

. . . . .

Samuel Insull, cleaning out his desk, said, with "a tremulous smile on his lips," that after fifty years of work he was a man without a job. "I only hope," he added, "that I will be able to keep a roof over my head and care for my wife."

"The whole Insull family," it was reported, "had loyally 'gone down with the ship.'"

We may restrain our sympathy, however. Mr. Insull's propagandists (he has hired them by the thousand) did not emphasize the fact that each of three companies he had operated had voted him $6,000 a year. To him $18,000 annually seemed a mere pittance: but it was enough for that roof over his head; it was enough to "care for my wife."

When the whole family loyally went down with the ship Mr. Insull owed banks personally some ten millions of dollars; his wife, brother, and son were said to be likewise indebted.

Insull's three big companies were Peoples Gas, Public Service of Illinois, and Commonwealth Edison. (These were the corporations which voted him the pittance I spoke of.) Those who want to know how he bribed newspaper editors and owners can read the records of the Federal Trade Commission.

Victims of the Insull investment trusts are shouldering a loss of $400,000,000. The affiliates of his almost innumerable corporations bought one another's stocks and bonds and notes, lent money back and forth, and did a lot of similar ground and lofty financial tumbling. When his network of shaky companies got into trouble there was a floating indebtedness of six hundred millions, largely borrowed from banks.

Mr. Insull was generous to the Chicago Civic Opera and to political campaign funds.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Insull was of voting age when he came to the United States, it was here that he learned the methods of financial manipulation and stock juggling which made him the envy, while he was successful, of other big business men and the idol of those toadies in print who lick the boots of multimillionaires. Even when his corporation house of cards collapsed his sycophants kept at their job and tried to create maudlin sympathy for him.

They did not refer to the fact, commonly known in Chicago, that Mr. Insull's political attorney was Samuel Ettelson, corporation counsel of that city and the real power behind the William Hale Thompson throne. After a notorious gangster murder in Chicago a man was accused who, despite his criminal record, was working in Ettelson's office in the City Hall.

Mr. Insull's lips would indeed have been "tremulous" had he been charged formally with employing a lawyer who found an underworld character useful. Yet the charge had been made publicly in a Chicago speech, and Mr. Insull had not denied it, nor had the lawyer.

In justice to Mr. Insull it should be said that he was no worse than some of his fellows in the Power Trust or in other lines of business endeavor. His transgressions, from their standpoint, were "conventional" offenses.

Let us glance at another big business deal, not because it is exceptional but because it reveals the relation between the rich man and politics and because it is fully documented.

During the World War the British wanted malt dextrin to make beer for soldiers, and Louis N. Hartog, a successful business man, decided to sell it to them. In order to provide it he must have plenty of glucose, and he found he must get that from the Corn Products Refining Company. E. T. Bedford, eminently respectable, was president of the Corn Products concern, as well as of the Colonial Oil Company of New Jersey. He was a trustee of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, a

Quicker Relief
for
Colds and Pains

Because of Quick Dissolving Property
BAYER Aspirin *Starts "Taking Hold"*
3 or 4 Minutes After Taking

Due to important, scientific developments in the world-famous Bayer laboratories, almost INSTANT relief from colds, sore throat and various aches and pains, is being afforded millions.

Because of a unique process in making and tableting, Genuine Bayer Aspirin is made to dissolve almost INSTANTLY in the stomach. *Hence it starts to work almost instantly.* And thus "takes hold" of the average pain, cold or headache in as little as three or four minutes after taking. The fastest, safe relief, it is said, ever known.

Remember, it is Genuine Bayer Aspirin which provides this unique, quick-acting property. So be sure you get the Real Article—GENUINE BAYER Aspirin when you buy. Naturally you want the fastest, possible relief—and that's the way to get it.

To identify the genuine, see that any box or bottle of aspirin you buy is clearly marked "Genuine Bayer Aspirin." And that any tablet you take is stamped clearly with the name "Bayer" in the form of a cross. Remember—Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.

NO TABLETS ARE GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN WITHOUT THIS CROSS

director of the Thompson-Starrett Company, a giant construction corporation, a director of the Long Island Safe Deposit Company and of the Bush Terminal Company. The vice president of Corn Products was Ernest B. Waldon. Mr. Bedford's lawyer was Morgan J. O'Brien, former corporation counsel for the city of New York and former judge of the Supreme Court of the state for two terms. Mr. O'Brien was also a director of large corporations and banks, in some a co-director with Mr. Bedford.

Mr. Hartog was one of those business men who knew his way around in New York. He did not go direct to Mr. Bedford—who never dealt directly with him, so far as I know—or to any other official of the Corn Products Company. He went instead to his friend James J. Hines, then a power in Tammany Hall and a great friend of Charles F. Murphy, boss of the Hall.

Murphy had been reared in the gas-house district of New York, notorious for its gangsters. He had worked in a saloon in his young manhood, and had invested his first savings in another saloon, where he always refused, it is said, to sell drinks to women. In those days he was active in precinct and district politics, and when he became chief of Tammany Hall he adopted its conventional practice of using gangsters in elections and for other purposes. He was on friendly terms with more than one millionaire, and died a millionaire. Among the honorary pallbearers at his funeral were Bernard M. Baruch, then the outstanding "angel" of the Democratic Party, James W. Gerard, Senator Royal S. Copeland, several judges, and so on.

Hines told his friend Murphy about the malt-dextrin scheme, and explained that Mr. Hartog knew he would need some influence in Washington. There was a lot of money in the offing, he added. Murphy and Arthur J. Baldwin, his personal attorney, thereupon called upon the promoter. Hartog told them he would have to get his glucose from Corn Products, and Murphy said he knew Morgan O'Brien pretty well.

Afterward Baldwin called again on Hartog and asked what Murphy was to get out of this glucose deal. Hartog thought fifteen per cent would be about right, but Baldwin held out for twenty, and subsequently even this was increased, because, it was explained, the Corn Products people wanted so much. They were interested in the Staten Island garbage plant, for one thing, and then there were some health department violations to be looked after. Murphy could attend to such matters, but it would involve "raising a fund." Therefore Murphy must have one cent a pound more on the glucose. It was so arranged, and a special company was formed, with Hartog and Murphy in partnership. It was so arranged, however, as to conceal—at least for a time—the Murphy interest.

MURPHY'S profits from this deal were put at $5,000 a day, at the rate of nearly two millions a year. It was so large that it worried him, partly because he would have to pay eighty per cent of it to Uncle Sam as excess profits tax. This was not the reason his lawyer gave Hartog, however, when Murphy decided to pull out. The lawyer said Murphy thought Hartog was war profiteering.

Of course the Tammany chief was too virtuous to associate himself with anything so dirty as that.

Murphy had actually put $125,000 into the Hartog scheme, and when he tried to get it out the two split. In less than a month the profits of either man amounted to more than $125,000, yet Murphy actually sued the promoter.

John A. (Fishhooks) McCarthy, a political side kick of Murphy, was said by Hartog in a legal complaint to have threatened to "hound me to death" if any trouble were made. Assistant District Attorney James E. Smith was charged with threatening prosecution for sugar hoarding, arson, and suchlike. Murphy and his lawyer, Baldwin, were said to have made threats, too. All of them, with Waldon, vice president of Corn Products, were indicted on these charges by the Extraordinary Grand Jury; but Justice Robert F. Wagner threw the indictment out of court.

After the quarrel with Murphy, Hartog could get no more glucose. He sued Murphy for ten millions, on the charge of conspiracy, charging that Murphy would not use his influence in Washington and elsewhere to help him fill his contract with the British for malt dextrin. This suit was settled out of court, after much testimony had been taken; Murphy had looked surprised when asked whether the administration in Washington was Democratic.

The real reason British Tommies sometimes went thirsty for their beer in the trenches was that an American promoter quarreled over a comparatively insignificant sum of money with a political boss and manipulator of underworld characters.

"PROHIBITION," said Judge William S. Kenyon, former United States senator and a member of the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement—commonly called the Wickersham Commission—"was expected evidently by some politicians to furnish a fine field for the operation of the spoils system in politics. Their expectations have been largely realized."

I do not intend to quote at length from the volume of nearly three hundred pages in which the Wickersham Commission reported on prohibition.

But it will be worth while to set down here some of the facts on which Judge Kenyon based his statement about the spoils system.

Major Chester P. Mills, who made an honest effort to enforce prohibition in New York, told the Wickersham Commission that about three fourths of the 2,500 revenue agents were ward heelers and sycophants who owed their appointment to politicians. Judge Kenyon, repeating this, adds: "Politicians, some of them high in national affairs, attempted to force upon him [Major Mills] men with criminal records—some of the very lowest grade of vote-getters—which apparently was the test of politicians for good prohibition agents. One of the leading political bosses of New York City informed Mills that he must let him control the patronage of his office or he would have to get out. Another told him that efficiency must give way to patronage. One agent with a criminal record whom he discharged was reinstated after Mills ceased to be administrator. . . . One of the parties whom it was insisted he should appoint had shortly before shot a man in a row in a speakeasy; another had been found with burglar tools upon him.

"In one district the evidence shows that a prohibition agent was transferred prior to an election because his enforcement activities were injuring the party and interfering with the collection of funds. . . ."

Aside from liquor derived from smuggling and the diversion of industrial alcohol, the Department of Justice—which now embraces the Bureau of Prohibition—estimated that in the fiscal year ending with June, 1930, about sixty million gallons of 100-proof alcohol (three times as powerful as the speakeasy usually sells) was manufactured in this country, with more than 100,000 gallons of wine and nearly 700,000 gallons of beer. These figures are quoted in the Wickersham report. About half the beer was delivered to speakeasies in barrels, and on every barrel—this figure is not cited in the report but is easy of verification—the patrolman on the beat collected one dollar. Brewers and distributors of barreled beer make an annual profit of about seventy millions.

There are more than thirty thousand speakeasies in New York City alone, according to the estimate of one police commissioner, and they pay for protection about fifty million dollars a year. The resident of nearly any sizable town or city can make a fair estimate of the prohibition graft in his community from these figures, using a population ratio.

It is probably an understatement to say that on a national scale the graft runs—using the population ratio—around one billion dollars, divided among revenue agents, policemen, ward heelers, higher police officials, and more influential politicians.

Irving Bitz, the former drug peddler employed by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh to help find the kidnaped Lindbergh baby, had been a rumrunner at times, and the gossip was that he was put on the pay roll because a former pal of his, Charles "Vannie" Higgins, was suspected of having a hand in the abduction. Higgins, beer baron and whisky wholesaler of Brooklyn and Long Island, was shot to death the latter part of last July by gangsters not far from Police Headquarters in Brooklyn. He was conscious when he was picked up, and lived fifteen hours, but he would not tell who had shot him.

"I'll get the dirty rats myself," he muttered.

This was the sort of gang murder which has become a commonplace in large American cities. Higgins had a reputation as a double-crosser among his fellows. He had been tried twice for killings and eleven times on other charges, and he had never been convicted. He was a rival of Jack "Legs" Diamond both in the whisky and beer trades and in getting hurt by vengeful associates.

Diamond was charged five times with killings and each time went scot-free in New York courts. Judge George W. Olvany, later to become head of Tammany Hall, once freed him of a robbery charge; Judge Francis X. Mancuso, who was later to resign under fire, freed him of a burglary charge. Magistrate McQuade—who got his job, so he told the Seabury investigators, because he had the indorsement of the city chamberlain and a state senator, thus enlisting the good will of Charles F. Murphy—discharged Diamond on a charge of assault and robbery. A grand-larceny charge was dismissed by Judge Mulqueen in General Sessions. Charged with desertion from the army and stealing while in the service, Diamond was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary at Leavenworth, but served only one. Magistrates Ten Eyck and Brough dismissed charges against him, respectively, of grand larceny and assault and robbery. Magistrate Vitale, subsequently removed from the bench because of his relations with the notorious Arnold Rothstein, freed him of a charge of homicide. Magistrate Macrery twice, and Magistrates Corrigan and Levine once each, freed him of homicide charges. The record is really too long and too monotonous to set down in full.

Approximately one fifth of the population of the United States eats, now and again, food supplied through the Fulton Fish Market in New York. Gangsters under the protection of politicians, or thanks to their neglect, levy a tribute on dealers in that market annually and monthly. These extortions are passed on to the consumer.

More than one tenth has been added to construction costs through rackets with political protection. If you do not own your home, you pay a part of this added cost in your rental. These are samples.

THIS year the Average Citizen is paying his share of nearly four and one half billion dollars for national government, more than two and one third billions for state governments, and more than eight and one quarter billions for local governments. More than one per cent of all this, as I have said, goes in "legitimate" graft, under the spoils system, to the henchmen of political machines; and these henchmen are usually the men—and women—who provide or arrange the protection for thieves, gangsters, and racketeers. The Average Citizen pays out of two pockets: he pays for crime in his tax bill, and he pays for it in his family budget.

The Average Citizen, in truth, is the "forgotten man," although Governor Roosevelt did not have him in mind when quoting that phrase. He is a patient animal. He has stood for a lot, and is standing for more day by day. The question is how long his patience will last.

The tools used by the Boodle Rings on the Average Citizen in extracting their revenue from his pockets—tools such as police, district leaders, city office holders, enforcement agents, public prosecutors, and drug addicts—will be held up to view by Mr. Bent in the third article of this series, in Liberty next week.

How many wrinkles in a calfskin?

TESTED QUALITY *tells*

THE WRINKLE TEST—*Samples of leathers with the grain side in, are curved around a brass rod. Through a microscope the tiny wrinkles are counted. Leather showing less than 15 wrinkles per centimeter is not used in* FORTUNE *Shoes.*

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What's wrong with

(Reading time: 18 minutes 15 seconds.)

FOUR years ago I alluded to the newborn infant, Talkie, as the child of Mother Movie and Father Stage. Much has happened since. All father's relatives have come to live with mother and lots of mother's relatives are in the poorhouse. Meanwhile, what of the child? At first all the neighbors said it was the image of its father; then they began to complain that they couldn't sleep o' nights because the infant yelled so much; then mother took a hand—said the baby was hers: she bore it and she wouldn't allow it to bore her. She's doing her best. But the child is only four years old.

Times are hard in the picture business. With thousands of theaters dark throughout the land there is still not enough business to make the remainder pay. Financial statements of nearly all the big producers make one wonder who will be the Moses to lead them through this Red Sea. If the reader is fortunate enough to possess a ten-dollar bill, he may become part owner of three of the biggest companies in pictures and will receive three dollars change.

Of course it is an easy matter to lay the blame squarely in the lap of the depression, but there was no depression in 1928, and in that year several important companies were loping along one or two jumps ahead of the sheriff, and all companies were feeling sharp reductions in box-office returns.

What had really happened was education of the audience. The public was frankly tired of the same old stories told in much the same old way. In an effort to produce seven hundred feature pictures every year, quantity had made quality impossible. There were exceptions. Whenever a good story was handled by a good writer and a good director and time was taken to perfect the work it usually was a success, but even fifty successes couldn't pay the cost of six hundred and fifty failures.

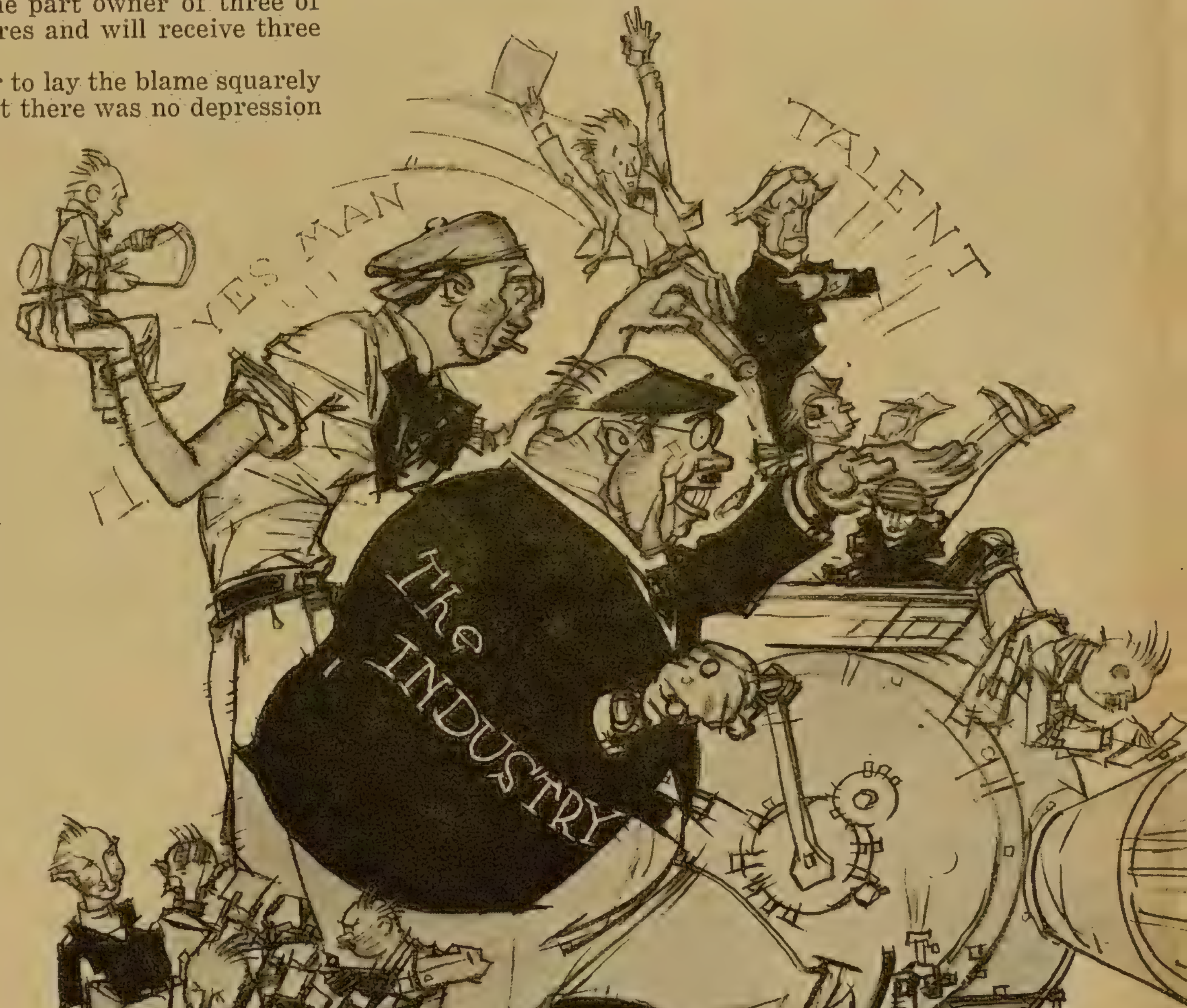
A similar condition exists today, and the depression may turn out to be a blessing in disguise by forcing the industry to face the unpleasant truth that pictures have *got* to be good—they have got to be *very* good to stand a chance of box-office success.

While pictures were in their well known infancy they enjoyed life as a child does. Now, for the first time, they are being told the facts of life and the depression is telling them to be good—" or else."

Today the whole problem is *how* to make good pictures. There are many theories and experiments in the various studios, but no one seems to have a magic formula which works every time. Yet, in spite of this, some good pictures are being made. Frequently a little picture of which not much was expected turns out to be real box-office, while a tremendously expensive production which has been " given the works " falls gently to earth and expires, dragging down with it a million dollars of somebody's money. Hard times cannot be blamed for the failure of weak pictures; rather too many weak pictures are the cause of hard times in the studio.

The same general principles now govern the screen as govern the legitimate stage. Paucity of good pictures is brought about by the same causes as paucity of good plays. A good picture is no more difficult to make than a good play. Not a bit.

Back in 1928, the last year of the great silence, producers were already at their wits' ends for material which would be acceptable to audiences growing daily more



Cartoon by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Under financial pressure the executives decided to take over artistic responsibility. Today finds this system in full swing. But inspiration is not developed in a factory and no laboratory has yet turned out an ectogenetic baby.

these Pictures?

A Distinguished Director Tells of Hollywood's Sufferings from Too Much Organization and Efficiency

by

WILLIAM DE MILLE

critical. Bankers were casting uneasy eyes on diminishing returns and growing expenses when, with a literal blare of trumpets, the talking picture announced its presence to an eager world, giving the picture business a new lease of life as well as a new mortgage on the home lot. Instantly all was chaos. One company had seen the new dawn approaching and with commendable foresight had upon its shelves a number of talking pictures. The market was cornered. But the first reaction of picture people was distinctly against the new medium. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences held meetings to discuss the threatened revolution. Almost without exception the new "art" was denounced by member after member, all agreeing that it was a fad which could only last a few months.

Meanwhile the one company who had some talkies "in the can" took no part in the discussion. They simply showed their pictures to the public.

The result was cataclysmic; with a rush and a roar the entire population of the U. S. A. crowded the theaters at which the novelty was to be seen and heard. Other producers saw the writing on the wall. They had millions of dollars tied up in silent pictures just completed or in production. What was to become of them? Within a few weeks the public absolutely refused to attend any picture which was unable to emit some kind of noise. It was obvious that the silent and expensive works of art still unissued must be given a tongue. Those were hectic days: engineers everywhere, new apparatus, new ways of working; the noisy stages of yesterday silent as the grave when the signal sounded; and emerging from the battle came a peculiar species of motion picture which started in orthodox silence, suddenly burst into a welter of sound for a reel or so, and then lapsed once again into dumbness.

"Goat glands" we called them, for without an injection of life-giving sound they couldn't be advertised as "talking pictures," and unless they were they couldn't be sold. The year from the summer of '28 to the summer of '29 gave as pretty a demonstration of a large, well ordered industry standing on its head while running around in circles as anyone would wish to behold. Nor was this done entirely without expense, as any banker is willing to admit today. Millions and more millions were spent on new buildings and new apparatus which had to be made and installed. When the director called "Camera!" he set in motion no less than fourteen mechanical processes, all synchronized to function together to a split second—processes of which he had a very hazy knowledge; but the "sound crew" took care of that.

A great change of personnel began to occur. Actors who a few months before had haughtily declined to use their voices, on the ground that their contracts didn't call for it, were now taking elocution lessons, hoping to keep their places in the sun. Directors who had never directed the spoken word talked things over at lunch with writers who had never written for the human voice. Not a few stars went into the discard as soon as the public heard their first ineffectual squeaks.

Under these circumstances it was only natural that picture producers should turn to the theater for help. Came rushing westward all the stage directors in the world, many of whom had never seen a camera in action and some of whom had a distinct contempt for the screen and all its works; but lack of money urged them to be pioneers. With them came all the stage writers, equally unacquainted with screen requirements but not averse to being paid for learning.

AS all these forces strove by experiment to evolve a technic for the new art many unfortunate mistakes were made, which the public was not slow to point out, usually by raucous laughter during tender love scenes, or the Bronx cheer at moments which called for applause. Through it all, however, was a steady progress to the goal. Every now and then a beautiful work would appear and another definite step forward be registered.

During this period it was discovered that the complete photograph of a stage play was usually not a good talking picture; that the basic appeal of the screen has always been and will always be to the eye; and that to throw away the technic which silent pictures had built up for so many years was to lose the chief appeal which the screen held for its audience.

It was also discovered that the greater intimacy of the screen called for a different technic of action: a more realistic, more repressed, and simpler manner. In the theater two lovers on the stage are actually a long distance from the auditor. Their movement and expression must be fairly broad if the scene is to "get over." But on the screen, through the medium of the close-up, the lovers practically sit in the auditor's lap and must behave with some degree of restraint if they are not to cause him embarrassment. This principle applies as well to the language they use, causing the latest tendency

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of screen dialogue to be toward great economy of words—greater simplicity—greater reality.

How many of us realized on that momentous day in '28 that with the first word spoken from the screen a new era was at hand? With those first scenes acted upon the screen in audible language the motion picture became a part of dramatic literature, and at once began to wrestle with the problems which that responsibility entailed. The screen had now added to its own troubles all those of the stage. Furthermore, both stage art and screen art modify each other in combination. No wonder there were many headaches and heartaches in the studios. Too many pictures were failing. The audience in three years had become sophisticated and critical. Dollars were hard to get and when they spent one on a motion picture they demanded depression value for their money.

The bankers, having been convinced that bad business was caused by extravagance and executive inefficiency, were exerting constant pressure for studio reforms. Someone must take charge who could guarantee a greater percentage of success and a lower cost of operation. Some directors took too long to make their pictures. Some writers didn't seem to write strong, virile stories with epic sweep.

It was at this stage of development that the executives decided to take over artistic responsibility.

Once this momentous decision had been reached, things began to happen. It was evident that no studio head of production, no matter how great his genius, could give proper, detailed attention to eight or ten pictures all in work at the same time. Executive authority had to be delegated to some extent. This was done by increasing the authority of the associate producers or, as they dislike being called, the supervisors.

THE supervisor, under the new system, was in a difficult position. An employee himself, he had to be sure that his product would please the production head, so he was never allowed to forget that his authority was not absolute but delegated. Another brain standing between the absolute head and the creative artists, his job depended upon how much he was considered responsible for such merit as the finished picture might possess.

This condition was bound to have two results: the authority of the director had to be taken away and the responsibility of the writer minimized.

Today finds this system in full swing. Let it be understood that there are some excellent, even some brilliant supervisors. I am not speaking of individuals but of systems, and in general it may be doubted that placing supreme authority over creative artists in executive hands suddenly confers upon the recipient dramatic instinct, story knowledge, and critical ability. In some cases a supervisor has been a creator himself, in which case his is a different problem, perhaps even a more difficult one; for to the extent that he is an artist he consciously or subconsciously tends to have the work done in his own style, which may be excellent but not the true expression of his writer or his director.

WILLIAM DE MILLE *is a distinguished motion-picture director and playwright, and the brother of Cecil B. De Mille, producer. He is a North Carolinian by birth and, of course, lives and works in Hollywood. Among his best known plays are Strongheart, The Warrens of Virginia, and The Land of the Free.*

WITH all authority in the hands of executives it is obvious that what finally reaches the screen will be the executive's ideas, ideals, standards of life, and conception of human character. The writer is writing to please the executive. The director knows his scene must be O. K.'d by the supervisor before he will be allowed to "shoot" it. There are just two things he can do: satisfy the taste and art conception of the executive—or get out. If the executive is right he should be directing the picture; if he is not, he is wasting the director's services. It is one thing for an executive to see that an artist does his work; it is quite another for him to tell the artist how he must do it.

There is something stimulating in the feeling of responsibility. When that is taken away and a creative artist becomes dependent upon the will, the whim, or the opinion of another his creative force dies and he must do the best he can as a sheer matter of craft and technic. A musical conductor is not materially helped by someone holding his arms during the performance of a symphony. Thus when a director's authority is taken from him it stifles his power, dims his vision, and generally inhibits spontaneity by making him self-conscious. Used to working inspirationally, he finds it impossible to reach beyond the obvious.

A particularly demoralizing effect of the system lies in the destruction of the proper relationship of director and player. When an actor knows that the director's authority is subject to the opinion of a supervisor there is an inevitable tendency to disregard the director's conception and go over his head to the higher authority for approval. When, at the end of a scene, the actor's eyes turn first to the executive standing near, the director knows that he has no creative contact with that actor.

The progress of the writer under present conditions has been no less difficult. Not only has responsibility been taken from him, but all sense of parenthood has been destroyed through the system of polyauthorship. When a writer knows that three other writers have been assigned the same job and that he is working in competition with them he cannot feel the same creative glow as of yore; he is forced to realize that he is working for money. He knows that though he does a masterpiece it will probably be interlaced with various elements of his competitors' work. In this way personality, individuality are reduced to a minimum, and when the picture is finally completed a caucus of its various authors is held and a vote taken as to which two are most entitled to sign. Rare indeed is the author who can feel inspired when he knows the fate awaiting his brain child. Who can say what values have been not allowed to be born under the multiple-author system? The highest priced writers in the land like school children do their daily exercise, hand it to teacher, and teacher corrects it.

Good entertainment is sometimes produced, but it is usually the result of an individual strong enough to triumph over the system. The creation of a story by many minds, not as collaborators but in succession, the continuous superimposing of one writer's ideas upon those of another, does not mean that all have written the work but that none of them has.

Whatever the entertainment values of recent pictures, few of them have had real integrity; and without integrity there is seldom a soul.

Integrity. What that word could do for pictures if it were respected by workers of the screen! Someone thinks of a good "gag" and it is put in the mouth of a character who wouldn't have said it. Result: one laugh and a loss of characterization. That so many characterizations on the screen do seem to have reality is again a triumph of individuals over the system. If the director and actor get a script in time they can frequently harmonize the various styles in which it may be written. As a matter of fact, it is about as easy for two authors to write the same character truly as for two hens to lay the same egg, and multiple authorship when applied to character drawing tends to standardize type; only the director's art and the actor's can rescue the character from unreality.

SEVERAL important studios are working at present under what might be called "the soviet system," which reaches the absolute zenith of supervision in that the supervisors supervise one another. All see the daily "rushes" of each, and helpful criticism is exchanged around the council table. This method also is applied to stories in preparation and does its part toward making the finished script a confusion of conceptions, a crazy-quilt of writing, a compromise of many minds.

It has happened more than once that, a few days before a director had to begin filming his picture, a "story conference" of experts has thrown out its many-authored script and assigned one or more new writers to work out a different version, working under the necessity of keeping at least one day ahead of the director. Under circumstances like these we see "efficiency" at its topmost peak. There is no time for proper preparation; scenes are written late at night and handed to director and cast at nine o'clock next morning. The wheels must turn; the actors are being paid and the overhead ticking merrily along; the show must go on; with lack of enough rehearsal the actors must learn lines before they know what they really mean; the director, not sure of his context, must do the best he can without previous study and unable to be sure of relative values; he turns the camera before eleven o'clock and trusts in God for the result.

OF course all executives agree that this should not be done; that the script should be complete to its last detail in plenty of time for careful study and rehearsal. The point is that with everybody in the studio, from production head to assistant hairdresser, knowing that this is not the right way to make pictures, far too many pictures are considered as "emergencies," prepared and shot in desperate haste; and haste makes more waste in picture-making than is pleasant to contemplate. Accidents of this sort are more apt to happen under the soviet system than under the individual unit system. Even as too many cooks spoil a broth, too many brains can spoil a picture. Not because the brains are inferior but because there are too many of them; in fact, the better the brains the more chaos is apt to result from conflicting points of view.

It frequently happens on the stage or on the screen that the wrong thing done with conviction and sincerity is more effective than the right thing done as a compromise. One of the cheapest, "hokiest" pictures ever released was done with such sincerity by a director who believed in what he was doing that it swept audiences off their feet and became a triumph.

A work may have certain grave faults yet succeed because of its soul, and souls are only born from the union of a normal number of parents.

In the good old days director and writer took an idea and wooed it tenderly; they lived with it, made love to it, and ultimately a picture's soul was born. Today the idea is laid naked and trembling upon a table, six men attack it, and what happens is sometimes too horrible to be told in print. Frequently after an experience like this the idea goes right to the morgue. Ideas are not unlike children: if nurtured and raised by their own parents they may grow strong enough to support papa and mamma; but if sent to an orphan asylum and cared for only by officials they may be underfed and grow up shriveled and crooked.

As long as the talking picture is a form of dramatic art it must be

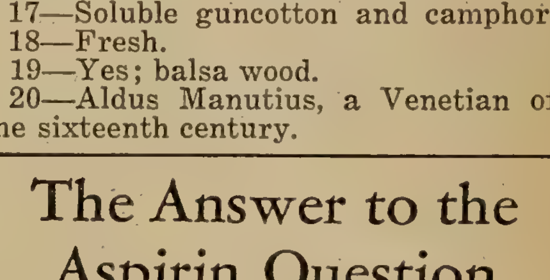
Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—In manufacturing, 14,000,000; in agriculture, 10,500,000.
2—Yes, but they are covered by the leaves.
3—Texas: French, Spanish, Mexican, Republic of Texas, United States, and Confederacy.
4—The violin had not then been invented.
5—George Westinghouse, in 1869.
6—In the Bell Telephone Laboratories, New York City, about 1925.
7—The church of St. Ursula, Cologne, where are said to be the bones of 11,000 girls, who, with the saint, were massacred by the Huns in the fourth or fifth century.
8—The ostrich, emu, cassowary, and the apteryx or kiwi.
9—A papyrus manuscript preserving parts of Genesis, from the early third century.
10—From its habit of impaling its prey on thorns.
11—From Woden's day, Woden being chief of the Teutonic gods.
12—One who writes descriptions of diseases.
13—A single large monumental stone.
14—A captain.
15—One third of an inch.
16—Anything which allays pain, as an opiate or a narcotic.
17—Soluble guncotton and camphor.
18—Fresh.
19—Yes; balsa wood.
20—Aldus Manutius, a Venetian of the sixteenth century.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

(question on page 25)

Dr. E. R. Squibb, as a medical officer of the United States Navy in the years preceding the Civil War, had long felt the imperative need for improved standards in the manufacture of pharmaceutical products. Accordingly he resigned his commission and with the active cooperation and support of prominent members of the medical profession he set up in 1858 a small laboratory. From this modest beginning, 75 years ago, the House of Squibb has grown until to-day its products are recognized throughout the world as the standard of quality. Therefore, when you buy Aspirin—



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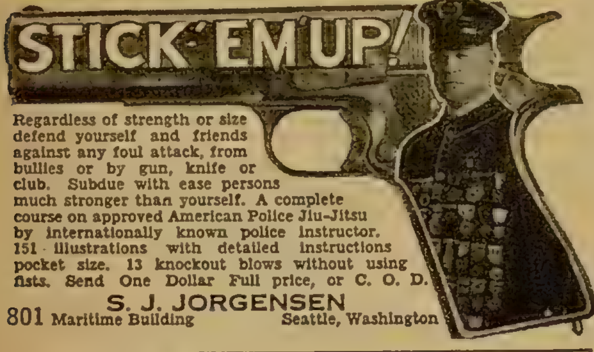

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bound by some of the conditions of other arts. Few great paintings could be made by three great painters each painting a stroke in turn and presided over by an art critic who criticized each stroke as it was made. Few great musical compositions would see the light if the method followed were to have three composers each write a bar in turn; yet that is the way many scenarios are built for picture use, and when all is said and done the finished picture can be no better than its story.

What of the future, then? What can be done to insure a greater proportion of success, a finer general product, a larger and more satisfied audience?

Not an easy question to answer as long as five hundred pictures must be made each year.

Why are there so few successful plays on the stage each season? The drama is a hundred times older than the talking picture. One would think a definite formula of success might have been discovered by now. But it has not been—and I believe it never will be. No one can be sure of a story's value in the theater until an audience tells him. Those plays which *do* succeed, however, are invariably the conception of an author developed with integrity and carried to a logical end. It is possible there would be even fewer successes in the theater if the play were handled by methods used in the studio.

But there is hope. Several fine pictures with real souls have lately come forth, in each case the result of one personality being strong enough to fight for integrity of idea and of character, to protect his picture from interference. Also certain astute producers are beginning to see that when they hire a professional it may be well to utilize the services they pay for. They are seeing that executives and creators are both needed, but that much trouble may result in confusing the executive with the creative function. The vast machine they have built, the marvelous technical and mechanical aids they put at the service of writer and director, may work wonders or may turn into a Frankenstein's monster if the creative brain is made servant of the machine.

The whole problem of the future lies in settling the question whether pictures are to be "organization made" or made by small independent units, each concentrated entirely upon the one work under production and having complete authority. There will be failures of course, but probably fewer failures where responsibility is given the creative artists; where they can feel the child is really theirs. In matters of the theater, if we are afraid to risk being wrong we will seldom be right. Inspiration is not developed in a factory and no laboratory has yet turned out an ectogenetic baby.

THE END

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MORAN

On *the* Count *of* TEN

A Short Short Story

By
STEPHEN ALLEN REYNOLDS

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

GOLDBLATT, big shot of the H. & G. Circuit, faced his assembled projectionists and refused their two-men-in-a-booth demand. Times were tougher than ever, he explained. With sky-high film rentals and music royalties for the copyright chiselers, with a forty-per-cent attendance, it was already hard enough to keep his houses out of the red. No, Goldblatt couldn't afford to hire a loafer to sit in a booth just to listen for sprocket-hole noise while another guy did the threading and rewinding. He'd have to carry on with nonunion men—one in a booth—or put up the shutters. So saying, the magnate gave the eye to his two bodyguards, and bustled out of the hall.

Stormy debate followed. Mindful of steady wages, some of the older hands put in a word for Goldblatt. He'd been square. Why not give in? Other members of the local differed. A principle was at stake. Sound on film called for an extra man.

A few advocated violence. But both walking delegate and executive council were against rough stuff, and individual proponents of it were squelched.

Last to hush his plea for strong-arm measures was "Chunk" Mercurio, squat and muscular relief man, who knew well each of the eight Goldblatt houses in the city.

Chunk was a stormy petrel with anarchistic ideas fed by the ravings of a wine-soaked father. He'd act independently. So, growling to himself and leaving his brother projectionists to wrangle, he slipped out of the hall. He knew where steam shovels were excavating for a skyscraper foundation. Materials he needed would be found in the construction company's powder shanty.

Luck was with him, and that night in the privacy of his room he cut assorted lengths from a coil of black fuse, and timed its burning. Ten seconds would be right, he decided, and Goldblatt's New Grand the best spot.

He wound a bit of soft wire around the three deadly cylinders of dynamite and then fished for the fulminate primers, which he pushed carefully into the greasy yellow paste at the uncrimped ends of the sticks.

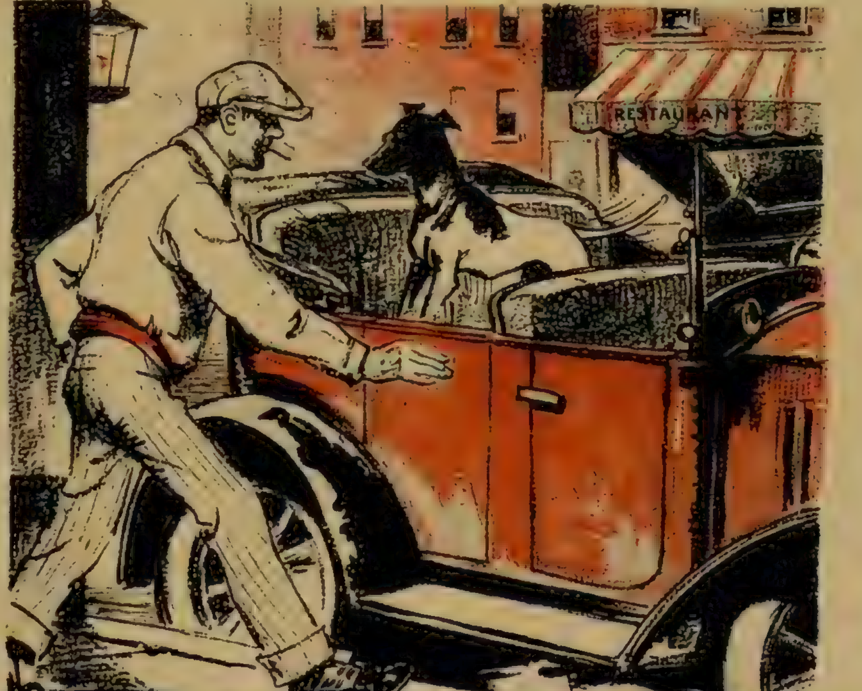
It was ten minutes to six next evening when he left his lodgings. Three stiff drinks of moon were under his belt, and in the capacious pocket of his light overcoat he could feel the triangular package which would win the fight. A ten-minute ride, and he left the street car at a point near the New Grand. It was now necessary to "borrow" a machine. It was fast growing dark. Here on the noisy avenue, the crowds hurrying home, there was a glut of traffic and no parking allowed. But just around the corner Chunk knew the quiet backwaters of a side street given mostly to filling stations and lunch stands. Presently he stood eying a flivver bedraggled and mud-crusted. Its tattered top was strapped back. The ignition key was in place. For Chunk's purpose he had an ideal car.

But on the torn upholstery of the rear seat a shaggy old dog lay in vermin-disturbed slumber. Chunk was afraid of dogs, especially those left to guard cars. But this mutt was an exception, for to his cautious "How's tricks?" the animal responded with a friendly wag of his tail. Immediately Chunk climbed aboard and stepped on the starter.

It was a noisy old heap, but it answered. Two blocks at moderate speed, a turn, and he throttled down. There was little danger now of the owner tracing him. Another block, a turn, and Chunk pulled in to the curb barely a stone's throw from the glowing marquee of the New Grand.

IT was a few minutes after six, the dullest hour of the day for a "grind" house. A cautious glance along the deserted sidewalk and Chunk looked to his package. At the rustle of paper wrappings the dog pricked up his ears, scrambled up, and laid a gray paw on Chunk's sleeve. "Go 'way," he was told, for the new driver was intent on the delicate task of fraying the fuse end. Now he lighted a cigarette and drove slowly on. The lobby of the New Grand, although vacant, was the only bright spot on the gloomy block. Chunk could see that the girl in the ticket cage was telephoning. Not a soul was in sight this side of the intersecting avenue a half block ahead. Chunk applied the lighted end of his cigarette to the fuse and steered a little to the right. The theater came abreast. He flung the bundle of death, and from the tail of his eye saw it land on the white tiles beside the ticket cage.

"—three—four—" he continued counting off the seconds, his eyes on the red traffic light beyond. If it changed to green before he reached the corner he'd keep on straight. Otherwise he'd turn on red, park, and scram. He neither missed the dog nor saw a group of departing patrons stare amusedly at a shaggy creature which whisked into the lobby, snatched up something, and tore out again.



"—six—seven—" Chunk counted through set teeth. The red eye still glared. He prepared to make the turn and slowed a little. Every muscle was as taut as piano wire. He yearned for another drink.

"—eight—nine—" he continued dutifully, and began the turn.

A man on the far corner yelled and pointed. Chunk looked down. A dog with something in its mouth leaped upon the running board.

The *h-r-r-umph!* of rending dynamite served instead of the spoken "ten."

THE END

Five Days

The Amateur Burglar—Enter Bishop Hartley—A Little Blackmail—Two New Recruits

Illustrations by F. W. SWAIN

By ERIC HATCH

(Reading time: 27 minutes 10 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the adventures of Beadle Preece, his friend Swazey the burglar, Mary Winlock, and Harris Payton, whom Mary calls a "social tiger." Beadle, informed by Milton Sands that his money has been lost in the market, steals Sands' yacht, the Electra, on Swazey's advice, and the two start out seeking adventure. They rescue Mary from a shanty scow and then decide to attend the Harvard-Yale regatta at New London. Here they find Payton aboard his wife's yacht, and Payton asks if he can come along. They decide that Payton should have been on salary while married to his wife, who is a very rich woman, and put in to a town to collect the money from Payton's wife's aunt. A mistake is made in the houses and Beadle as he steps into a darkened room stumbles over a girl in bed. It is Carlotta Townsend, who has hated Beadle all her life.

CHAPTER FOUR—CARLOTTA THE CHAPERON

"MY God!" said Carlotta. "It's you!"

Beadle nodded open-mouthed.

"And *I* thought," said Carlotta, "that it was undoubtedly the bishop!"

Beadle had first met Carlotta Townsend in a baby carriage in Central Park. Although but a year old, she had even then pronounced likes and dislikes. When she saw Beadle she didn't like him, so she straightway burst into tears and threw her bottle at him. All down the long years since then she had, metaphorically speaking, continued to throw bottles at him whenever they met, and the dislike had grown. As he knew, she thought Beadle was prissy and delighted in being just as naughty and vulgar as she dared whenever he was near. Being exceedingly well born and having an unassailable social position, she dared be shockingly vulgar. Invariably it made Beadle pull into his shell and be disgustingly refined and much more prissy than he really was, and that made Carlotta act more hoydenish, and her acting more hoydenish made him act still more refined, and so it went.

Beadle was simply appalled to find they were in bed together, or nearly in bed together. Carlotta always had a paralyzing effect on him. Now he was literally stricken dumb as well as motionless. He sat on the bed and stared at her with his mouth open, incapable of closing it.

Carlotta stared back at him. Presently she said, "Not that I object, of course, but would you mind telling me just what in hell you're doing *here?*"

The direct question brought him to himself, and in a flash he saw that Carlotta had him entirely at her mercy. She was capable of frightful behavior in drawing-rooms. There was no telling to what lengths she might go in her bedroom. He blushed at his own thoughts. But there seemed a chance—a bare chance—that for once he might get the upper hand and shock her first. He said, "I came to burgle Harris Payton's wife's aunt."

Carlotta seemed to ponder this strange statement. Then she said, "I remember now. You lost your money. It's just like you to turn into a second-story man."

"Swazey wouldn't do it, and Harris is too fat, so I had to." He laughed a little self-consciously. "I suppose I ought to explain. We're giving a dinner tomorrow night on my yacht, so we need a little money, and we figured that Harris's wife owes him some back salary, that's all." Then he added, by way of making things entirely clear: "You see, Harris is adventuring with me."

Carlotta's face, which was a beautiful face even when fixed for the night, took on a puzzled expression.

"Are you tight?" she said.

"No," said Beadle. "And—and of course I'm sorry about breaking into your bedroom."

"Oh, quite all right," said Carlotta. "What was that you said about adventuring?"

"Swazey and Mary and Harris and I are adventuring, that's all. We're—we're—" He tried to remember how Payton had put it. "We're going places and working with our hands and sweating and being rude to all the people we've had to be polite to and we're being ourselves."

Carlotta looked at him with interest and nodded.

"That sounds pretty good. Give me a cigarette."

Beadle fumbled in his pockets and produced cigarettes and matches. He gave her one and lighted it for her.

"Who's Mary?"

"A girl," said Beadle.

"One of Payton's girls?"

Beadle shook his head.

"I found her—right after I stole the yacht."

"One of us," said Carlotta, "is nuts."

The sound of a low whistle came through the window.

"That's Payton and Swazey," said Beadle. "They're probably worried about me."

"Ask 'em in. I want to learn more about this business."

Beadle started for the door.

"Swazey probably won't come," he said, "because he's on his vacation. I'll sneak down and let Payton in."

"I'll get dressed while you're doing it."

She swung her legs over the side of the bed. Beadle looked away. An almost naïve lack of the conventional self-conscious modesty was one of Carlotta's characteristics that made him dithery. He opened the door.

"And for heaven's sake, stop going tippytoe!" yelled Carlotta. "You're not a burglar."

Beadle turned. Carlotta was preparing to shed her nightgown. He looked away again quickly.

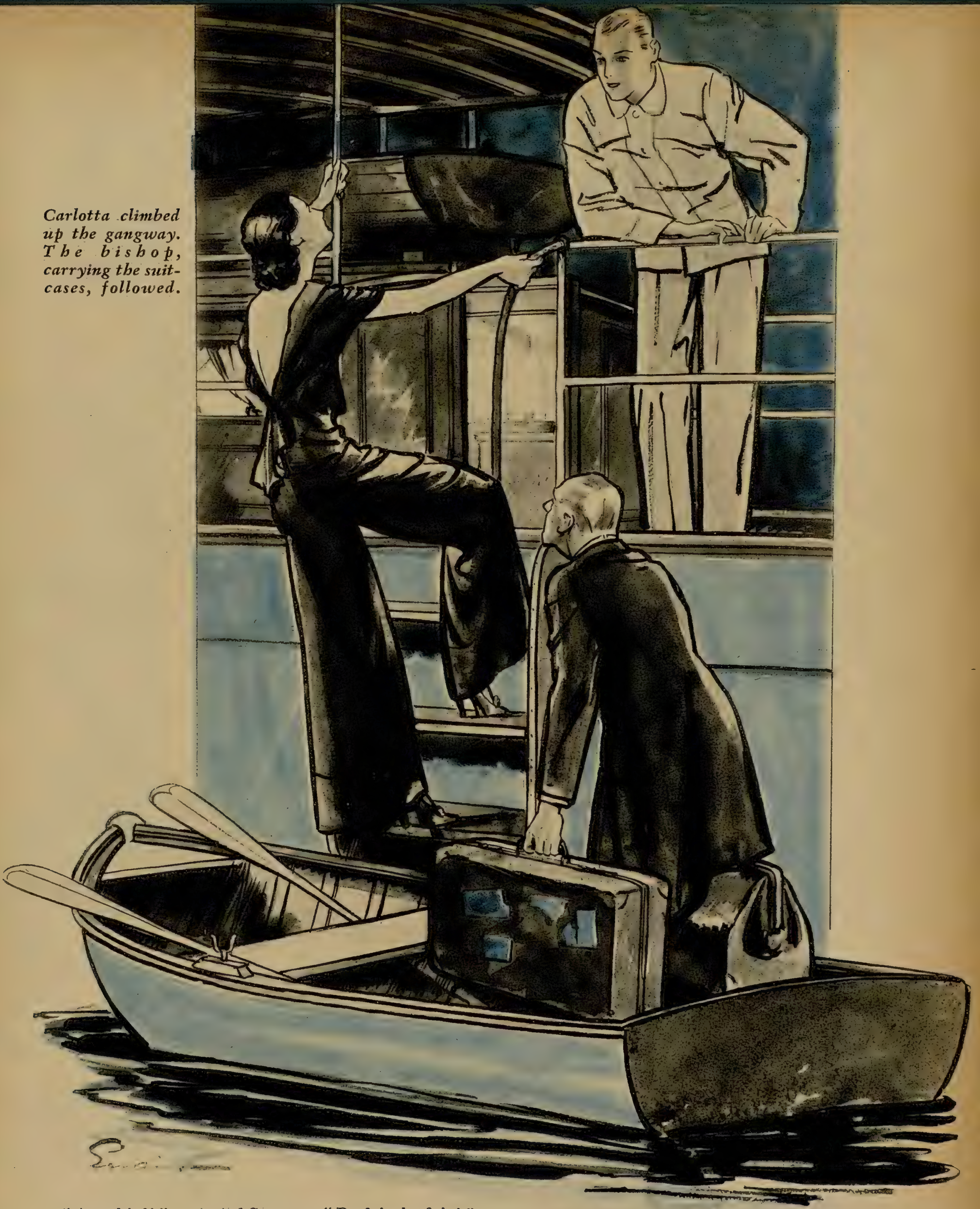
"Dammit, I am a burglar."

"You're not," said Carlotta, "because this isn't the house you meant to burgle. So you're not."

"Oh, have it your own way!" said Beadle, and slammed the door.

When he had gone, Carlotta stood for a long moment staring vacantly. For the first time in all the years she had known him she felt a spark of sympathy for Beadle.

Below, at the door leading to the terrace, Beadle was having whispered converse with his colleagues. He was saying over and over again, "A fine bunch of burglars you turned out to be!"



Carlotta climbed up the gangway. The bishop, carrying the suitcases, followed.

"Aw, chief!" protested Swazey. "Be fair, be fair!"

Payton said, "I'm sorry about picking the wrong house. After all, it was pretty dark, you know."

"It wasn't dark when she turned that light on in my face and—and—" He broke off and finished, "I've never seen anything less dark."

Payton interrupted:

"Beadle, it was my fault. Tell us what happened."

"Nothing," said Beadle. "She asked us in. She wants to hear about the adventuring. I said Swazey probably wouldn't come."

"Who asked us in?" said Payton.

"Carlotta Townsend, of course."

"Oh my God!" said Payton. "Was it *her* room?"

Beadle nodded.

"Wonder she didn't shoot," said Payton. "That girl would love an excuse to shoot somebody."

Swazey thrust his head between them.

"Would youse guys mind," he said, "if I went back to de Electra? Maybe—maybe we hadn't ought to leave Mary alone."

Without waiting to find out whether they'd mind or not, he was off.

"You know," said Payton, "I think Swazey's afraid of Carlotta."

"So am I," said Beadle. "Are we going in?"

"Mrs. Townsend," said Payton, "has awfully good things to drink, if we can get her to crack out with them. I think you probably need a bracer. You've had a hard day."

"Yes," said Beadle. He heard a step behind him and turned. "Hello, Carlotta. You know Harris, don't you?"

"Hello, Harris," said Carlotta; and then, because she always did that sort of thing, "How's *Mrs.* Payton?"

"How's your Aunt Minnie!" said Payton.

"Come on in. Mother's entertaining the bishop. The poor brute probably needs help by now. I was so bored I went to bed."

She led the way to the living room. As she turned, the hall light fell full on her. She'd put on black velvet evening pyjamas. They had practically no back to them. She'd done her black, black hair old-fashionedly—parted in the middle and drawn tightly to a knot low on her neck. The effect was startlingly regal.

Beadle stared at her as he followed. Since the Madelaine incident of the afternoon, his eye for feminine beauty had keened. He found himself thinking what a perfectly magnificent back Carlotta had; saw in his mind her properly molded legs as they'd popped over the side of the bed; and he blushed.

Inside the room four people were sitting: Mrs. Townsend, carrying her fifty years with majesty in a soft gray evening gown; a Mrs. Bollingston, of the same age, who was proud of her name because she liked the sound of it; an old coot named Sebastian Vanderpoel, who published religious books; and Bishop Hartley.

Bishop Hartley was the resident bishop of the current summer at the Townsends' private chapel. It was a small chapel and didn't really need anything as important as a bishop; but, on the other hand, the Townsends were sufficiently important so that, having a chapel, they absolutely needed a bishop in it—just the way they needed a hundred-and-ten-foot schooner anchored off the meadow. They never used the schooner and they rarely used the bishop—a catboat and a vicar would have done them as well.

HALFWAY into the room Carlotta paused.

"Mother," she said, "I found this"—indicating Beadle—"in my bedroom and this one howling under my window. I thought in case there might be any scandal I'd better ask them in." Then she added by way of explaining everything, "They're adventuring together."

Mrs. Townsend smiled. Carlotta often said things like this. It was her way of enlivening the summer. If Mrs. Townsend was knocked off her poise, Carlotta won.

Carlotta grimaced. She'd lost the game again. Then Mrs. Townsend recognized her guests.

"Oh, it's Beadleston and Harris." She smiled at her daughter. "Why didn't you tell me they were here instead of keeping them waiting while you got dressed?"

Beadle shook hands with her and said, "Hello, Mrs. Townsend. It's awfully nice seeing you."

PAYTON followed him. Then they were introduced, as a team more or less, to the bishop and Mrs. Bollingston and Vanderpoel. They bowed and said, "So glad," and "How do you do." Payton whispered to Beadle; he said, "There isn't a chance she'll crack it out for this bunch."

When the greetings were over Mrs. Townsend looked at her daughter.

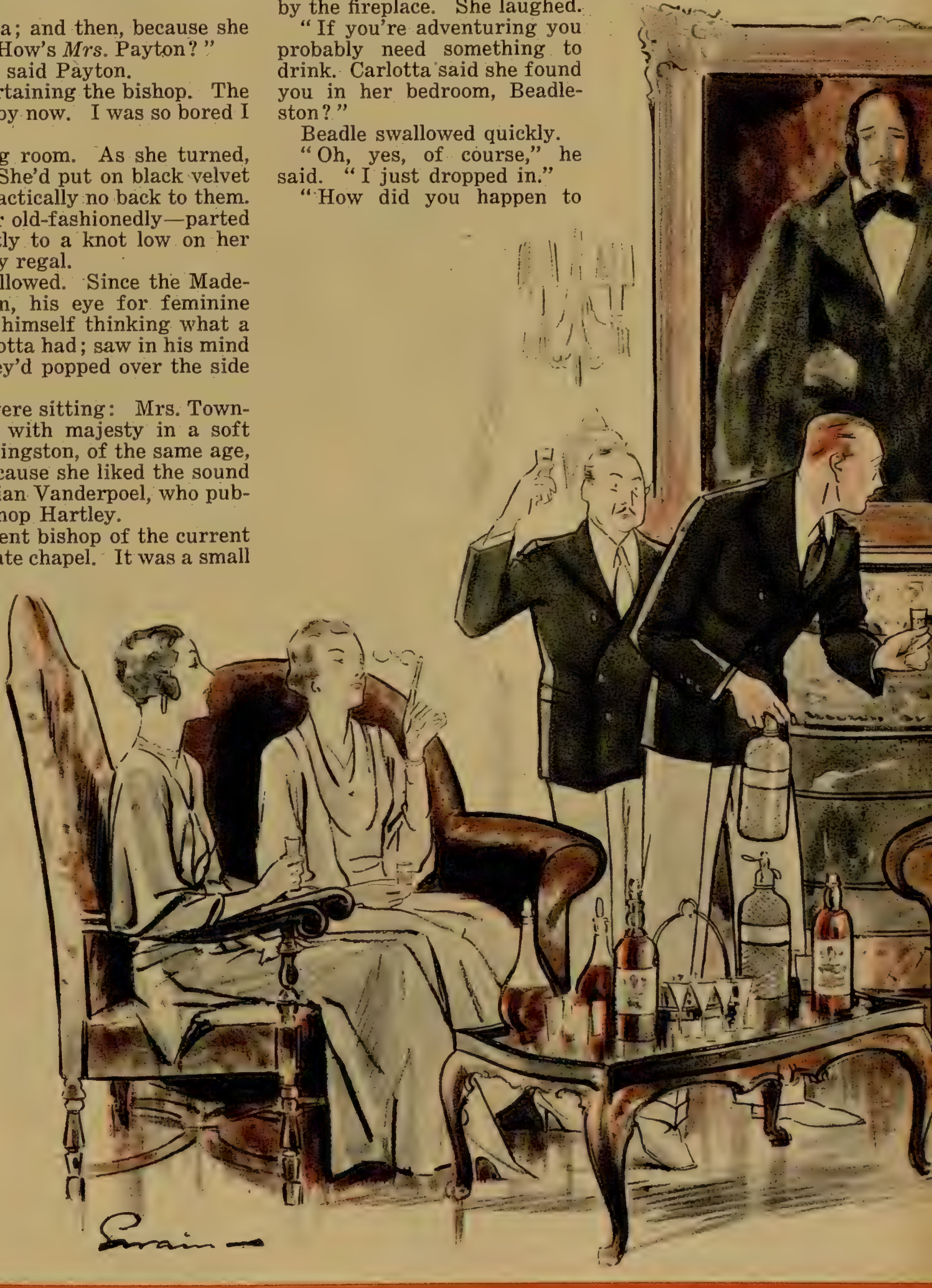
"Carlotta, push the bell, please, for Hobbs to bring the whisky." She turned to Beadle and Payton, who were standing feeling foolish by the fireplace. She laughed.

"If you're adventuring you probably need something to drink. Carlotta said she found you in her bedroom, Beadleston?"

Beadle swallowed quickly.

"Oh, yes, of course," he said. "I just dropped in."

"How did you happen to



climb up there? Wouldn't anyone answer the doorbell?"

Beadle floundered. He felt he was in a spot that called for quick thinking, and quick thinking wasn't one of his long suits. He said, "I thought it would be fun to surprise her."

"He surprised me all right," said Carlotta. "I was asleep and the first thing I knew he was on top of me."

"You see, I tripped over the bed," said Beadle. "I couldn't help it if Carlotta happened to be in the bed when I fell."

"I bet you loved it," said Carlotta.

The bishop glanced away. He felt it might jeopardize his standing if Mrs. Townsend guessed he was amused.

Beadle looked at Carlotta indignantly.

"I didn't love it at all," he said; and then, thinking this might be interpreted as prissy and lead to vindictiveness on her part, he added, "You were lumpy and hard."

"Pul-lease!" said Vanderpoel. Mrs. Bollingston made low noises in her throat. The bishop almost laughed. Payton said, "Besides, he didn't know it was you. He probably thought it was my wife's aunt, and if he did he couldn't have loved it."

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Townsend.

There was a silence. One of those silences. It was broken by Hobbs, the butler, who was a very good butler and knew instinctively the right times for butlers to appear with trays and things. This particular tray was, to use the coarser expression, a darb. It was a silver tray and it had on it two kinds of whisky, a decanter of brandy, a decanter of *crème de menthe*, silver-banded siphons, a combination cigarette and cigar salver, and various assorted glasses. It was the sort of tray one cannot look upon without feeling better for the looking. Beadle sprang toward it almost before it alighted on the coffee table.

"Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs.—" He was looking at Mrs. Bollingston.

"Bollingston," that lady said and nodded, indicating that she would accept refreshment.

"Bollingston," said Beadle and, busy with the glasses and bottles, "Bollingston, Bollingston. Curious name." He finished making a drink and looked up. "Ah," he said, "it gathers no moss!" He handed her the glass with a courtly gesture. "Now, you don't gather moss, do you?"

"Moss?" said Mrs. Bollingston.

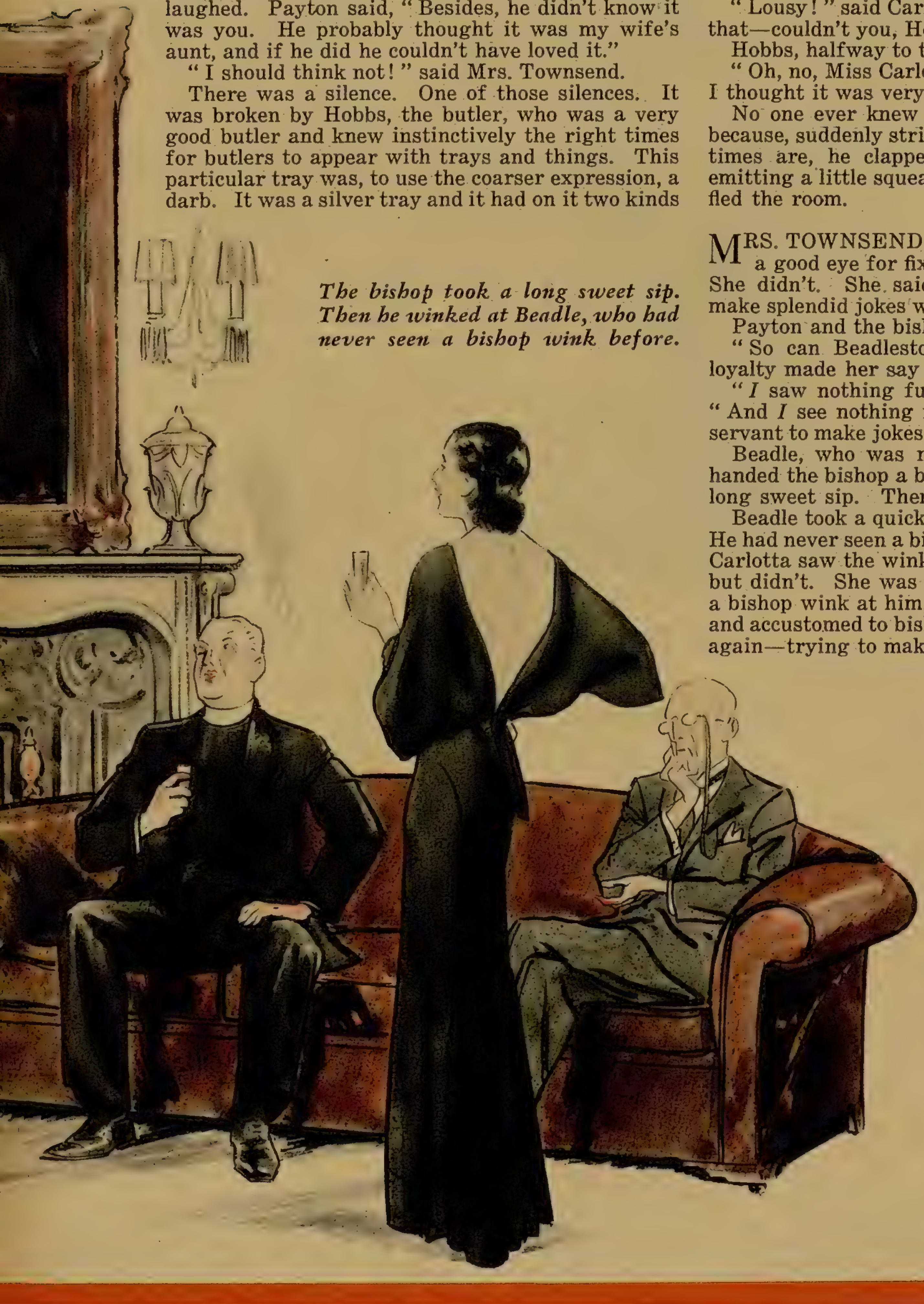
"No moss," said Beadle. He felt his attempt at lightening things up with a bit of wit wasn't getting across. "A bollingstone gathers no moss. Get it?"

"Lousy!" said Carlotta. "Hobbs could do better than that—couldn't you, Hobbs?"

Hobbs, halfway to the hall, about-faced.

"Oh, no, Miss Carlotta," he said. "I couldn't really—I thought it was very—"

No one ever knew what Hobbs thought it was very, because, suddenly stricken, as even the best butlers sometimes are, he clapped his hand over his mouth and, emitting a little squeaky noise absurd in so large a man, fled the room.



The bishop took a long sweet sip. Then he winked at Beadle, who had never seen a bishop wink before.

MRS. TOWNSEND fixed Carlotta with an eye. It was a good eye for fixing. Carlotta should have quailed. She didn't. She said, "Oh, mother, I bet Hobbs *can* make splendid jokes when he's let."

Payton and the bishop laughed.

"So can Beadleston!" said Mrs. Townsend. Class loyalty made her say it.

"*I* saw nothing funny in it," said Mrs. Bollingston. "And *I* see nothing funny in the idea of permitting a servant to make jokes."

Beadle, who was now definitely barkeeper *pro tem.*, handed the bishop a brandy and soda. The bishop took a long sweet sip. Then he winked at Beadle.

Beadle took a quick step backward and nearly tripped. He had never seen a bishop wink before. He winked back. Carlotta saw the winks and was going to say something, but didn't. She was a little surprised at Beadle having a bishop wink at him, and Carlotta was thoroughly used and accustomed to bishops. She found herself wondering again—trying to make out just what was different about Beadle now that would make bishops wink at him. She watched him as he poured the others' drinks and handed them around and finally poured himself a really laudable hooker and sat down on the sofa opposite her.

"I understand you two are adventuring," the bishop said. "What particular form does it take?"

"They're going places and sweat," said Carlotta, "and they're going to be rude to people and be themselves."

"Why, Beadleston!" said Mrs. Townsend.

"And he's stolen a yacht and he's got a girl on it he swiped right after he stole it."

"What's her name?" asked the bishop.

"Winlock."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bollingston. "One of the Chicago Winlocks?"

"One of the Raritan Winlocks," said Beadle, smiling.

"Is she pretty?" Carlotta asked.

"She wasn't when I got her off the shanty scow, but she's awfully pretty now."

Mrs. Bollingston put the wrong interpretation on it. She bolted her drink and rose.

"Clara dear, I'm going to bed."

With a robinlike nod, she fluttered out of the room.

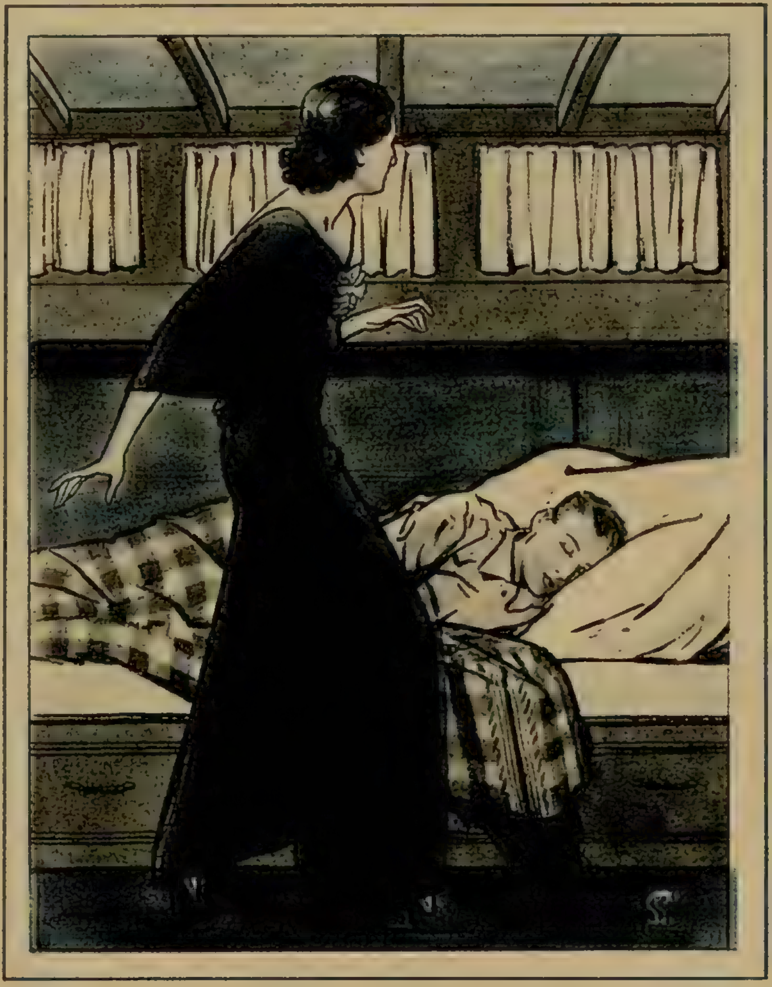
"Oh, dear, dear!" said Bishop Hartley to Beadle. "Now that we're alone, so to speak, although it doesn't properly fall among my duties, if you wish to confess I shall be glad to jump into a box and hear you. *Why* is she prettier now?"

"Bishop!" said Mrs. Townsend.

The mellow whisky was lending Beadle of its mellowness. He was enjoying himself. Also he felt he was registering a distinct impression on Carlotta.

He said, "It's mostly because of her getting my pants."

"Pants!" said Vanderpoel. It was as though he had said, "Ouch!"



He didn't hear his door open a few minutes later and a step on the carpet between the beds.

"Yes," said Beadle quietly. "You see, she had a gawd-awful flannel nightgown. I got her to take it off."

Carlotta took one look at Vanderpoel and burst out laughing. Without a word he departed. Mrs. Townsend raised her needlework and scrutinized it closely. She was nearer to being knocked off her poise than she cared to be.

"You see," said Beadle, "I sent her down to my cabin and told her to change. She found some pants of mine and a sweater, and when she came back all cleaned up she was really very pretty."

"Oh," said Mrs. Townsend, torn between relief and disappointment.

"Tell 'em the works," said Payton. "Then we've got to get back to business."

Beadle told them the works. He talked mostly to Carlotta as he unfolded the yarn. He felt it was a pretty dashing sort of yarn and ought to impress her.

He was a little nervous about how the burglary part would go over with Mrs. Townsend, but he didn't reckon on her feelings toward Payton's wife's aunt. When he had done, she set down her needlework and sighed.

"I'm sure, Beadleston, that it's a very wicked idea, but I think I know how you could get that money from Mrs. Weems."

"Why, Clara!" said Carlotta. "I'm surprised at you!"

Mrs. Townsend ignored her.

"I think if you were to telephone her, Harris, and say you were from one of the papers, and that you wanted to know if she had any objection to your publishing an article about her generosity in presenting her chauffeur with a speed boat, you might—"

SHE got no further. Harris Payton slapped his thigh.

"Good Lord! Did she do that?"

"She did indeed."

Payton looked at Beadle.

"A gold mine!" he said. "A bonanza! We ought to sell stock in it!"

"Of course I wouldn't want you to say I told you," said Mrs. Townsend.

"Of course not," said Carlotta; "but you'd give your undershirt to see her face when Harris calls her up."

Mrs. Townsend turned to her daughter.

"So would you," she said.

Carlotta Townsend was a remarkable young woman. She had a remarkable dam.

Mrs. Weems came through handsomely. Harris telephoned her as prescribed, and said that for a consideration his paper could be persuaded to substitute another article for the intended one. Beadle, accompanied by Carlotta, went over, as the paper's representative, to collect. While he rang the doorbell and nervously waited, Carlotta hid in the bushes and shouted coarse remarks at him. Two months ago he couldn't have stood it. Now he found it rather pleasant to be one of the adventurers of the world and to have a young woman with a magnificent back hiding in bushes as his ally. Somehow the coarse remarks didn't seem nearly as coarse as they once had.

The door opened and a large figure filled it. A hand was outstretched toward Beadle.

"Here, you blackmailer! Take it and go!"

It was just about what Beadle had expected, so he wasn't particularly overwhelmed.

"Sticks and stones," he said, "can break my bones, but words can never hurt me."

Carlotta, in the bushes, lost control of herself. Beadle pocketed the money.

Then, partly because he wanted to impress Carlotta with his audacity and partly because he didn't like the idea of taking money under false pretenses, he said: "Of course, Mrs. Weems, I'm not really from any newspaper. That was Harris Payton on the telephone. We figured Jane owed him four thousand in back salary, so I'm collecting it for him."

MRS. WEEMS stood in the doorway and quivered like a jelly. She said all the things that Carlotta hoped she would say. She even went so far as to make a grab for Beadle's pocket. He stepped out of reach. Then he said:

"You can probably arrest us, but if you do there'll be such a stink they'll never let you anywhere near Bailey's Beach again. And Jane Payton will pay you back."

"The hell she will!" said Mrs. Weems, and made a sort of enormous running tackle for him. But Beadle, having foreseen an attack, was already racing over the lawn. Presently Carlotta, breathless, caught up with him. She slipped her arm through his and they walked swiftly over the grass toward the Townsend lawn.

"What's come over you, Beadle?" Her arm was still through his. "Did losing your money send you off your nut?"

He was thinking of how strange it was that he and Carlotta Townsend should be returning from an adventure together.

"Hungh?"

"I said, what's happened to you?"

"You know; I lost my money." He laughed. "It's funny, though. Do you know, I've had an awful lot more fun since—since the house was auctioned than I ever had before. I—I've been free!" He laughed again. "It can't go on, of course, this crazy business with Swazey and Mary and Harris and me tooling around in Milton Sands' boat. But it's swell fun while it lasts!"

"Of course it is. My, you used to be wet, Beadle!"

"I guess so. I used to think Harris was awful—now I like him. I used to simply hate you!"

"Please hate me, Beadle. I wouldn't know what to do if we couldn't go on hating each other." She was terribly serious when she said it. Then she snorted with her own particular brand of ill-concealed mirth. "Of course it would naturally be much harder for you to hate me after we've been in bed together, wouldn't it?"

"No, it wouldn't," said Beadle.

She was at him again. They went the rest of the way to the house in silence. Payton was waiting for them on the terrace. The bishop was with him. Payton was pacing nervously.

"What happened?"

Beadle reached in his pocket and handed him the sheaf of crisp new bills. He took them.

"Do I get a percentage?" said Beadle.

Harris counted the roll and handed Beadle several notes.

"Grafter," he said with a grin.

Beadle looked at the bills in his hand.

"Do you know," he said, "that's the first money I ever earned in my life."

"We've both earned it," said Payton.

Bishop Hartley smiled into the night.

"Well, so long."

"Thanks for a swell evening," said Carlotta. "I'll go to bed early every night after this in the hope it'll happen again."

"Really," said Bishop Hartley, "I'm so glad to have met you."

THEY all solemnly shook hands and Beadle and Harris started down the lawn toward the meadows.

Carlotta and the bishop watched them go a little sadly. To both of them it was something like watching the final set piece of a Fourth-of-July fireworks exhibit, or the yacht club water sports that mark the end of the summer, or leaves falling in November.

"I suppose mother's gone to bed?"

"She felt she should."

They went into the house.

"Life's a funny business, isn't it, Hartley?"

"The longer I'm a bishop the more *I* find it so."

"Beadle's free now. He's free of all the things that he thought were so swell and that made him impossible."

"I know."

"I'm not a bit free—I'm not even as free as Hobbs."

"Look at *me*," said Hartley, "if you think *you're* trapped!"

"Let's have a quick one," said Carlotta. She kicked the doorsill savagely as they went into the living room. They sat down on the sofa side by side. Carlotta poured each of them a drink. They sipped slowly for a moment. Then she sat bolt upright and cocked her head on one side.

"Listen!"

Faintly from the edge of the meadow came the sound of singing—rotten singing, but gleeful. Harris and Beadle, walking arm in arm down the Pleasure Glade, as the grass road was called, were improvising:

> "We feel much better when we see
> Hobbs coming with the tray!"

Carlotta glanced at the bishop. He had risen and was standing by the

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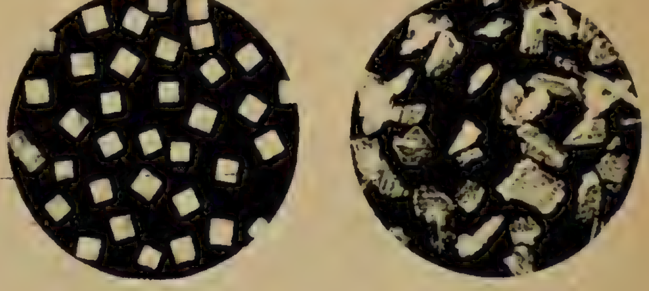
Micrograph at left shows the cube-shaped crystals of Morton's Salt, which tend to tumble off one another in rainy weather instead of sticking together like the flake crystals of ordinary salt shown by micrograph at right.



open French windows, a strange musing look in his gray eyes.

“They're like boys let out of school,” she said. “I envy them.”

The bishop nodded slowly. He had just been surprised to find he had gained a new parishioner. A small bright-red parishioner with horns and a forked tail, who at the moment was pricking him with a golden tine he carried for that purpose.

The parishioner was undoubtedly a blood brother of the devil that had been riding Beadle. Presently the bishop looked out slyly from under the corners of his eyes at Carlotta.

“Of course I don't suppose—”

“No,” said Carlotta; “of course not.”

Then they both laughed and arm in arm left the living room. . . .

Aboard the Electra, pyjama-clad and ready for bed, Beadle stood on the after deck puffing at a nightcap cigarette.

For the past half hour, since he had come aboard with Harris, he had been supremely happy.

Mary was asleep in the deck house, Payton and Swazey softly snoring in the guest stateroom and forecastle respectively. The world behind the South Bleynton breakwater was filled with a great peace. The lighthouse winked at him. Then a voice hailed him from somewhere near by:

“Hey, can we come aboard your stanch vessel?”

Beadle felt like a fool. He peered over the rail. In a tiny rowboat alongside sat Carlotta and the bishop. Between them were two suitcases.

Beadle passed a hand over his eyes. Quoting Carlotta, he murmured, “One of us is nuts!”

Carlotta climbed up the gangway. The bishop, carrying the suitcases, followed her.

“It occurred to us,” he said, “that your expedition needed a chaplain more than Mrs. Townsend needed a bishop. Of course, since I was visiting there I couldn't offer you my services unless one of my hostesses came with me. What a nice boat this is!”

“And now that everything's explained,” said Carlotta, “let's get to bed.”

Beadle stared at them, dumb with astonishment.

“You don't mean you're actually coming with us?”

Carlotta put a hand on his arm. “We are.”

“But there's no one to chaperon you.”

“There hasn't been anyone to chaperon your Mary girl.”

“That's different.”

“No,” said Carlotta.

“You see,” Hartley explained, “Carlotta is so fed up with being a woman and having to pretend to be just a lady.” He sighed. “And I am so very tired of being a man and pretending to be a bishop.”

BEADLE had the strange feeling that these two were actually pleading for official permission to come with him.

He held out his hand. He said, “I think it's swell, your coming. Now where on earth can you sleep tonight? There are lots of berths—it's just which you'd like best. Harris is in the guest stateroom and Swazey's in the fo'c'sle.”

“Oh, bully!” said Hartley. “I'll take the fo'c'sle.” He chuckled. “What fun to sleep with a burglar and how very frightened he'd be if he knew I was a bishop!”

“I'll show you the way. Carlotta, you can sleep in the dining room.”

Beadle led the way forward to the galley companionway, and down it into the forecastle. Carlotta waited on deck. He turned on a light in the galley and opened the forecastle door. They could see Swazey sleeping with his hands crossed on his chest. His huge face in repose had something almost infantile about its expression. He was giving a two-note snore.

Hartley looked at him and grinned.

“You know,” he said, “it really doesn't seem right for that man, with all he must have on his conscience, to sleep so peacefully. I ought to wake him up.”

“He hasn't any conscience,” said Beadle.

“Then it wouldn't be right for me to wake him,” said the bishop, and softly closed the door behind him.

Beadle went back through the galley to the dining saloon with Carlotta's bag and turned on the lights there. When she saw the lights she came down.

“I like your boat, Beadle.”

He was rummaging in the drawers under the port sofa berth.

“THE blankets and things are in here. I'm sorry about not being dressed.”

“*I* wasn't dressed when you called on me.”

“That was fierce,” said Beadle. He looked up at her. “Holy Moses, Carlotta, I didn't know *what* I'd got into. You honestly are the damnedest person—all my life you've been embarrassing me—and of all the beds in the world I had to pick your bed to fall into!”

Carlotta snickered.

“At that,” she said, “I'll bet you're glad it wasn't Mrs. Weems you dropped on.”

“Lord!” he said. “If that had happened!”

He fished out an armful of sheets and blankets and started to make up one of the berths. Carlotta sat down on the other and watched him. The bag that had been resting on a chair tipped off and fell to the floor with a thud.

A sleepy voice came from the deck house:

“Beadle honey, is that you?”

Beadle addressed the ceiling:

“Hello, Mary.”

“Did you-all get back all right?”

“Yes. We got the money, too.”

“Attaboy, Beadle! 'Night.”

“Good night, Mary.”

Carlotta tilted her head on one side.

“Beadleston, is that little bundle of love you've got up there a South'n gal?”

He nodded.

“She's from the Chesapeake. Why?”

“And she's never seen the high life? And she's never been on a yacht before with a wealthy sportsman?”

He couldn't make out what she was getting at.

“No. Why, Carlotta?”

“I just wanted to know. You go on and get to bed. I'll finish the berth.”

“All right.” He held out his hand.

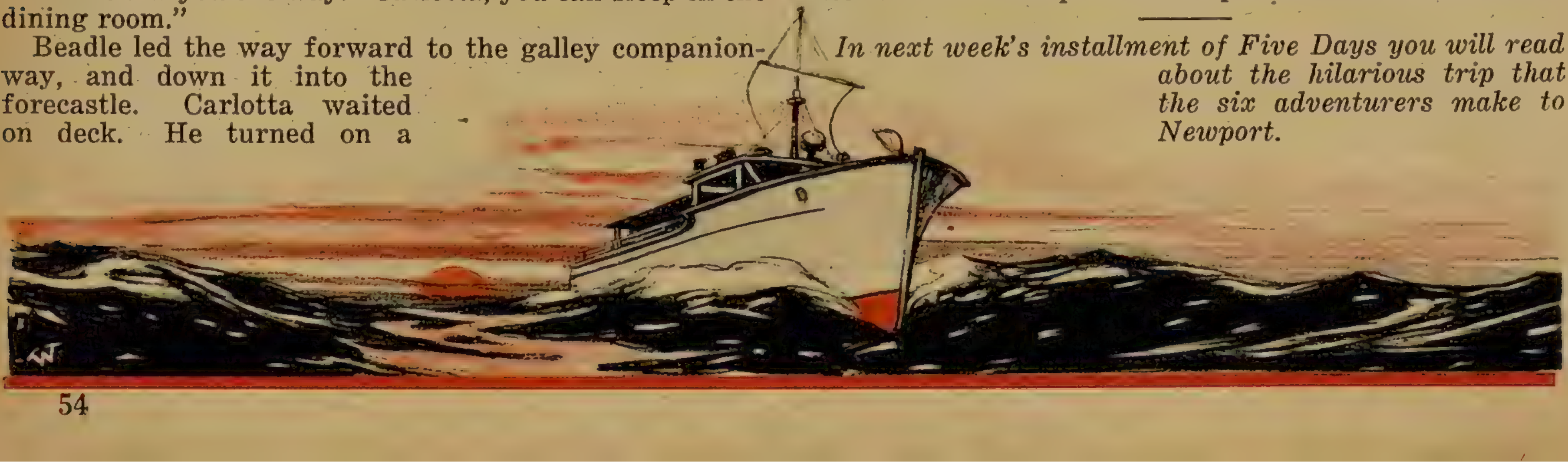
He hurried up the companionway. A low ripple of laughter followed him. Carlotta came to the foot of the stairs and called softly, “Good night, Beadle honey.”

Then she laughed again. Beadle heard the laugh and gnashed his teeth. Swiftly and indignantly he trod his own stout deck to his own private stateroom and got into bed.

“Damn!” he muttered. “Damn, damn, damn! She knows she's got my goat again!”

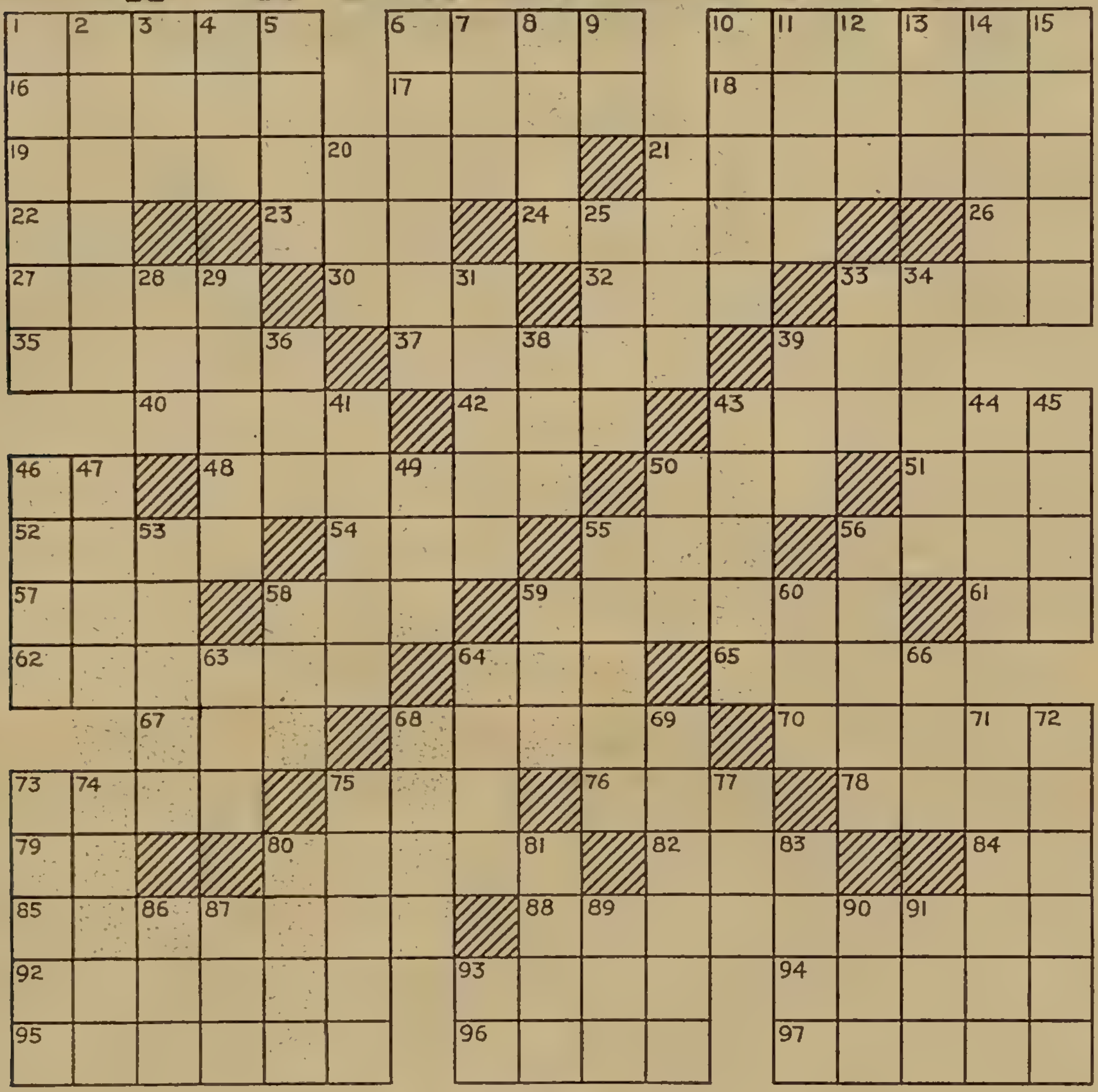
But in spite of his honest rage he was too tired to lie awake. So he didn't hear his door open a few minutes later and a soft step on the carpet between the two beds.

In next week's installment of Five Days you will read about the hilarious trip that the six adventurers make to Newport.



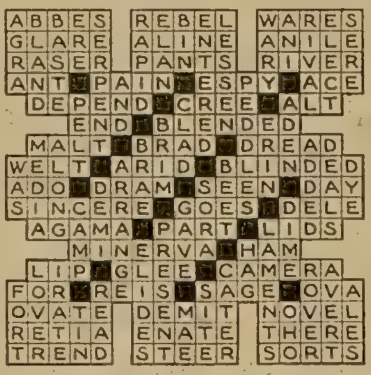
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 A trap for fish
6 Stalls
10 Divisions
16 Handle of an ax
17 A song
18 A lasso
19 Figurative
21 Felt through senses
22 A state (abbr.)
23 Pronoun
24 Hawks
26 Printers' measure
27 Precious stones
30 Cardinal number
32 Small mark
33 Measures of weight
35 Revises
37 Body of soldiers
39 In place of
40 Brazilian coins
42 Boring tool
43 Begs
46 Pronoun
48 To place opposite
50 Inlet of the sea
51 A beverage
52 Pertaining to an era
54 Exist
55 A receptacle
56 Form of to be
57 Sloths
58 A poem
59 Fix
61 Note in musical scale
62 Leaseholder
64 No more or less than
65 Face of an object
67 Attention
68 Cripples
70 Exhausted
73 Toss
75 Comrade
76 Induced
78 Such and no more
79 Alleged force
80 Military student
82 Part of an umbrella
84 By
85 Humans
88 Give publicity to
92 Excite to action
93 Kind of wild plum
94 A duck
95 A dog
96 Pieces out
97 Bears on the person



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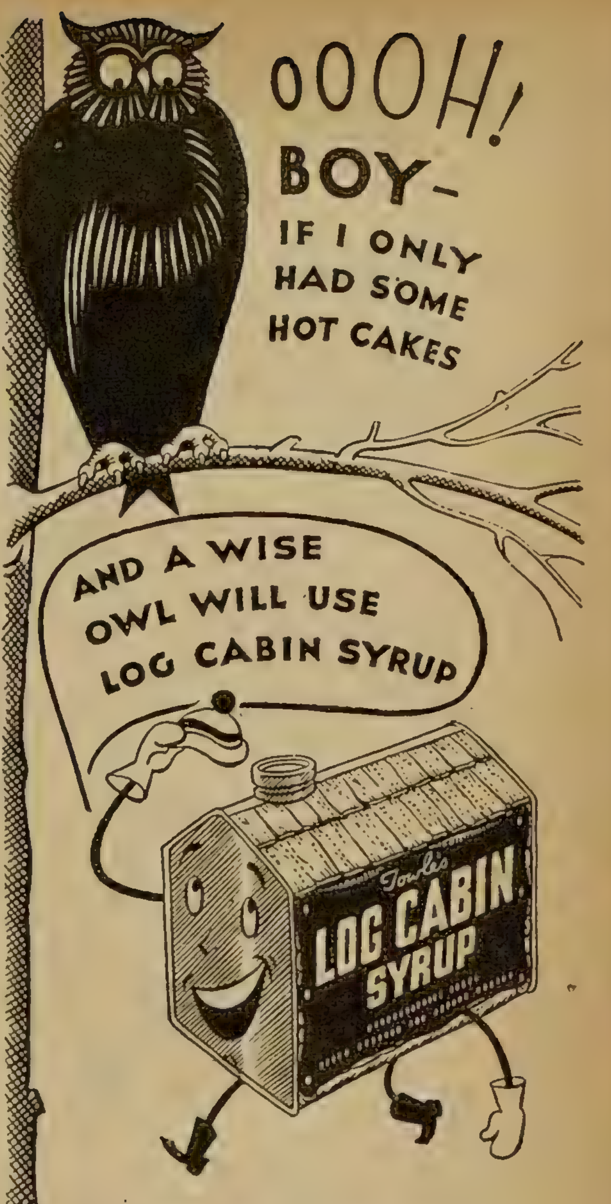
ABBES REBEL WARES
GLARE ALINE ANILE
RASER PANTS RIVER
ANT■PAIN■ESPY■ACE
 DEPEND■CREE■ALT
   END■BLENDED
 MALT■BRAD■DREAD
WELT■ARID■BLINDED
ADO■DRAM■SEEN■DAY
SINCERE■GOES■DELE
 AGAMA■PART■LIDS
   MINERVA■HAM
 LIP■GLEE■CAMERA
FOR■REIS■SAGE■OVA
OVATE DEMIT NOVEL
RETIA ENATE THERE
TREND STEER SORTS
```

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 To impregnate
2 Reposed faith in
3 Measure of length
4 Evening
5 Branches of an object
6 Progenitor
7 Silkworm
8 Loosely woven cord
9 An element (symbol)
10 Fine icy particles
11 Man's name (Ger.)
12 Measures of area
13 Long narrow inlet
14 Corroded
15 Stalks of plants
20 An exclamation
21 Discontinue
25 Image of worship
28 Russian community
29 Go stealthily
31 Expunge
33 A digit
34 Declaim
36 Sup
38 To be obligated
39 Pass swiftly
41 Gardener's implement
43 Spasmodic breaths
44 A ruminant mammal
45 Mentally normal
46 Grain
47 County in New York
49 Crude metal
50 Bite
53 Beasts of burden
55 Species of pepper
56 Make dim
58 Over
59 Total
60 Came to rest
63 Perched
64 Large bundle
66 Sooner than
68 Youths
69 Labors in behalf of
71 Expunger
72 Prevents
73 Unconsciousness (pl.)
74 Worship
75 More pallid
77 Cease to be
80 A container
81 Speak
83 To steep
86 Disease of sheep
87 Hush
89 A deer
90 Bind
91 Feminine name
93 Compass point

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue


OOOH! BOY– IF I ONLY HAD SOME HOT CAKES
AND A WISE OWL WILL USE LOG CABIN SYRUP
Towle's
LOG CABIN SYRUP

It actually does make pancakes and waffles taste extra light and tender—this glorious tasting syrup. What delicious maple goodness! Vermont and Canadian maple *blended* with fine cane sugar. It glorifies your pancakes and waffles. Children love the funny little people on the Log Cabin Tin. Try it today! A product of General Foods.

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VOX

The Low-Down on Gallon Acreage Out in Iowa

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Well, well, my old friend Mr. Dubuque Moffatt has now joined the farmers and is bragging of the great Iowa racket. My bootlegger has never handled this Pride of Iowa brand, but I have heard the Iowa farmer bragging about getting forty gallons to the acre, and if this is so I have no doubt that after a few seasons of this, if they can get out of the country two or three jumps ahead of Mr. Volstead's minions, they would go to California or some other place and live happily *ever* after; they would not dare to come back.

The comparison to Mahatma Gandhi is very apt; they all are, or ought to be, in jail; but to compare them to a worm is an insult to that lowly but honest member of the animal kingdom.

Those that I have known could put a tall silk hat on their head and walk erect under the worm's belly and not soil the hat.

How frankly and naïvely Mr. Dubuque Moffatt admits the insidious and parasite-like characteristics of the middleman who, after a few years of his nefarious practices, is driven by his conscience to take the coward's way out. How I wish there were more thirteen-story buildings. More might be tempted.

Now, Mr. Dubuque Moffatt, there may be more than one of us born every minute, but no matter how many, there are always two born to take each one, and their name is "middlemen."—*Jas. L. Moffatt.*

Back to the Land

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Now that our dizzy nation has taxed the middle class to the limit and given the money by the millions to bankers, railroads, financiers, and what not to learr that it has made the wheels turn very little faster, why isn't something a little more simple tried out?

Give a few dollars to the poor. If back to the land is the solution, and to get them back is the problem, then give them "ten acres and a tent" and watch them fight for it.—*W. L. Lind.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have read many articles about back to the land. Why send inexperienced men to the farm when old experienced farmers who have worked faithfully from sunrise to sunset are being driven from their farms into the road?

You might better spend the nation's money to get them a monkey and a hand organ.—*E. Hargrave.*

Did You Put It Down?

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I'm just another ardent admirer of Liberty and read it every week. Till I lost my job I was one of those hard-working stenographers.

The reason I'm writing you is just to tell you that I think your issue of January 21 the best I've ever read. Give us more like it. Honestly, I just ate it up!

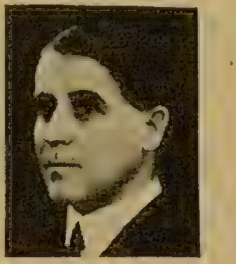
Your serial, The Woman Accused, was a wow.

I also liked The Languid Lover and Madhouse for Two.

When I read the serial I felt just as if I was living the story, it's written so smoothly and naturally, and I certainly got a shock when mother said, "Kindly put down that magazine and amble to the delicatessen for some supper."—*An Eighteen-Year-Old Stenog.*

A Very Neat Sermon

MIDDLEBOURNE, W. VA.—I am a charter subscriber to Liberty and if I were as disgruntled as some Vox Pop readers, I certainly would drop the magazine from my reading list.



Rev. Clyde Walter Ehrhardt

There are stories and articles I do not approve; but I never have as yet taken a periodical in which all was appealing. To my library come fifty different periodicals, and I consider the editorials in Liberty worth far in excess of my nickel.

The second reason I take Liberty is that I am a contest fan, as a diversion from my work—ministry my profession—and no finer lot of contests are conducted by any periodical.

Just because there may be an article or story I do not approve, I would not complain. In my parish I have always one member that would grace another institution more suitably; I would not close my church doors and say all is corrupt.—*Clyde Walter Ehrhardt, Ph.D.*

The King's English

BURFORD, ONT.—Please tell Mr. Hains of Granby, Quebec, who appears to enjoy correcting an Englishman's French in Hell Hounds, that an Englishman does not say "don't holler." He would probably say "*doesn't* shout."—*Mel.*

It Takes a Scot to Figure Things Out

MOOSE JAW, SASK.—I have often wondered of what use was Liberty; but now I know.

I thought I would pass the information on to you, in view of the fact that a number of your readers expect the U. S. A. to be a decent country again after March 4.

Libertys make swell individual place mats on which to stand beer bottles and glasses; they soak up any excess moisture and prevent any stains on the furniture.

Could send you one that has been in use. You might enjoy the smell of some good beer.—*Frank Stuart.*

This Vox Popper Must Have Been an Editor

TORONTO, ONT.—Liberty is without peer in the present-day magazine field for high quality and for low price. This is to labor the obvious, I know, but some of your readers do not seem to have found it out. So I raise my voice on the side of the angels.

Some receivers of rejection slips in the short short competition do not appear to understand your literary judgment. Perhaps they have yet to learn of one technique. An important entity. Liberty's choice is acute, informed, seasoned.

It strikes me as odd, though, that there are not more stories of an entertaining description.

Are all the artists short on wit and humor?—*F. Kirkham.*

They Develop Young in Oregon

CRESWELL, ORE.—Have been a reader of your magazine for a long time. But, believe me, the early bird gets the Liberty around here. Even the baby cries for it. However, we have somewhat solved the problem by buying two Libertys.

The play Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus by J. P. McEvoy in the December 24 Liberty was put on for our Grange and Civic Club Christmas programs. It was enjoyed very much.—*Mrs. Helen Melharne.*

Liberty
Liberty
GOO-GOO!

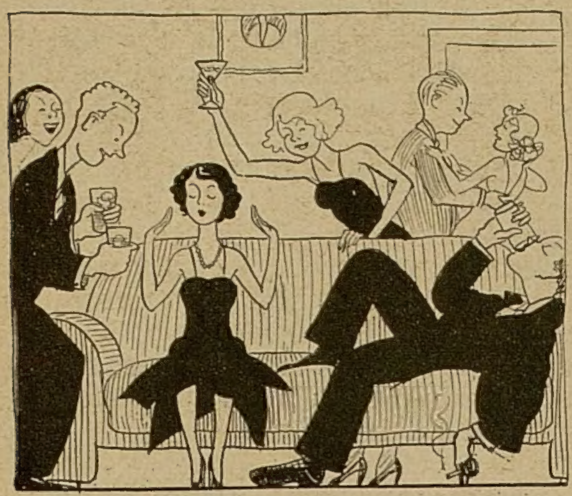
POP

adam john harth
VOX POP EDITOR

From the Younger Generation

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.—I have read your publication for quite a while and those rabid prohibitionists who Vox Pop make me quite ill.

To begin with, I am just barely eighteen. Now, if according to their logic the Eighteenth Amendment is so successful, how is it possible for me to even know the meaning of the word liquor?



Two years ago I graduated from high school. And, believe me, the time I had trying to avoid liquor! It was always cropping up, and since I honestly don't like any form of liquor I was hard put to it to follow my inclinations and still stand in well with my fellow classmates. And my school was no exception, either.

My class was graduated from a Springfield, Massachusetts, high school, and Springfield was then extremely dry.

My idea is that it is the forbidden fruit which is found to be sweetest.—*D. B. K.*

Der Tag for Beer

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Amram Scheinfeld's The Saga of Beer in the January 28 Liberty is good and true to facts; but he looks at conditions here with the viewpoint of an outsider.

Die Brauerei is not dead! The people of Greater Milwaukee and Wisconsin are just waiting for *Der Tag.*

When beer does come back there will be many besides me who will say to themselves:

"You waded through that era of prohibition. Now swim, gol-darn you, swim!"—*Caleb J. Olson.*

For the Boys on Capitol Hill

WEST LIBERTY, W. VA.—Mr. Stevenson is to be commended for his article, The Patronage Racket, in Liberty of January 28. This world needs more men of Mr. Stevenson's caliber. A man who reveals facts about America's political crimes without flinching in the eyes of the soap-brained political world is surely worthy of praise.

You are to be complimented for your choice of such an article.

The fact that you allowed the publication of that article proved to my satisfaction that your magazine is unbiased and unbossed by cheap politicians. When, oh when, are the American people going to realize that the facts which Mr. Stevenson disclosed are ones to be seriously considered?—*R. S. Gracey.*

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—I wish to credit you with one especially fine article in Liberty of January 28, by Charles Stevenson, The Patronage Racket. A million-dollar article in a five-cent publication.

Keep up your good work. It will not be in vain—at least, I hope not.—*Herbert Woolard.*

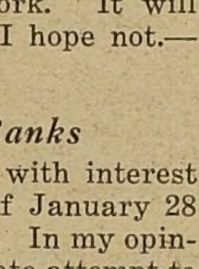
About Those Banks

JACKSON, MICH.—Read with interest and disgust in the issue of January 28 the article by Henry Mills. In my opinion, he is making a desperate attempt to restore confidence in an institution that has taken millions of dollars from the people of this country in the last three years.

If banks are as substantial as he maintains, why have four thousand defaulted, taking homes and savings from old and young, widows and orphans, forcing them to seek sustenance of soup kitchens, and even to commit suicide? —*S. A. Teeple.*

A Very Nice Letter from a Very Pretty Girl

CENTER, TEX.—I have been reading Liberty for several years and find that I can get more good out of the five cents I pay for Liberty than I can anything else. I think the people who knock your magazine are crazy. Why in the heck do they buy it if it is so rotten? I think Dark of the Moon was a great story.


Ruth Wilson

Just wanted to let you know how one East Texas reader enjoys your magazine.—*Ruth Wilson.*

The Sailor and the Girl

PLEASANTVILLE, N. J.—I just could not resist writing to tell you how much I enjoyed the cover adorning the January 28 issue of Liberty. It was humorous, the big dumb sailor and the pretty little Dutch maiden were portrayed authentically, and it certainly had plenty of appeal. Can't we have more of these attractive pictures?

Hell Hounds was a great serial and I believe it to be true. Having faith in the honesty of Liberty, I know it would not misrepresent the trustworthiness of any article or story it prints.—*Evelyn Adams.*

You're Telling Us!

AUBURN, ALA.—I read all of Liberty's Vox Poppers and have come to the conclusion that most of the critics read Liberty for the sole purpose of finding something wrong with it, tell you about it, and then get a big kick out of reading their criticism in Vox Pop.

Congratulations on Hell Hounds and the serial The Woman Accused. They were both great stories.—*Jack Williams.*

Jack Williams

GREENVILLE, MISS.—Vox Poppers who kick your magazine should give their nickels to the fund for the unemployed. The only reason they kick your magazine is to see their names on the Vox Pop page. Yes, just like mine.—*C. Robinson.*

Might Be a Good Idea

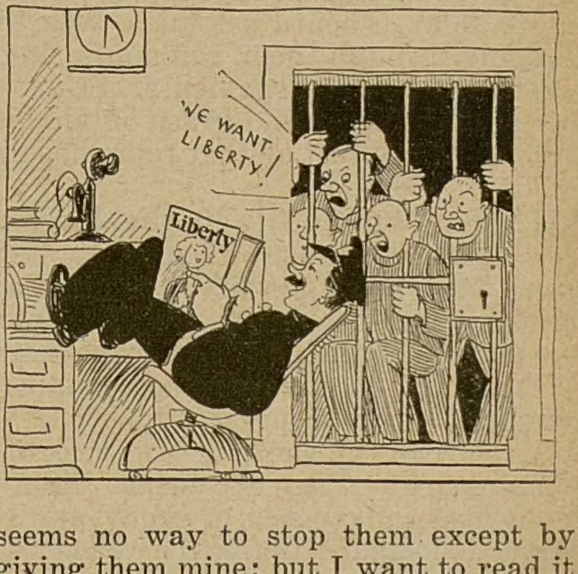
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Of the large number of interesting stories in Liberty, many readers will doubtless agree that no more truthful one has appeared than Defective Dugan, a short short in the January 7 issue.

Dugan, who wanted to be a detective, was only deaf and dumb, while the prevailing opinion is that many detectives are not only deaf and dumb but could not track a blind elephant with the nosebleed in four feet of snow.

As the flesh is weak—and the mind weaker—perhaps the robot will be the last word in detective perfection.—*J. C. McCreary.*

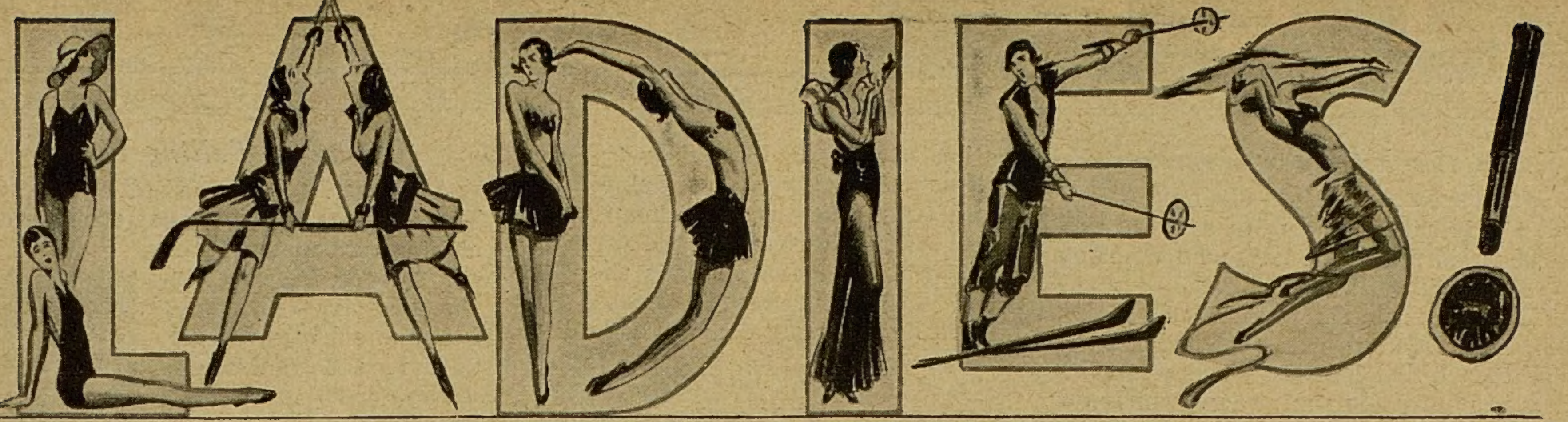
Can You Blame Them?

CENTRAL POLICE STATION, CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE—Am the desk officer at this station and need your help or advice as to just what to do with a number of prisoners that are ever and continuously calling for Liberty magazines. There seems no way to stop them except by giving them mine; but I want to read it myself.



I enjoy every one of your issues. Keep up the good work!—*C. E. Towery.*

TO THE LADIES!



By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 45 sec.)

DAGGERS, bullets, poison, murder, and mystery! How would your mind's eye picture a lady who devotes herself to such creepy affairs? I am sure you would not expect to find her looking as meek and dainty as a Dresden-china shepherdess. Yet that is precisely how Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, famous English author of crime stories, has managed to look throughout her career as an expert blood-curdler.

Take tea with her, as I did recently; contemplate her mild blue eyes, and you will ask yourself how in the world she possibly can think up her terrible tales. Her Jack-the-Ripper book, The Lodger, is world-known. Her murder story called Letty Lynton has been a big film hit, played by Joan Crawford.

"I am more interested in sex than in crime," Mrs. Belloc Lowndes surprised me by saying. "Jack the Ripper, stabbing girls in the dark alleys of London, was not as absorbing to me as the woman who fell in love with him. This woman—Mrs. Bunting, I called her—kept the rooming house where he lived. She suspected him of his fiendish crimes, but fell in love with him just the same. Of course she never existed. I made her up out of whole cloth."

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

A noted Dutch criminologist came all the way to London to examine Mrs. Bunting. He wouldn't believe there was no such person. Reproached the authoress for keeping Mrs. Bunting to herself.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is French by blood. Christened Marie Adelaide Julie Elizabeth Renée (Belloc). Four of her great-uncles were Napoleonic generals. One of them led the big cavalry charge at Waterloo.

GOLDEN-YELLOW curtains beautified a white room I saw recently. They hung, very plain, from a white valance board set flush with the walls. Sunlight, filtering through them, ran magic fingers over the carpet, the furniture and ornaments. Seen through these golden curtains the trees and grass outside looked green, green, green! The effect of that room has stayed with me.

WAY down South in the land of juleps I met a youth who swore to me that he had never tasted a mint julep in all his life. He was a native of Georgia, about twenty-five years old. The julep is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, so Southerners of ripe years said.

I'm going to give you some items straight from the notebook of my Georgia trip.

1. How in the world do the girls of Georgia keep their slim figures? They eat heaps. Especially chicken. Not much pastry, however, or candy, and I didn't see a cocktail served. Perhaps that's the reason.
2. Impoverished ladies, down there, are always knitting. They knit beautiful dresses. Sell 'em. For about thirty-five dollars you can buy a knitted dress that you'd pay seventy for in New York or Chicago.
3. Peach brandy—made from Georgia peaches—is the finest cordial I have sipped in America. Trouble is, you can't buy it. Georgians drink it all up themselves. Make it every summer. All gone by Christmas.
4. Southern servants last forever. Dignified old colored mammies and uncles stay with you years and years. Your butler may tear your house to pieces to get at your liquor, but he'll be faithful unto death.
5. Mousy gentlemen down there. Very nice ones, with exquisite manners, but *so* soft-spoken in the presence of ladies. I guess it's a tradition.

I FLEW South—the first time I have traveled by air in this country. It was great fun, it was a treat for the eyes, and it was comfortable. The hostess of the plane adds to all three enjoyments. She sees that you don't choke with heat or freeze with cold. If you are hungry she feeds you bouillon, coffee, sandwiches. That prim doll's house 5,000 feet below, she tells you, is Mount Vernon. Also she sits and knits throughout the flight. Sits calmly, knits calmly. And if that doesn't make you feel safer—I ask you!

Wish I could paint an adequate word picture of the snowy cloud fields over which we flew, billowing acres of white glory, with blue and violet dreamlands along the horizon. At sundown, on my return flight, I saw Chesapeake Bay. Unforgettable! Made me wonder why brain specialists don't prescribe air travel for nervous wrecks. The earth, seen from the sky, is so vast in peace and loveliness.

IN Atlanta, a son of Joel Chandler Harris, creator of Uncle Remus, told me some things about his father. Joel Chandler Harris never turned a beggar away, deserving or no. When wrens nested in his mail box he made other postal arrangements. Everyone in Georgia was his friend. "I don't know why under the sun people fall out with each other," he used to say.

His son, Julian Harris, is also a Southern humanist. Won a Pulitzer medal for fighting the Ku Klux Klan, seeking justice for the Negro, etc. Is now an editor of that pillar of Dixie thought, the Atlanta Constitution.

RUFFLES and ruches around our necks, at our wrists, on the hems of our skirts—defiantly, this spring, do they proclaim our femininity. For evening wear the French dressmakers are using materials that lend themselves to ruffled styles. These new dresses are well fitted to the knees, then they flare out with groups of frills set in like godets. The favorite materials are stiffened muslins, striped taffetas, dotted nets.

HERE is a fine stirring novel of Norwegian immigrants in the American Northwest: The Boat of Longing, by O. E. Rolvaag. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

WRITERS Attention!

$10,000 has been set aside for unknown authors

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

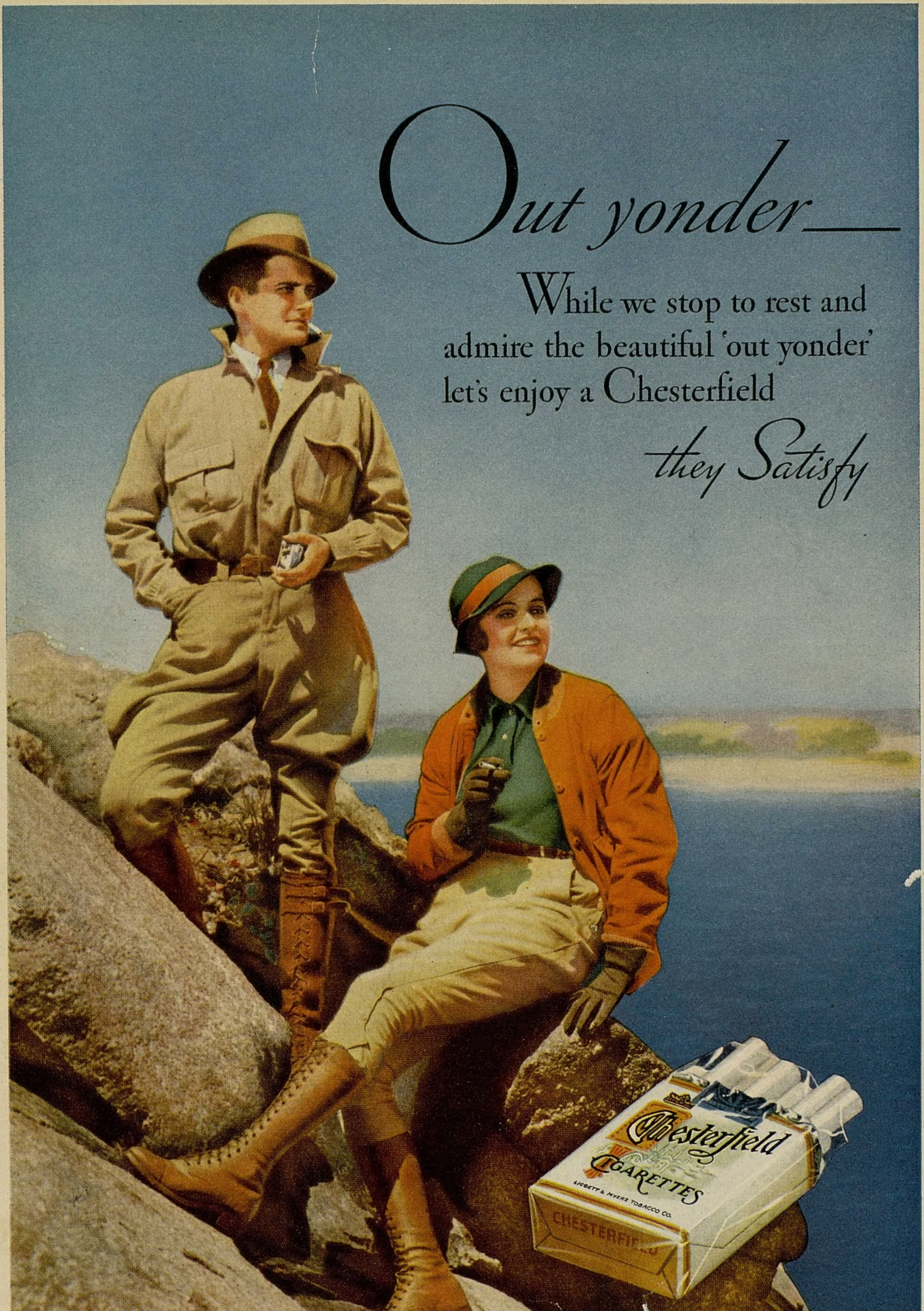
The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY


Out yonder—
While we stop to rest and
admire the beautiful 'out yonder'
let's enjoy a Chesterfield
they Satisfy
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD